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JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1820–1872

VOL. VIII

W. E. Channing

JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WITH ANNOTATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WALDO EMERSON FORBES

1849–1855

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1849

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From the photograph by H. G. Smith in "Poems of Sixty-five Years," *edited by F. B. Sanborn.*

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JOURNAL

HOME

LECTURES

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

READING

PERSIAN POETRY

PREPARING NEW BOOK

CONCORD WALKS

JOURNAL XL

1849

(From Journals RS, TU, and AZ)

[All page references to passages from the Journals used by Mr. Emerson in his published works are to the Centenary Edition, 1903–05.]

"Parcite, dum propero; mergite, dum redeo." [1]

MARTIALIS.

[THE opening year found Mr. Emerson at his normal winter task of lecturing, but refreshed by his visit to England, Scotland, and France, and the meeting with interesting men and women: also he had the sure pleasure found in coming back to his family and near friends, and in bearing his part as an American. In this excursion he had found also what he sought,

1 Mr. Emerson loved to quote the verse in the Scottish ballad "The Drowned Lovers," the last lines of which are a good translation of that of Martial: —

O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
Your stream seems wondrous strang;
Make me your wreck when I come back,
But spare me as I gang.

Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland.*

"a whip for his top"; new experiences were to be digested, to find their place in his work.

He gave a course in Boston, and lectures in Roxbury, Cambridge, Worcester, Gloucester, Framingham, Northampton, Providence, Portland, and smaller towns. Mr. Alcott had moved to Boston, and did not return to Concord for nine years.]

(From RS)

January, 1849.

The word God is the algebraic *x* in morals, and the Hebrews with right philosophy made it unspeakable. But the stupid world, finding a word, assumes this scientific for a baptismal name, and talks of him as easily as of Captain Gulliver.

Circumstance. Napoleon said, "View man as we may, he is as much the result of his physical and moral atmosphere, as of his own organization." — QUÉTELET.

Perhaps one of the most real advantages of railroads, and now of California, to the people of New England will be the knowledge of geography which they diffuse. If a man is going to California, he announces it with some hesitation; because it is a confession that he has failed at home.

You tell me they are hospitable in Germany; yes, but I do not travel to find hospitable people. If I knew of any magnet that would point to that quarter where are the people whom I wish to see, I would sell all to buy it, and to travel in the direction it indicated, though to Samarcand or Timbuctoo.

From *A Treatise of Humane Learning.*

Music instructs me which be lyric moods,—
Let her instruct me rather how to show
No weeping voice for loss of Fortune's goods.
Geometry gives measure to th' earth below;
Rather let her instruct me how to measure
What is enough for need, what fit for pleasure.

She teacheth how to lose nought in my bounds,
And I would learn with joy to lose them all.
The Artist shows which way to measure Rounds,
But I would know how first man's mind did fall,
How great it was, how little now it is,
And what that knowledge was which wrought us this.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

Since to be reverenced, loved, obeyed, and known,
Man must effect with powers above his own.

LORD BROOKE, *Fame and Honour.*

All what the world admires comes from within;
A doom whereby the sin condemns the sin.
LORD BROOKE, *Fame and Honour.*

I saw on Saturday at Ward's the *Ludovisi Juno*, which is again one of the miracles of old sculpture, and indeed of human art, as unaccountable as Shakspeare's drama. There was never that face or figure in Nature, from which it could be modelled. I am sure that the artist drew from a cloud when he moulded these features.

Then the Jove's head was a combed mountain.

"*Seculum hoc humanum non est seculum.*[1]

"*Quatuor* [*tres*] *in hominibus distinxi conditiones apertas evidentes. Est cui vita haec arcta, quem gloriosa altera consequitur. Est cui vita haec est excellens, ast postea non erit vita sequens. Est qui utramque amittens, nec hanc, nec sequentem vitam, habeat.*"[2]—ALI BEN ABU TALEB.

1 This human age is not an age.

2 Among mankind I have noted three obvious and evident conditions: the man who finds this life narrow, but followed by another glorious one; the man who finds this life excellent, but after it no other will follow; the man who, wasting both, may have life neither here nor hereafter.

Spirit of the age. Now that the man was ready, the horse was brought. The timeliness of this invention of the locomotive must be conceded. To us Americans it seems to have fallen as a political aid. We could not else have held the vast North America together which now we engage to do. It was strange, too, that when it was time to build a road across to the Pacific, a railroad, a shiproad, a telegraph, and, in short, a perfect communication in every manner for all nations, — 't was strange to see how it is secured. The good World-soul understands us well. How simple the means. Suddenly the Californian soil is spangled with a little gold-dust here and there in a mill-race in a mountain cleft; an Indian picks up a little, a farmer, and a hunter, and a soldier, each a little; the news flies here and there, to New York, to Maine, to London, and an army of a hundred thousand picked volunteers, the ablest and keenest and boldest that could be collected, instantly organize and embark for this desart, bringing tools, instruments, books, and framed houses, with them. Such a well-appointed colony as never was planted before arrive with the speed of sail and steam on these remote shores, bringing with them the necessity that the government

shall instantly proceed to make the road which they themselves are all intimately engaged to assist.

It was strange, too, that all over the world about the same moment mineral treasures were uncovered. We heard of gold in various parts of the United States; in Siberia; in Africa on the Lomat River; and in other parts of Europe. Silver, quicksilver, platina, copper, lead, iron, and coal, all appeared in new quarters about the same time, i. e., in the year 1848.

Contradictions.

We remember that we forget.

Our freedom is necessary.

The preacher of eternity dates our chronology.

March 19.

Gravitation is the operator in what we call mechanical division. Gravitation is Nature's Grand Vizier and prime favorite. Much that we call chemical, even electrical action, is really, at last, his deed. Look at the sponge-like foliaceous forms which wet sand and clay take when falling with the water, in spring, on the steep sides of "the deep cut" in the railroad, and one will suspect that Gravity, too, can

make a leaf. In morals, again, Gravity is the *laissez-faire* principle, or Destiny, or Optimism, than which nothing is wiser or stronger.

That Nature works after the same method as the human Imagination.

That Nature makes flowers, as the mind makes images.

That metaphysics might anticipate Jussieu.

That organic matter, and mind, got from the same law, so correspond.

Our science is very shiftless and morbidly wise, wise when it is not wanted, blind where we most wish to see. What a pother in the last twenty years about geology! Geologists were crossing all seas and lands, like so many squibs. Well, why did not they find California? They all knew what all men most wanted. Why did not they find the copper-mines? There is no Columbus in these sciences with an anticipating mind; but they are like critics and amateurs; when the heel of a trapper's foot has turned up gold or copper or quicksilver, they come and give it a name.

March 24.

The Indians were a sort of money, it seems, in Spanish colonies. And the poor Lucayans

were treated according to the proverb: "The kid was seethed in its mother's milk." Columbus seems to have been the principal introducer of American slavery. See Helps's *History of the Conquerors of America and their Bondsmen.*

Town and Country Club. At Alcott's last Tuesday (March 20) we had a meeting of thirty men, and discussed the expediency of a Club and Clubroom. Alcott was festal and Olympian, as always, when friends come; his heart is then too great; his voice falters and chokes in his throat. Every newcomer seems large, sacred, and crowned to him. It was proposed that the club should rent the room in which we sat (Alcott's), and that he should be declared perpetual secretary.

It is much wanted by the country scholars, a *café* or reading-room in the city, where, for a moderate subscription, they can find a place to sit in and find their friends, when in town, and to write a letter in, or read a paper. Better still, if you can add certain days of meeting when important questions can be debated, communications read, etc., etc. It was proposed by Hale and others, some time since, to form in Boston a "Graduates' Club." This would be that.

Then the ministers have a "Hook and Ladder," or a "Railroad Club."

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, my son, so it be guided by prudence, says the grocer; which is like Ellery Channing's saying of C——, "Yes, he would draw very well, if he had any talent for it."

April 1.

Imbecility and Energy. The key to the Age is this thing, and that thing.[1] . . .

England. The striking difference between English and our gentlemen is their thorough drill; they are all Etonians, they know prosody, and tread securely through all the humanities. The University is felt. It needs that our people should have closer association as scholars, that they may have their grammar, gazetteer, and Dibdin not so dusty and cobwebbed; and I wish our Club to be dignified with literary exercises.

May 3.

I set out in the Warren lot a couple of pears, seedlings from my Bartlett, which I budded myself. The best had died in the

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Power" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 54).

Heater Piece,[1] and these two poor old-looking young things remained. Let us see if they can thrive.

Teschemacher rejected the suggestion of a quickness or scientific genius as being any substitute for constant industry in analysis and experiment.

Martial gave me to think of the faculty of writers. He can detach the object with unerring taste, and knows he can; sees that the power, perfect in him, differs infinitely from the imperfect approaches to the same power in ordinary scribblers. It is chemical mixture, and not mechanical, which makes the writer. The others have not intelligence enough to know they are not writers. One thing more. Martial suggests again, as every purely literary book does, the immortality. We see we are wiser than we were: we are older. Can Nature afford to lose such improvements? Is Nature a suicide?

Macaulay. The historian of England or France seems to be compelled to treat of England as

1 The little triangle of land which Mr. Emerson had bought near his home where the Cambridge turnpike leaves the "Great Road" to Boston *via* Lexington.

of an Englishman; the nation has a continuous existence, memory, history in his head, knows his rights.

Who buys Channing's house buys a sunset.[1] It should be sold in a fair day; then the purchaser gets rivers, mountains, villages, in the bargain. I would not, if I owned that place, sell it. I would hold on to it as long as I could see.

I meet in the street people full of life. I am, of course, at ebb tide; they at flood; they seem to have come from the South, or from the West, or from Europe. I see them pass with envy at this gift which includes all gifts.

(From TU)

Valor pays rents as surely as land. Up heart, and dispose of the day's duty first, and the dividend of peace and power will be paid. The proverb of "Business before friends," is God's truth too.

The way to wealth of every kind is plainly along the *upper road*, and not by State Street.

1 Mr. Channing at that time owned a house on the slope of Punkatasset, north of the river below the old Hunt farm.

Convert yourself into wealth, and you shall buy kings. Sordid calculations convert you into punk and abhorrence.

The doctrine that genius takes its rise out of the Mountains of Rectitude — that all beauty and power, which men covet, are born out of that Humility egg which they disdain — is alternately conceded and suggested. How we love nobility! priest, poet, republican cannot keep his eyes off it. Yet how rare! The whole society and every member of it is first or last adjudged to be "snobbish." Why, because every member is referring or looking up to others, who, in their turn, are referring; and only one in ten thousand is a person of elevated sentiments whose condition flows from his character, — secure, serene, and his own friend? From a better man than myself (I used to say) I can easily expect a finer thought: from a worse, I am incredulous. But that *Better* we so slowly believe.

Plato suggested, after Pythagoras, thorough culture. 'T is pity our dismasted, rudderless hulks drifting about on the sea of life should not be taken into port. Pity that the Commonwealth should not set its Horace Manns on

applying the stern culture suggested in the *Republic* to the adults, and so keep them up. When the school and college drop them, let Plato take them up, and life would no longer be forlorn, and they left to the stock quotations by day, and cards at night.

I was about to add just now, in speaking of Morals as the foundation of nobility, that we do with that as our farmers, who carry all their best peaches and apples to market and feed their families with the refuse. We parade our nobilities in poems, instead of working them up into happiness. Then we must bring the day about with draff and prose.

Feats. He wrote a fair hand and he could draw the same lines in capitals with his skates on the ice.

Giotto, the painter, could draw with his pen a perfect circle. *Tu sei piu tondo che l'O di Giotto.*

Mr. Sylvester told me that Farie, the engineer, could draw a model of any loom or machine, after once seeing it. He went through Mr. Strutt's mills, and drew from memory designs of the machinery, which were printed in

Rees's Cyclopædia, to the great indignation of Mr. Strutt.

Swedenborg. I look on Swedenborg as on Kant, Newton, Leibnitz, Goethe, Humboldt, men of a larger stature than others, and possessing very great advantages in that preternatural size. He and Newton were both cracked or bursten; yet 't is easier to see the reflection of the sphere in globes of this magnitude, cracked or not, than in the common minute globe.

One must study Quételet to know the limits of human freedom. In 20,000 population, just so many men will marry their grandmothers.[1] . . .

Clough's beautiful poem I read again last in the sitting-room. 'T is a kind of new and better Carlyle; the Homeric Iteration is one secret; the truly modern question and modern treatment another; and there is abundance of life and experience in it. Good passages are, the prayer to the sun and moon and hours to pass slowly over Philip and Elspie, and good youth in it, as Elizabeth Hoar says.

1 Passages which follow are printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 18).

The wisdom of words every day might surprise us. After a man has made great progress, and has come, as he fancies, to heights hitherto unscaled, the common words still fit his thought; nay, he only now finds for the first time how wise they were; — "*Macrocosm*," *Reason*, *Conscience*, *Substance*, *Accidence*, *Nature*, *Relation*, *Fortune*, *Fate*, *Genius*, *Element*, *Person*; — 't will be long before he needs a new coat.

The old mythology still serves us, not of Jove, Mars, etc., but of Nature, Destiny, Fortune. Words therefore seem wiser than any man, and to be tools provided by the Genius of Humanity. After the student has wasted all night speculating on his analogies and ties to the world and to the starry heaven, the first words he meets in the morning book are *microcosm*, *macrocosm*.

Realism. Do it. Bridge the gulf well and truly from edge to edge, and the dunces will find it out. There is but one verdict needful, and that is mine; if I do it, I shall know it.

Happy is he who finishes his work for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such Finishers. The world will do justice to such. It cannot otherwise: but

never on the day when the work is newly done and presented. Every man settles his own rate.

Realism. One would think, from the talk of men, that riches and poverty were a great matter, — whilst they are really a thin costume,[1] and our life, the life of all of us, is identical. For we transcend circumstance continually, and taste the real quality of existence; as, in our employments, which only differ in the manipulation, but express the same laws; or, in our thoughts, which wear no broadcloth, and taste no ice creams. We see God face to face every hour and know the savor of Nature.

Days. There is the least deliberation in our life. We worry through the world, and do not unfold ourselves with leisure and dignity, and adorn our days suitably. Especially I observe that we have not learned the art to avail ourselves of the virtues and powers of our companions. The day is gloomy with politics or bitter with debt.

Common sense is the wick of the candle.

Intellect. Descartes being asked, where was

1 See Electra, in Potter's *Euripides* (*R. W. E.'s note*).

his library, showed a calf which he was dissecting, and said, "This is my library."

We may well ask, "What is the effect of thoughts?" Hafiz very properly inquires, —

> "Why changes not the inner mind
> Violet earth into musk?"

> "Dürer's pencil, which first knew
> The laws of faces, and then faces drew."

Reason of the aversation from metaphysics is the voice of Nature. Nature made the eye to see other things, but not itself. If you have sharp eyes, use them, not brag of them.

Beauty. "Things that are natural are never without a certain grace and excellence. The cracks and rents of a well-baked loaf induce a desire to partake of it. So likewise the cleft fig, the luscious olive, the spiked grain," etc. — Marcus Antoninus.

Those who painted angels and nativities and descents from the cross were also writing biographies and satires, though they knew it not. The history of humanity is no hopping squib,

but all its discoveries in science, religion, and art, consecutive and correlated.

"I had rather go a-fishing," said the chimney-sweep at Marblehead, — when it was proposed to abate his price a little, — and enraged the whole town.

Immortality. I notice that as soon as writers broach this question they begin to quote. I hate quotations. Tell me what you know.

May 25.

Two gravestones have been planted in my path within the year, Ellen Hooper's and David Scott's.[1] Ellen Hooper[2] connected herself with all the noblest and most loved figures that have cheered and enriched me in my own land (or with all but one: my own Ellen she never knew) and she gave a value by her interest in all my writings.

Words. The collegians have seldom made a better word than "squirt" for a showy sentence. So I find "tin" for money always comic. "Honey-pie," says State Street, when there is flattery; "All my eye," when any exaggeration.

1 The Edinburgh painter. 2 *Née* Miss Sturgis.

In conversation the game is, to say something new with old words, and you shall observe a man of the people picking his way along, step by step, using every time an old boulder, yet never setting his foot on an old place.

Wilkinson, Swedenborg's pupil, after one hundred years a philosopher-critic with a brain like Bacon.— Why not read in England? Are there no mornings in England? Do they read Dickens when they first get up, as well as overnight?

Swedenborgian church an imprisonment in the letter; never a hero stirs out of it.

Ah, the Imagination has a flute that gets the atoms of our frame in a dance like planets, and once so flagellated, the whole man reeling drunk to the music, they never quite subside to their old marble.[1]

1 Compare the closing lines, in the *Poems*, of "Merlin" II:—

> Subtle rhymes, with ruin rife,
> Murmur in the house of life,
> Sung by the Sisters as they spin;
> In perfect time and measure they
> Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
> As the two twilights of the day
> Fold us music-drunken in.

Can't forgive Swedenborg the confusion of planes.[1] We will pardon a popular orator for a mistake in categories, but not a categorist, not Aristotle, Kant, or Swedenborg. Has not the Intellect sins? He shall be degraded out of Olympus for a thousand years, and shall not eat ambrosia for that term. Let him be tried by the law of his tribe. High crime and misdemeanor. . . .

Swedenborg was the last Christian.

Nearness. Really the soul is *near* things, because it is the centre of the universe, so that astronomy and Nature and theology date from where the observer stands. There is no quality in Nature's vast magazines he cannot touch; no truth in science he cannot see; no act in will he cannot verify, — there where he stands.

I conceive the value of railroads to be this, in education, namely, to unite the advantages of town and country life, neither of which we can spare.[2] . . .

A great deal that is not set down in the bill.

1 Much that is omitted at the end of this paragraph is printed in "Swedenborg" (*Representative Men*, p. 140).

2 The rest of this passage is printed in "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 48).

I pay the schoolmaster, but 't is the schoolboys that educate my son.

The children divide their waking time between school, fruit, and the cats. I like to see them learn the use of cats; then 't is worth while to suffer a dog in the house a little; and after, be sure to let them learn the use of horses.

The tree needs water, and digging about, and pruning, and protection from its enemies the slug, the louse, the borer, and so on. More than all, it needs food; it will die without food; if you want fruit, you must give manure. Well, then, a pretty case you make out for the Cultivator. Well, it is not gainful, and yet it seems to me much that I have brought a skilful chemist into my ground and keep him there overnight, all day, all summer, for an art that can take common water and clod, and by means of sunshine, manufacture the handsomest and most delicious Louise Bonne de Jerseys, Bartletts, Bergamots, and brown berries, an inimitable manner which no confectioner can approach; and his method of working is no less beautiful than his result.[1]

1 A portion of this passage is printed in "Country Life," which is found only in the Centenary Edition (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 146).

In the drought, the pear-tree roots murmured in the dark, and said, they were sorely put to it for water, and could not go on another day, supplying food to the tree above them. But there is the kind old master who so tended us, and visits the tree daily; we hear his footsteps every morn. If we could only give him a sign of our condition. Be it so. I will instantly, said the taproot, hang him out a signal on the highest bough of the tree, and we will see if he can understand us. So the taproot ceased working, and the top bough wanting food, drooped and hung its head. The master, you may be sure, was not long in seeing the withering of his favorite, and, much alarmed, he ran in haste and brought a water-pot and soon after a barrel of water, and abundantly refreshed the roots, which, thus restored, showed their good humor to the very top of the tree.

"Your pears, which you raise, cost you more than mine, which I buy." — Yes, they are costly, but we all have expensive vices; you play at billiards, and I at pear trees.

Who climbs best? the monkey; no, the squirrel goes higher. No, sap climbs better, and will go into the top bough, and to the last vein and

edge of the highest leaf on the tree. Yes, but a drop of water climbs higher, for look, there is a cloud above the tree. Well, heat climbs higher than water, and space higher than heat.

Riches. Neither will poverty suit every complexion. Socrates and Franklin may well go hungry and in plain clothes, if they like; but there are people who cannot afford this, but whose poverty of nature needs wealth of food and clothes to make them decent.

Martial is the literature of Aristocracy. See the famous epigram *De Porsenna et Mucio Scævola* (Lib. I, 22). And now read this *De Porcia Uxore Bruti:* —

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti,
Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor:
Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari?
Credideram satis hoc vos docuisse patrem.
Dixit, et ardentes avido bibit ore favillas.
I nunc, et ferrum, turba molesta, nega.
Lib. I, Epig. 43.

"Ille ego sum nulli nugarum laude secundus,"

says this ancient Herrick in the Ode *Ad Avitum*, and all the English lyrists are much indebted

to him; Herrick chiefly. Here is the original Doctor Fell.

Ad Sabidium.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Martial, like Æsop, or Horace, or Homer, or a Bible, shows that one book can avail to touch all the points in the circle of daily manners, and furnish a popular literature,—as well as a hundred.

[Here follow many references to the Odes of Martial, ending with this line in which Mr. Emerson delighted as showing the elegance of self-service, his own practice:—]

At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.

"The wisdom and the arts of Athens form in all polished communities a principal object of study, and, to comprehend and to enjoy them, is to be a gentleman." —St. John.

June 20.

At our sad fire last night at the Old Court-House and the store on the east side, which burned the Court-House, James Connor found a door among the chattels of one family, and

carrying off that prize, he and Sam Staples[1] protected their backs by means of it from the scorching heat, whilst they directed the engine-pipe against the ten-footer under the elm tree. I had not seen a door perform such good extra service since its famed feat of the coverlet.[2]

At New York, (June 13, 14, 15,) I read St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes, full of *bonhomie* in the idea and the expletives, but ludicrously inapt in some of the points, e. g., reminding them how much our Lord loved to eat them; but kindly considered in reminding them how safe they were from rain, wind, dust, and deluges; not afraid of crevasses.

He should have reminded them of their few duties, they have the vacation we men sigh for; suggested a piscine philosophy in view of pike and grampus, and not failed to throw in an effective hint of transmigration and ascent to the

1 The admirable Concord citizen alluded to in an earlier Journal as married by Mr. Emerson, and as jailer of Thoreau, Alcott, and Lane.

2 The story referred to earlier in the Journals in which the poor children wondered what "the poor little children did who had no door to lay on top of the bedclothes to keep them warm."

inconveniences of pantaloons and Westminster Catechism one of these days.

In New York I saw Catherine Sedgwick, daughter of Roderick Sedgwick; also Henry James.

"For philosophy, O Socrates, is an elegant thing, if any one moderately meddles with it; but if he is conversant with it more than is becoming, it corrupts the man," said Callicles. — Taylor's Plato.

I think it a consideration of some importance, that the Federal Union takes away from its members the power of declaring peace and war: so that, let Texas, and California, and Minnesota, and Oregon, be never so quarrelsome, once in the Union, their hands are tied.

July 1.

I find England again this summer in Macaulay's two volumes, as I found it, last summer, in London. The same country of wealth, of birth, of precedent, of decorum. The story is told with all that ability which one meets so abundantly in England, and in no other coun-

try, — full of knowledge of books, and men, and customs, which it is creditable to know. The story is quite full of *bon-ton*. It is written with extreme diligence and is very entertaining and valuable from the amount of good information and curious anecdote, and really has claims to be a history of the people of England, as the author has studied to make it. The second volume is far the best, the character of James is so dramatically bad, and the character and conduct of William so excellent. At last, in the success of William, tears almost come to the eyes. The persons and incidents are so fine that it seems strange this period has been neglected so long.

One sad reflection arises on all the course of the narrative, of wonder, namely, at the depravity of men in power, and at the shocking tameness with which it is endured. One would think the nation was all tailors, and mince-pie-makers.

The writer has a great deal of talent, but no elevation of mind. There is not a novel or striking thought in the book, not a new point of view from which to consider the events, and never one thrill or pulse of moral energy imparted. He is always a fine, artificial English-

man, and keeping the highway invariably; well bred, but for sale (all dated *Windsor Castle*). Here is good black blood, English pluck, but no philosophy;—a deal of pamphlets now well bound.

I cannot get enough alone to write a letter to a friend.[1] . . .

Brag. The feeling of Boston and Massachusetts for a few years past has been like that of the shopmen and of a village on the morning of a cattle-show, or other holiday, which is to bring a crowd of strangers into the town; everybody is building booths, or arranging shop-windows, or laying tables; everywhere a small pan to gather some rill of the expected silver shower. So fuss Boston and Massachusetts on the eve of a prodigious prosperity; and we build, and plant, and lay roads, and set up sign-posts, to attract our share of the general blessing.

In New York, they characterise our hats and books and beauties as Frogpondish; but we, on the other hand, pity the whole un-Cochituated creation.

[1] The rest, about hiding the house with trees, is in *Society and Solitude* (p. 4).

The Kentuckian said that his country was "bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the north by the aurora borealis, on the west by the precession of the equinoxes, and on the south by the Day of Judgment."

Mountain air better than gas or tobacco.

July 13.

Yesterday, the day before, and to-day, another storm of heat, like that three weeks ago. The day is dangerous, the sun acts like a burning-glass on the naked skin, and the very slugs on the pear leaves seem broiled in their own fat. Mercury 94° at 3 P.M.

When a man dies in Concord the neighbors sum his epitaph, "he was a good provider," or a bad.

I took my hoe and water-pail and fell upon my sleepy pear trees, broke up the soil, pulled out the weeds and grass, I manured, and mellowed, and watered, pruned, and washed, and staked, and separated the clinging boughs by shingles covered with list: I killed every slug on every leaf. The detestable pear worm, which

mimics a twig, I detected and killed. The poor tree tormented by this excessive attention and industry, must do something, and began to grow.

My pears and apples were well favored, as long as I did not go beyond my own hedge: but if I went down to Edmund's [Hosmer] farm, his trees were three stories high, and high up in the air hung a harvest of fruit.

Calvinism. 'T is curious that Swedenborg should be entangled with Calvinism. 'T is curious that all the great mathematicians, be they never so grand, should be unable to pass the materialism barrier. Newton is rusty with Calvinism. Cuvier is calvinistic. All the science of England and France is; all but Goethe and Oken. Plato and Kepler only have united geometry to the poetic spirit.

What to do with the stupendous old prig?

In Dante pleases the friendly conversation with Brunetto Latino. — *Inferno* xv, 82.

Education.

. . . In la mente m' è fitta, ed or m' accuora
La cara buona imagine paterna

Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna.[1]

I think, if I were professor of Rhetoric, — teacher of the art of writing well to young men, — I should use Dante for my text-book. Come hither, youth, and learn how the brook that flows at the bottom of your garden, or the farmer who ploughs the adjacent field, your father and mother, your debts and credits, and your web of habits are the very best basis of poetry, and the material which you must work up. Dante knew how to throw the weight of his body into each act, and is, like Byron, Burke, and Carlyle, the Rhetorician. I find him full of the *nobil volgare eloquenza*; that he knows "God damn," and can be rowdy if he please, and he does please. Yet is not Dante reason or illumination and that essence we were looking for,

1 "In my memory is fixed and now comes to my heart the dear, kind, paternal image of you when in the world, hour by hour, you taught me how man makes himself eternal."

Mr. Emerson was reading Dr. John Aitken Carlyle's admirable prose translation of the *Inferno*, the original verse being given on the same page. From a letter to Carlyle, written in January of this year, it would seem that Mr. Emerson might have been helpful in having an American edition got out by the Harpers (*Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, pp. 173, 174).

but only a new exhibition of the possibilities of genius? Here is an imagination that rivals in closeness and precision the senses. But we must prize him as we do a rainbow, we can appropriate nothing of him.

Could we some day admit into our oyster heads the immense figure which these flagrant points compose when united; the hands of Phidias, the conclusion of Newton, the pantheism of Goethe, the all-wise music of Shakespeare, the robust eyes of Swedenborg!

I think Hindoo books excellent gymnastic for the mind as showing treatment.[1] . . .

Passion is logical; and I note that the vine, symbol of the Bacchus which intoxicates the world, is the most geometrical and tractable of all plants.

The Times. The cheap press and the universal reading, which have come in together, have caused a great many translations to be made from the Greek, the German, the Italian, and the French. Bohn's Library now furnishes me

1 The rest of this passage is in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 15).

with a new and portable Plato, as it had already done with new Goethes: and John Carlyle translates Dante. To me the command is loud to use the time by reading these books, and I should as soon think of foregoing the railroad and the telegraph as to neglect these. With these belong the Mediæval Chronicles, — Richard of Devizes, Asser's Life of Alfred and the rest in Bohn.

A feature of the times is, that when I was born, private and family prayer was in the use of all well-bred people, and now it is not known.

Another feature of the age is the paramount place of Natural History.

Men-in-Nature. Some persons have such determination or tendency, that, if by any heat their particles could be set free, so as to obey it, they would at once assume the forked or horned or clubbed or scaly forms, which they now suggest.

August.

Correcting manuscripts and proofs for printing makes apparent the value of perspective as essential to good writing. Once we said genius was health; but now we say genius is Time.

This doctrine of results, too, from which

flows genius, also [appears?] to be geometrical and mechanical, or, that gravitation reaches up into the sacred soul.

On the Rhine, Dr. Polidori said to Byron, "After all, what is there you can do that I cannot?" "Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river; I can snuff out that candle with a pistol shot at the distance of twenty paces; and I have written a poem, of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day." — MOORE'S *Life of Byron*.

Mr. Harrison Gray Otis said, "that it was of no use to tie up a woman's property; by kissing or kicking, her husband would get it away from her."

The loves of flint and iron are naturally a little rougher than those of the nightingale and the rose.

There is no remedy for the musty self-conceited English life made up of fictions, hating

ideas,—like Orientalism. That astonishes and disconcerts English decorum. For once there is thunder he never heard, light he never saw, and power which trifles with time and space.

August 6.

Revolution is

"lord of the visionary eye whose lid
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall."

Nature never reproduces the fossil strata.

There are three degrees in Philosophy. Plato came with geometry; that was one degree. Plotinus came with mythology, Zoroastrian or Magian illumination, etc., as exalted or stilted Plato: that was the second degree. But now comes my friend with palmistry, phrenology, mesmerism, and Davisian[1] revelation: this is the third degree; and bearing the same relation to Plotinism which that bore to Platonism.

The French follow the course of rivers, the English hug the seashore.

La France est capable du tout selon qu'il est conduit.

1 Andrew Jackson Davis wrote on the then new "Spiritualistic" manifestations.

The French change their Constitution as often as their shirt.

Will you spend your income, or will you invest it?[1] . . .

It could not be said of Buna,[2] that she lived entirely for her dinner, — though she was tenderly, patiently absorbed in that capital event of the day; — no; for she was not less dedicated to her supper, nor less to her breakfast. He had studied her character imperfectly who thought she lived in these. No; she wished to keep her feet warm, and she was addicted to a soft seat, and expended a skill and generalship on securing the red chair and a corner *out* of the draught and *in* the air, worthy of a higher seat in heaven. Neither on these was she exhausted.

In a frivolous age, Buna was earnest. She screamed, she groaned, she watched at night, she waited by day for her omelet and her lamp with smooth handle, and when she went out of the house it was a perfect *row* for half an hour. Buna had catarrh, pleurisy, rush of blood to

1 What follows is printed in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 126).

2 This stands for a certain fussy visitor.

the head, apoplexy, diabetes, diarrhœa, sunstroke, atrophy, worms, palsy, erysipelas, consumption, and dropsy.

The magnet was thrown into Europe, and all philosophy has taken a direction from it. Men have studied its currents and got the vortex, the spiral, and the polarity which now inundate all thinking and all language, and end in the charlatanism of Tractors, of Mesmerism and Phrenology, Pathetism and Davis.

Shakspeare's fun is as wise as his earnest; its foundations are below the frost; his is a moral muse simply from its depth; and I value the intermixture of the common and the transcendental as in Nature.

Then also his knowledge of structure and complexion; — he knows what is in a blue eye, and what is in an adust skin, and does justice to both. He is all pulverized into proverbs, and dispersed into human discourse.

Greatness. The difference is immense to appearance certainly between man and man. Plato

1 A portion of the above is printed in "Art and Criticism," which appeared only in the Centenary Edition (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 294).

or Swedenborg is just ready to make a world, if he do not like this: he is Krishna.

It is no matter how fine is your rhetoric, or how strong is your understanding, no book is good which is not written by the Instincts. A fatal frost makes cheerless and undesirable every house where animal heat is not. Cold allegory makes us yawn, whatever elegance it may have.

The Indian squaw with a decisive hat has saved herself a world of vexation. The tragedy of our women begins with the bonnet; only think of the whole Caucasian race damning the women to cover themselves with this frippery of rye straw and tags, that they may be at the mercy of every shower of rain. A meeting-house full of women and a shower coming up, —it is as if we had dressed them all in paper. Put on the squaw's man's hat, and you amputate so much misery.

Yesterday a ride and walk with Thoreau to Acton. We climbed to the top of Nagog Hill, and afterward of Nashobah, the old domain of Tahatawan and his praying Indians.[1] The wide

1 Tahatawan was the local Sachem of Musketaquid, now Concord. From him and the Squaw Sachem (his superior,

landscape is one vast forest skirted by villages in the horizon. We saw Littleton, Acton, Concord, Chelmsford, Tyngsboro, Dracut. On the western side, the old mountains ending with Uncanoonuc on the north. The geology is unlike ours, and the granite ledges are perpendicular. Fort Pond is a picturesque sheet with a fine peninsula scattered, park-like, with noble pines on the western side; Grass Pond a pretty lake; Nagog seen from Nagog Hill is best, and Long Pond we came to the shore of. These four ponds dictated, of course, Tahatawan's location of his six hundred acres. Also we visited the top of Strawberry Hill, and a big chestnut tree.

I thought the Concord Society should meet and assign its business to committees; thus:— Mr. Channing presented a report on Baker Farm. Mr. Thoreau a report on Fort Pond, the Cromlech, and the remains of a swamp-fort near the Pond. Mr. E. called attention to the

dwelling in what is now Woburn), and other prominent Indians, Rev. Peter Bulkeley and Mr. Simon Willard bought the six-mile square forming the original township. (See *Miscellanies*, "Historical Address at Concord," pp. 36–38.) A very interesting account of this transaction, also of the "Praying Indians," is found in Shattuck's *History of Concord*.

Ebby Hubbard Park.[1] Miss E. Hoar presented a bunch of Linnæa Borealis found in Concord. Mr. C. read a paper on the foliaceous and sponge-like formations by spring thaw in the argillite of the Deep Cut on the Railroad;—and so forth.

There is something finer in our sky and climate than we have senses to appreciate; it escapes us: and yet is only just beyond our reach. Tantalus must have finer senses.

The houses in Acton seemed to be filled with fat old people who looked like old tomatoes; their faces crumpled into red collops, fatting and rotting at their ease.

Eyes and no eyes. One man sees the fact or object, and another sees the power of it; one the triangle, and the other the cone which is generated by the revolution of a triangle.

1 Fine woods on the left of the Walden road but a short distance from Mr. Emerson's house, the property of Ebenezer Hubbard, a farmer-recluse. It was he who left money for rebuilding the North Bridge at the Battle Ground and marking the spot where the Minute Men received and delivered volleys.

August 29.

Love is the bright foreigner, the foreign self.

Hungary, it seems, must take the yoke again, and Austria, and Italy, and Prussia, and France. Only the English race can be trusted with freedom.

The French proclamations are hysterical.

If I had a barn-yard fowl that wanted a name, I should call him *France.* Never was national symbol so comically fit.

Plato's fame does not stand on a syllogism, or on any specimen of the Socratic argumentation. He is much more than an expert.[1] . . . For we do not listen with much respect to the verses of a man who is only a poet, nor to the calculations of a man who is only an algebraist, but if the man is at the same time acquainted with the geometrical foundations of things, and with their moral purposes, and sees the festal splendor of the day, his poetry is exact, and his arithmetic musical. His poetry and his mathematics accredit each other.

1 The rest of the long paragraph is printed in "Plato" (*Representative Men,* pp. 81, 82).

I look upon the stress laid by Plato on geometry as highly significant.' . . . Of course, he cannot often find a reader; but of course he ought to have written so.

Parker thinks, that, to know Plato, you must read Plato thoroughly, and his commentators, and, I think, Parker would require a good drill in Greek history, too. I have no objection to hear this urged on any but a Platonist. But when erudition is insisted on to Herbert or Henry More, I hear it as if, to know the tree, you should make me eat all the apples. It is not granted to one man to express himself adequately more than a few times: and I believe fully, in spite of sneers, in interpreting the French Revolution by anecdotes, though not every diner-out can do it. To know the flavor of tansy, must I eat all the tansy that grows by the wall? . . . But if a man cannot answer me in ten words, he is not wise.

Plato's vision is not illimitable, but it is not self-limited by its own obliquity, or by fogs and walls which its own vices create.

Plato is to mankind what Paris or London is

' What follows is in "Plato" (*Representative Men*, pp. 84–86).

to Europe. Europe concentrates itself into a capital. He has not seen Europe who has not seen its cities. Plato codifies and catalogues and distributes. In his broad daylight things reappear as they stood in the sunlight, hardly shorn of a ray, yet now portable and reportable.

Before, all things stood enchanted, — not tangible. He comes, and touches them, and henceforth anybody may.

Doctrine of degrees. The excellence of men consists in the completeness with which the lower system is taken up into the higher.[1] . . .

Nature. In the last days of August, and the first of September, the woods are full of agarics.

September 4.

Dante's imagination is the nearest to hands and feet that we have seen.[2] . . .

Webster. It is true that Webster has never done anything up to the promise of his facul-

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 189).

2 What follows is printed in "Powers and Laws of Thought" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 49).

ties. He is unmistakably able, and might have ruled America, but he was cowardly, and has spent his life on specialties. When shall we see as rich a vase again? Napoleon, on the other hemisphere, obeyed his instincts with a fine audacity, dared all, all; went up to his line, and over his line; found himself confronted by Destiny, and yielded at last.

I have many meters of men, one is, their perception of identity. 'T is a good mark of any genius, a single novel expression of the identity. Thus Lord Brooke's

"So words should sparkes be of those fires they strike."

Or Donne's

"That one would almost say her body thought."

I hold that ecstasy will be found mechanical, if you please to say so, or, nothing but an example on a higher field of the same gentle gravitation by which rivers run.[1] . . .

Rhymes. The iterations or rhymes of Nature are already an idea or principle of science, and

1 The rest of the passage beginning thus is found in "Inspirations" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 275).

a guide. The sun and star reflect themselves all over the world in the form of flowers and fruits; and in the human head, the doctrine of series [appears], which takes up again the few functions and modes and repeats them with new and wondrous results on a higher plane.

How difficult to deal erect with the Days! Each of these events which they bring, — this Concord thieving, the muster, the ripening of plums, the shingling of the barn, all throw dust in your eyes, and distract your attention.[1] . . .

Garden Diary.

August 15. Apricot Plums.

September 7. We are so late this year that I picked the first muskmelons to-day, — four; — to-day the first ripe tomato: and all the Bartlett pears to ripen in the house. The whole product of my Bartlett at the corner of the garden might count forty-five pears.

The Green Gages yield every day a supply, and the two purple plum trees.

1 The rest of the paragraph, though beginning slightly differently, is in "Works and Deeds" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 173, 174).

To-day, too, we dig seven bushels of excellent Chenangoes.

12th. To-day tomatoes for the first time on table.

September is the month of melons: melons last with us till 15th October.[1]

September 7 was published *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures.*[2] Sent presentation copies to, — My Mother; Lidian; Elizabeth Hoar; G. P. Bradford; H. D. Thoreau; Mrs. Barlow; W. E. Channing; S. G. Ward; J. E. Cabot; E. P. Peabody; O. W. Holmes; N. Hawthorne; William Emerson; Edward Bangs;

1 In those days, before the coming of curculio, wart, borer, "yellows," canker-worm and the recent moths, when even the tent-caterpillar was rare, there flourished in the flower garden below the house Sopsavine (Sops o'wine), early sweet and sour apples, then Porters, and the delicate Queen Apples, brought by Mrs. Emerson from Plymouth, Roxbury and York russets; also Chelmsford, Napoleon, Seckel and Winter Nelis pears, red cherries, plums (Apricot, Green Gage, two larger purple plums and smaller "Plymouth" plums), quinces, four kinds of currants and two of gooseberries. By the south-east door were two peach trees, and many young apple and pear trees in the new acres.

2 *Nature* had been published in 1836 in a little volume by itself. Now it was printed in a volume with the various addresses to literary societies and colleges.

H. W. Longfellow; W. H. Channing; C. T. Jackson; *New York Tribune; Boston Post; Daily Advertiser; Chronotype; Phila. Literary World; Christian Examiner.*

The Aristotelian method was the athletic training of the scholars of the seventeenth century, and a method so wide, and respective of such universal relations, that our education seems narrow, linear, and indigent. Aristotle easily maintained his ground as master, by virtue of this real superiority, until it was found that his physics were unsound; then his metaphysics were discredited, and he was tumbled from his throne of a thousand years. But the schoolmen were his pupils, and the Abélards, then the Galileos, Descartes, Keplers, Grotiuses, Harveys, Tschirnhausens, Malpighis, and Christian Wolffs, that preceded Swedenborg, show their rough training. Like Roman soldiers they were required to carry more weight in their daily discipline than they would need in war. And so, well born of stark Norwegian Berserkers, and with this iron training, comes Swedenborg, and shows a power of performance incredible to the Dryasdusts of the present day. Nobody is entitled to ask for new great men, who has not

tested his strength on this anthropometer. Wilkinson is the only man I know who is broad-chested enough to cope with him. Humboldt and Goethe only rivals of their universality. The men of science, so-called, the scholars, are fops by the side of these colossi.

> True Brahmin in the morning meadows wet
> Expound the Vedas of the violet;
> Or hid in vines peeping through many a loop
> See my plums redden and my beurrés stoop.[1]

Representative. It is my belief that every animal in our scale of creatures leans upward on man, and man leans downward on it; that lynx, dog, tapir, lion, lizard, camel, and crocodile, all find their perfection in him; all add a support and some essential contribution to him. He is the grand lion, he the grand lynx, he the grand worm, the fish of fishes, and bird of birds; so that if one of these tribes were struck out of being he would lose some one property of his nature. And I have no doubt that to each of these creatures man appears as of its own kind; to a lion, man appears the arch lion; to a stork, the arch stork. He is the master key for which

1 See "Gardener," among the Quatrains in the *Poems*.

you must go back, to open each new door in this thousand-gated Thebes.[1]

It was fine when the paleontologist learned that the frog's egg, on the thirteenth day, added the gills; and on the fourteenth day lengthened the tail; and then, referring to the fossils, showed that this type of animals with gills must have flourished in the thirteenth geologic age, and these with the long tails in the fourteenth period.

It is clear that immense advantage comes from a superior simultaneous survey of all the kingdoms of Nature. How different is the attitude of Linnæus, Cuvier, and Agassiz, from that of Leeuwenhök or our own Dr. Harris or Professor Peck! the comparison of tribes and kingdoms and the procession of structure in sunfish and mammal is open to one, whilst Peck and Harris count the cilia and spines on a beetle's wing.

An individual body is the momentary fixation of a portion of the solids or fluids of the universe.[2] . . . The tenacity of retention must

1 Compare in the *Poems* (Appendix)

Day by day for her darlings to her much she added more, etc.

2 The rest of the passage is printed in "Powers and Laws of Thought" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 27, 28). Compare the same thought in "Quotation and Originality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 200).

be in exact proportion to the rank of the idea which the individual represents. So a fixed idea is the unit of this.

Some minds are viviparous, like Shakspeare and Goethe. Every word is a poem. Others are oviparous, alive though incomplete; and others are like trees which leave seeds and fruits on which the living can feed.[1]

Christ. Modern philosophy has not yet attempted the portrait of the Blessed Jew, that wonderful youth who fascinated Asia and Europe. Swedenborg has attempted it, but he is obviously not the person to do it. He showed his incapacity by binding himself hand and foot, and flinging himself at his feet by way of first salutation.

The highest compliment that can be conferred,[2] . . .

I figure to myself the world as a hollow temple, and every individual mind as an exponent

1 Compare "Powers and Laws of Thought" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 18).

2 See "Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, p. 16).

of some sacred part therein, as if each man were a jet of flame affixed to some capital, or node, or angle, or triglyph, or rosette, or spandril, bringing out its beauty and symmetry to the eye by his shining. But when the jet of light is gone, the groined arch and fluted column remain beautiful, and can in an instant be lighted again and vindicated.

Aunt Mary never liked to throw away any medicine; but, if she found a drop of laudanum here, and a pill or two there, a little quinine and a little antimony, mixed them up and swallowed them. So when she came to the tea-table — "Oh, no, she never took tea"; — "Can you get a little shells?" The cocoa came, and Aunty took cocoa, because it was soothing, and put a little tea in it to make her lively, and if there was a little coffee, that was good for getting rid of the taste.

I said that the least acceleration of thought would add indefinite longevity to the man.[1] And we are to go to the best examples in each faculty to take notes for the creation of the complete brain.

1 See "Memory" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 108).

What differences! Some men cannot see the house till it is built,—cannot see the machine till the model is placed before their eyes. Moody, the machinist, when Colburn described any improvement to him, cried immediately, "Ah, but it hits, it hits"; a fatal objection. Plato says, "Choose those who can proceed without aid from their eyes or any other sense, with truth to being."

Well, now it seems as if this Plato's power of grading or ranking all that offers itself at sight was as good as a duration of a thousand years. The reason why life is short is, because we are confounded by the dazzle of new things, and by the seeming equality which custom sheds on great and small; we are obliged to spend a large part of life in corrections which we should save, if our judgment was sure when we first beheld things. Plato is like those tamers who have charmed down the ferocity of vicious animals, or who by some virulence or ferocity in their own nature have terrified frantic madmen. He looks through things at a glance, and they fly into place, and he walks in life with the security of a god. It seems as if the winds of ages swept through this universal thinking, so wide, so just, yet so minute, that it is impossible that

an air of such calmness and long maturity can belong to the hasty, crude, experimental blotting of one lifetime.

The celestial mind incapable of offence, of haste, of care, of inhospitality, of peeping, of memory, incapable of being embarrassed, incapable of discourtesy, treating all with a sovereign equality.

To-day, carpets; yesterday, the aunts; the day before, the funeral of poor S.; and every day, the remembrance in the library of the rope of work which I must spin;—in this way life is dragged down and confuted. We try to listen to the hymn of gods, and must needs hear this perpetual *cock-a-doodle-doo*, and *ke-tar-kut* right under the library windows. They, the gods, ought to respect a life, you say, whose objects are their own. But steadily they throw mud and eggs at us, roll us in the dirt, and jump on us.

Solitary Imprisonment is written on his coat and hat, on the lines of his face, and the limbs of his body, on his brow, and on the leaves of laurel on his brow. He wrestles hard with the judge, and does not believe he is in earnest. "Solitary Imprisonment," replied the Judge.

Yet with some mitigation. Three times a day his keeper comes to the window, and puts bread and water on the shelf. The keeper's dog he may play with, if he will. Bow-wow-wow, says the dog. People may come from Asia to see him, if they like. He is only permitted to become his friend.

For good reading, there must be, of course, a yielding, sometimes entire, but always some yielding to the book. Then the reader is refreshed with a new atmosphere and foreign habits. But many minds are incapable of any surrender; they are like knights of a Border castle, who

"Carve at the meal
In gloves of steel,
And drink the red wine thro' the helmet barred";

and, of course, their dining is very unsatisfactory. How admirable a university is Plato's *Republic;* yet set X to read it, he would read nothing in it but X.

For the conduct of life, let us not parade our rags, let us not, moved by vanity, confess and tear our hair at the corners of the streets, or in the sitting-room; but, as age and infirmity steal

on us, contentedly resign the front seat and the games to these bright children, our better representatives, nor expect compliments or inquiries — much less, gifts or love — any longer (which to expect is ridiculous), and, not at all wondering why our friends do not come to us, — much more wondering when they do, — decently withdraw ourselves into modest and solitary resignation and rest.

Believers give themselves most leave to speculate, as they are secure of a return: Nature does not work for classes, but for the whole: so she absorbs them, occupies the adult masses with the care of providing for themselves and their families, to the exclusion of every other thought. Nothing but the brandy of politics will wake them from their brute life. No song of any muse will they hear. But it is plain that the adults' education should be undertaken. When our Republic, O Plato! shall begin, the education shall not end with the youth, but shall be as vigorously continued in maturity. We have in no wise exhausted the books. Astronomy invites, and Geology and Geometry and Chemistry. See how Humboldt, and Agassiz, and Berzelius, and Goethe, and Faraday,

and Brown, and Lindley, work! Let our state be provided with proctors who shall drive the old fellows to school. Let our games offer competition and prizes, and let us keep the fathers up to as high a point of aim as we do the children. Then you will have a state. Now nothing can exceed the disappointment and despondency of such of the people as have arrived at maturity without marriage, in finding themselves absolutely without proper task, and compelled to be either brooms and dusters, or else drones and gourmands. Yet Nature selfishly puts them all to marrying and providing, and leaves the exceptions (which she, to be sure, winks at) to the care of higher power. I mean she always lets higher power look out for itself, and, if any soul has seen anything of truth, she knows it will revolt against all this musty housekeeping of hers and dedicate itself to sacred uses. "Every one for himself," says Nature.

I look, then, at a soul, born with a task, as happy.

Life. Some of the sweetest hours of life, on retrospect, will be found to have been spent with books. Yes; but the sweetness was your own. Had you walked, or hoed, or swum, or

sailed, or kept school, in the same hours, it would have endeared those employments and conditions.

Nature has taught each creature to put out from itself its own condition and sphere,[1] . . .

Macaulay again. Macaulay's History is full of low merits: it is like English manufactures of all kinds, neat, convenient, portable, saleable, made on purpose for the Harpers to print a hundred thousand copies of. So far can Birmingham go.

Macaulay is the Banvard[2] of English history, good at drawing a Mississippi panorama, but 't is cheap work. No memorable line has he written, no sentence. He is remembered by flippancy on one occasion against Plato and Bacon, but has no affirmative talent: he can write quantities of verses, too, to order; wrote "Lays," or something. No doubt wrote good nonsense verses at Eton,[3] better than Virgil. His *chef d'œuvre* was a riddle on the Codfish. That was really good.

1 This and much which follows is printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 41).

2 John Banvard of N. Y. painted such a panorama, covering half a mile of canvas and known as the "Three-mile picture." He also wrote 1700 poems.

3 It appears, however, that Macaulay was prepared for the University by private instruction.

October 19.

Charles Newcomb came, but we grew incapable of events and influences. He, too, turns the conversation, if I try a general remark. His manuscripts which he brought were six years old, but full of subtle genius. Intense solitude appears in every sentence. They are soliloquies, and the abridged stenographic wit and eloquence, like that or better than that we are wonted to in M. M. E. He is Brahmin existing to little use, if prayer and beauty are not that. Yet he humiliates the proud and staggers the dogmatist, and subverts all the mounds and fortification lines of accustomed thought; eminently aristocratic beyond any person I remember to have met, because self-centred on a deep centre of genius, — easy, cheerful, condescending, — condescending to the greatest, and mortifying Plato and Jesus, if it were possible, by his genuine preference of children, and ladies, and the first piece of Nature, to all their fame and sanctity. If one's centrality is incomprehensible to us, we can do nothing with him; we may as well affect to snub the sun. One will shine as the other. But though Charles's mind is unsounded, and the walls actually taken out, so that he seems open to Nature, yet he does not accumu-

late his wisdom into any amounts of thought: rarely arrives at a result — perhaps does not care to — so that I say, It seems, instead of my bare walls, your surrounding is really landscapes and perspectives of temples: yet they avail no more to you than if they were landscape paper-hangings or fresco pictures of temples.

> Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
> She either gives a stomach and no food,
> . . . or else a feast
> And takes away the stomach.
>
> *Henry IV.*

Charles Newcomb. Ah, dear old Swedenborg, and is thy saw good, "*The perfection of man is the love of use*"? And this fine luminary, brightest of all, can ill conceal his dislike of a general remark, spends his mornings at Newport all summer, in walking; his afternoons, "in society"; and has read but one book, this year, namely, an old novel. Dear Swedenborg, if you can catch this American sprig, will you not whip him soundly!

He had a fine subtlety like this, "that, it is not what thought is, but how he stands to his thought, that we value in friendship."

Shakspeare was "the farthest bound of sub-

tlety and universality compatible with individuality; the subtilest of authors, and only just within the possibility of authorship." Newcomb is my best key to Shakspeare, and he is just beyond authorship. The impartiality of Shakspeare is like that of the light itself, which is no aristocrat, but shines as mellowly on gipsies as on emperors, on bride and corpse, on city and swamp.

"I believe that there is no true theory of disease that does not at once suggest cure." — Wilkinson.

Big-endians	*Little-endians*
Plato	Alcott
Swedenborg	Very
Shakspeare	Newcomb
Montaigne	Channing
Goethe	R. W. E.
Napoleon	Thoreau

Concord. There is not a fox or a crow or a partridge in Concord who knows the woodlands better than Thoreau.

Identity-philosophy makes swinging a chain[1] every whit as good as a journey to Oregon, but great is the illusory energy of Vishnu.

1 Thoreau was the local surveyor.

I supposed the landscape to be full of a race of Dæmons who move at a faster rate than men, — so fast as just to escape our organ of sight.

Michael Angelo paints with more will; Raffaelle, with the obedience of water and flame. Everybody would paint like Raffaelle, if the power of painting were added to everybody.

Once more, as I have somewhere written, he who addresses himself to modes or wants that can be dispensed with, goes out of fashion, builds his house off the road. But he who addresses himself to problems that every man must come to solve, builds his house on the road, and every man must come to it. Jesus's problems are mine, and therefore to Jesus and through Jesus must we go, and Swedenborg had the like wisdom.

Nature pays no respect to those who pay any respect to her, was H. J.'s[1] doctrine.

Symbolism. What I want to know is, the meaning of what I do; believing that any of

1 Henry James?

my current Mondays or Tuesdays is Fatebook for me; and believing that hints and telegraphic signals are arriving to me every moment out of the interior eternity. I am tormented with impatience to make them out. We meet people who seem to overlook our game, and read us with a smile, but they do not tell us what they read.

This is one kind of symbolism. A more limited one is Swedenborg's fancy that certain books of Scripture were exact allegories, or written in the angelic and ecstatic speech, as other books are not.

To what purpose dark ages and barbarous Irish, if I know, as I know, five or six men, without hardly going out of my village, to whom and with whom all is possible; who restore to me Plato, Shakspeare, Montaigne, Hindoo cosmology, yea, Buddh himself, with their audacious intellectual adventure?

(From AZ)

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before,
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.[1]

H. D. THOREAU.

1 From *Inspiration*, perhaps Thoreau's finest poem.

Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectant.[1]

HORACE (Epistola VI, Lib. I).

November 17.

Yesterday saw the fields covered with cobwebs in every direction, on which the wake of the setting sun appeared as on water. Walked over hill and dale with Channing, who found wonders of colour and landscape everywhere, but complained of the want of invention. "Why, they had frozen water last year; why should they do it again? Therefore it was so easy to be an artist, because *they* do the same thing always," and therefore he only wants time to make him perfect in the imitation. "And I believe, too, that *pounding* is one of the secrets." All summer, he gets water *au naturel*, and, in winter, they serve it up *artistically* in this crystal johnny-cake.

Channing thought the cause of cows was, that they made good walking where they fed.

1 There be those who see this sun, and stars and seasons passing in their appointed times, unmoved by fear.

I

Roomy Eternity
Casts her schemes rarely,
And a rounded age allows
To every quality and part
In the multitudinous
And many-chambered heart.

Poet of poets
Is Time the distiller;
Time the refiner,
He hath a vitriol
Which can dissolve
Towns into melody.
Burn up the libraries,
Down with the colleges,
Raze the foundations,
Drive out the doctors,
Rout the philosophers,
Harry the critics,
Men of particulars,
Narrowing niggardly
Something to nothing;
All their ten thousand ways
End in the Néant.

All through the countryside
Rush locomotives;

Prospering grocers
Poring on newspapers
Over their shop-fires
Settle the state.
But for the poet, —
Seldom in centuries
Comes the well-tempered
Musical man.
He is the waited-for,
He is the complement
Of one man and all men.
The random wayfarer
Thinks the poet of his kin;
This is he that should come,
Tongue of the secret,
Key of the caskets
Of past and of future.
Sudden, the lustre
That hovered round cities,
Round closets of power,
Or chambers of commerce,
Round banks, or round beauties,
Or state-rending factions,
Has quit them, and perches
Well pleased on his form.

. . . . . .

The poet received
Foremost of all
Badge of nobility,

Charter of earth,
Free of the city,
Free of the field,
Knight of each order,
Mate of each class,
Fellow of monarchs,
And, what is better,
Fellow of all men.

II

But over all his crowning grace,
Wherefor thanks God his daily praise,
Is the purging of his eye
To see the people of the sky.
From blue mount and headland dim
Friendly hands stretch forth to him;
Him they beckon, him advise
Of heavenlier prosperities,
And a more excelling grace.
And a truer bosom-glow
Than the wine-fed feasters know.
They turn his heart from lovely maids
And make the darlings of the earth
Swainish, coarse, and nothing worth,
Teach him gladly to postpone
Pleasures to another stage
Beyond the scope of human age,
Freely as task at eve undone
Waits unblamed to-morrow's sun.

Intellect. An affirmative talent is always safe. The critics may do their worst; it is victory.

As for Germany, we have had no interest in it since the death of Goethe. All kinds of power usually develop themselves at the same time, and I look in the most active race for the idealism. The Americans went to Heidelberg to find Germany, and discovered with surprise that they had left it behind them in New York. Mr. Scherb[1] attempted last night to unfold Hegel for me, and I caught somewhat that seemed cheerful and large, and that might, and probably did, come by Hindoo suggestion. But all abstract philosophy is easily anticipated, — it is so structural, or necessitated by the mould of the human mind. Schelling said, "the Absolute is the union of the Ideal and the Real."

The world, the universe, is a gigantic flower, — but the flower is one function or state of the plant, and the world but a stage or state of the Pan. As I have written long ago, the universe is only in transit, or, we behold it shooting the gulf from the past to the future.

1 Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb, a German patriot, exile or refugee, who lived for perhaps a year in Concord.

Alcott is like a slate pencil which has a sponge tied to the other end, and, as the point of the pencil draws lines, the sponge follows as fast, and erases them. He talks high and wide, and expresses himself very happily, and forgets all he has said. If a skilful operator could introduce a lancet and sever the sponge, Alcott would be the prince of writers.

Goethe. Angel song and chorus at opening of *Faust* is magazine or "*squirt*" poetry.

Goethe, as a man who wished to make the most of himself, was right in avoiding the horrors.

I sent Chapman orders to send copies of *Representative Men*[1] to T. Carlyle; J. A. Carlyle; Earl of Lovelace; Arthur Helps; Mrs. Paulet; W. E. Forster; John Forster; Arthur H. Clough; Miss Ellen Randall; Dr. Samuel Brown, Edinburgh; Edwin Field; J. J. G. Wilkinson. I must add to the list by the next steamer, Miss Martineau; Dr. Jacobson [later Bishop of Chester]; C. E. Rawlins, Jr.; John Kenyon, Esq.

1 The book was apparently not actually published until January 1, 1850, and sheets printed here were sent to Chapman to come out simultaneously in London.

Many after thoughts, as usual, with my printing, come just a little too late; and my new book seems to lose all value from their omission. Plainly one is the justice that should have been done to the unexpressed greatness of the common farmer and laborer. A hundred times I have felt the superiority of George, and Edmund, and Barrows, and yet I continue the parrot echoes of the names of literary notabilities and mediocrities, which, bring them (if they dared) into presence of these Concord and Plymouth Norsemen, would be as uncomfortable and ridiculous as mice before cats. . . .

It is rare to have the hero and professor united as in Montaigne, or, I might say, churl and professor. I value Hyde and Therien [1] because X [2] would shrivel in their presence; they solid and unexpressed, he expressed into gold-leaf. And yet the whole human race agree to value a man precisely in proportion to his power of expression, and to the most expressive man that has existed, namely, Shakspeare, they have awarded the highest place.

1 Day laborers, the latter a Canadian wood-chopper celebrated by Thoreau in *Walden*.

2 A man of some eminence in society and letters in Boston at that time.

Then again I have to regret that I have not stated of Swedenborg the most important defect, this, namely, that he does not awaken the sentiment of piety. Behmen does; St. Bernard does; Thomas à Kempis, Herbert, and that Moravian hymn-maker do.

December 14.

Every day shows a new thing to veteran walkers. Yesterday reflections of trees in the ice: snowflakes, perfect rowels, on the ice; beautiful groups of icicles all along the eastern shore of Flint's Pond, in which, especially where encrusting the bough of a tree, you have the union of the most flowing with the most fixed. Ellery all the way squandering his jewels as if they were icicles, sometimes not comprehended by me, sometimes not heard. How many days can Methusalem go abroad and see somewhat new? When will he have counted the changes of the kaleidoscope?

Farmers. When I see one of our young farmers in Sunday clothes, I feel the greatest respect for and joy in them, because I know what powers and utilities are so meekly worn. What I wish to know, they know, what I would

so gladly do, they can do. The cold, gloomy day, the rough, rocky pasture, the swamps, are invitations and opportunities to them. And yet there is no arrogance in their bearing, but a perfect gentleness, though they know how to take care of cattle, how to raise and cure and keep their crops. Why a writer should be vain, and a farmer not, though the writer admires the farmer, and the farmer does n't admire the writer, does not appear.

England. The dinner, the wine, the homes of England look attractive to the traveller, but they are the poor utmost that illiberal wealth can perform. Alas! the halls of England are musty, the land is full of coal-smoke and carpet-smell: not a breath of mountain air dilates the languishing lungs, — and the Englishman gets his amends by weaving his web very fine: he is bold and absolute in his narrow circle; he is versed in all his routine, sure, and elegant; his stories are good, his sentences solid, and all his statesmen, lawyers, men of letters, and poets, finished and solid as the pavement.

Rich and poor. The rich man has twelve hundred acres of land; the poor man has the

universe, and much has he to say of it. But when he, too, comes to hold twelve hundred acres, we never hear any more about the universe.

Like the New England soil, my talent is good only whilst I work it. If I cease to task myself, I have no thoughts. This is a poor sterile Yankeeism. What I admire and love is the generous and spontaneous soil which flowers and fruits at all seasons.

Superlative. People like exaggerated events, and activity, — like to run to a house on fire, to a murder, an execution; — like to tell of a bankruptcy, of a death, of a crime, or of an engagement. They like a rattling town, where a great deal of business is done. The student shuns all this. They like to be in a state of exaggeration. Of course, manly greatness consists in being so much that the mere wash of the sea, the observed passage of the stars, or the *almost heard* current of time, is event enough and the full soul cries, Let not the noise of what you call events disturb me!

"

Here is a right bit of Ellery Channing: "Helps's book called *Friends in Council* is

inexpressibly dull. In this manufacture, the modern English excel. Witness their Taylors, Wordsworths, Arnolds, and Scotts (not Walter). Wise, elegant, moderate, and cultivated, yet unreadable."

Ellery says of Thoreau, "His effects can all be produced by cork and sand: but the substance that produces them is godlike and divine."

Natural Aristocracy. It is a vulgar error to suppose that a gentleman must be ready to fight. The utmost that can be demanded of the gentleman is that he be incapable of a lie. There is a man who has good sense, is well informed, well read, obliging, cultivated, capable, and has an absolute devotion to truth. He always means what he says, and says what he means, however courteously. You may spit upon him;—nothing could induce him to spit upon you,—no praises, and no possessions, no compulsion of public opinion. You may kick him;—he will think it the kick of a brute: but he is not a brute, and will not kick you in return. But neither your knife and pistol, nor your gifts and courting will ever make the smallest impression on his vote or word; for he is the

truth's man, and will speak and act the truth until he dies. He is the truth's Thug, and goes willingly to ruin for his Thuggee. Is not he a gentleman?

Nature. Van Helmont's definition of Nature is, "Nature is that command of God whereby a thing is that which it is, and doth what it is commanded to do."

Duties are as much impediments to greatness as cares. If a man sets out to be rich, he cannot follow his genius; neither can he any more, if he wishes to be an estimable son, brother, husband, nephew, and cousin.

Neither is life long enough for friendship.[1]

'T is easy to see that the people will get science as well as [the?] state. Schelling's *aperçu* and its statement was a forlorn hope, and all but fell into the pit. Yet just on the eve of ruin, Oken seized and made the most of it; of course, he was ridiculous, and nowhere but in Germany could have survived. Yet Hegel, a still more robust dreamer, clung to this identical piece of nonsense. Then it came rebounding to them in

1 The rest of this passage is in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 273).

melody from songs of Goethe, and, strange to say, from Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire's *Mémoires* to the Institute in France. Agassiz brought it to America, and tried it in popular lectures on the towns. It succeeded to admiration, the lecturer having, of course, the prudence to disown these bad names of his authors. The idea was that the form or type became transparent in the actual forms of successive ages as presented in geology.

Stallo.[1] Geologic strata "whose supraposition in space is a sufficient warrant for their succession in time."

"The configurations of Nature are more than a symbol, they are the gesticular expression of Nature's inner life."

"The development of all individual forms will be spiral."[2]

"In the song of birds, the animal kingdom celebrates its constitutional day with trumpets and fifes."—FEUERBACH.

I easily distinguish three eras.

1 Johann B. Stallo, born in Germany, published in Boston in 1848 *General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature.*

2 Many other quotations from Stallo are given.

1. *The Greek:* when men deified Nature, Jove was in the air, Neptune in the sea, Pluto in the earth, Naiads in the fountains, Dryads in the woods, Oreads on the mountains; happy beautiful beatitude of Nature;

2. *The Christian:* when the soul became pronounced, and craved a heaven out of Nature and above it,—looking on Nature now as evil,—the world was a mere stage and school, a snare, and the powers that ruled here were devils, hostile to the soul; and now, lastly,—

3. *The Modern:* when the too idealistic tendencies of the Christian period running into the diseases of cant, monachism, and a church, demonstrating the impossibility of Christianity, have forced men to retrace their steps, and rally again on Nature; but now the tendency is to marry mind to Nature, and to put Nature under the mind, convert the world into the instrument of Right Reason. Man goes forth to the dominion of the world by commerce, by science, and by philosophy.

Van Helmont's distribution is, Understanding, Will, Memory.

Affirmative. "The soul understands in peace and rest, and not in doubting." —VAN HELMONT.

The understanding transforms itself into the image of the thing understood.

"Indeed, study for eternity smiled on me."

Eloquence. Music. Chladni's experiment seems to me central. He strewed sand on glass, and then struck the glass with tuneful accords, and the sand assumed symmetrical figures. With discords the sand was thrown about amorphously. It seems, then, that Orpheus is no fable: you have only to sing, and the rocks will crystallize; sing, and the plant will organize; sing, and the animal will be born.

Culture, the height of culture, highest behavior consist in the identification of the Ego with the universe, so that when a man says I think, I hope, I find, — he might properly say, the human race thinks, hopes, finds, — he states a fact which commands the understandings and affections of all the company, and yet, at the same time, he shall be able continually to keep sight of his biographical Ego, — I had an ague, I had a fortune; my father had black hair, etc., as rhetoric, fun, or footman, to his grand and public Ego; without impertinence or ever confounding them.

[As in previous volumes, a few of Mr. Emerson's favorite authors from early youth, steadily recurring in the lists of the first volumes (as Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Milton, Herbert, Swedenborg, Wordsworth, and others), are not given in this list.

In spite, however, of the frequent mention of Plotinus, Proclus, and the other Neo-Platonists and of the Oriental Scriptures and poets, these names will appear, as showing when Mr. Emerson was reading them. Carlyle and Goethe will also be mentioned. It often happens that an allusion to an author or book may be in a passage not included in the selections here printed.]

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1849

Desatir, or Sacred Writings of the Ancient Persian Prophets;

Euripides, *Electra* (Potter's Translation); Aristotle;

Cicero; Propertius; Ovid, *Amores;* Lucan, *Pharsalia;* Martial, *Epigrams;* Marcus Antoninus, *Meditations;* Saint Anthony, *Sermon to the Fishes;*

Asser, *Life of Alfred the Great;* Saint Bernard; Abélard;

Firdusi; Enweri; Saadi; Jelaleddin; Ammar Asjedi of Merw; Hafiz;

Dante; Richard of Devizes, *Chronicle of King Richard;* Chaucer; Thomas à Kempis;

Michael Angelo; Luther; Richard Edwards; Eustachius;

Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke), *A Treatise of Humane Learning, Fame and Honour;* Donne; Ford, *The Sun's Darling;*

Galileo; Kepler; Van Helmont; Harvey; Grotius; Malpighi; Henry More; Sir Christopher Wren; Newton; Leeuwenhök;

Leibnitz; Tschirnhausen; George Powell, on *Fletcher;* Boerhaave; Christian Wolff;·

Linnæus; Winckelmann, *History of Ancient Art;* Kant; Laplace; Goethe; Chladni, *Acoustics;* Humboldt; Cuvier; Schelling; Hegel; Oken; Teschemacher; Samuel Laing, *Heimskringla;*

Von Hammer-Purgstall, *Geschichte der Schönen Redekünste Persiens;* Campbell; Moore, *Life of Byron;* Keats; Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire; Berzelius;

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Macaulay; James A. Saint John, *History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece;* George Sand; Gervinus; L. A. Feuerbach, *Das Wesen des Christianthums* (?) Lord Mahon, *Life of Louis, Prince of Condé;* Theophile Gautier; Agassiz; J. J. Garth Wilkinson, on *Swedenborg;*

Henry James; Jones Very; Theodore Parker; Parker Pillsbury; Dickens; Arthur Helps; *Conquerors of America and their Bondsmen;* Layard, *Nineveh;* A. H. Clough, *Bothie of Tobernа-Vuolich;* Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre;* Froude, *Nemesis of Faith;* Thoreau; W. E. Channing; Andrew Jackson Davis; Stallo, *General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature.*

JOURNAL

LECTURES NEAR AND FAR

PARLIAMENT ON THE TIMES

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

WEBSTER'S FALL

DEATH OF
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI

HIGHER LAW

JOURNAL XLI

1850

(From Journals AZ and BO)

[THE old year ended and the new began as usual with Lyceum Lectures through New England. Then followed the delivery before the Mercantile Library Association in New York of two lectures, on "The Times" and "England." [1]]

(From AZ)

January 13, 1850.

In ideal faces I notice unity of expression, in portraits, variety and compromise, as if in each individual were four or five rival natures, one of which was now in the ascendant, and compelled at certain hours to yield the lead to the suppressed rival. Every man finds room in his face for all his ancestors. Every face an *Atrium.*

1 Mr. Cabot in his *Memoir* (vol. ii, p. 570) quotes Nathaniel P. Willis's account of his first hearing Emerson at one of these lectures, giving a remarkable description of his wonderful voice and its effect.

New York, *January* 23.

What cunning magnets these boys are, — to draw all the iron out of the hour!

[Here follows Mr. Emerson's version of Nisami's *Nightingale and Falcon*, from the German of Von Hammer-Purgstall, which is printed in "Persian Poetry," *Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 261–262.]

The two Statements, or Bipolarity. My geometry cannot span the extreme points which I see.

I affirm melioration, — which Nature teaches in pears, in the domesticated animals, and in her secular geology and the development of complex races. I affirm also the self-equality of Nature; or that only that is true which is always true; and that, in California, or in Greece, or in Jewry, or in Arcadia, existed the same amounts of private power, as now, and the same deductions, however differently distributed. But I cannot reconcile these two statements. I affirm the sacredness of the individual, the infinite reliance that may be put on his determination. I see also the benefits of cities, and the plausibility of phalansteries. But I cannot reconcile these oppositions.

I affirm the divinity of man; but as I know well how much is my debt to bread and coffee and flannel and heated room, I shun to be Tartuffe, and do affirm also with emphasis the value of these fomentations. But I cannot reconcile that absolute with this conditional.

My ancient companion in Charleston, South Carolina, Mr. Martin Luther Hurlbut, used to reply to each statement of mine, "Yes, to a certain extent."

I am struck now and then with a passage of poetry or prose, which, especially if written some hundred years ago, amazes me by the fortitude or self-reliance it discovers in the man who dared thus firmly to trust his rare perception as to write it elaborately out. Such a piece is Donne's *Ecstasy*. Another is Feridedin Attar, the Persian poet's mysticism in the *Bird-Talk*, which I find in Von Hammer, when the three birds appear before the throne of the Simorg.[1]

Love is temporary and ends with marriage. Marriage is the perfection which love aimed at, ignorant of what it sought. Marriage is a good

1 Mr. Emerson's translation is given in full in "Persian Poetry" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 263–265).

known only to the parties, — a relation of perfect understanding, aid, contentment, possession of themselves and of the world, — which dwarfs love to green fruit.

The English journals snub my new book; as, indeed, they have all its foregoers. Only now they say that this has less vigor and originality than the others. Where, then, was the degree of merit that entitled my books to their notice? They have never admitted the claims of either of them. The fate of my books is like the impression of my face. My acquaintances, as long back as I can remember, have always said, "Seems to me you look a little thinner than when I saw you last."

The Times. That is to say, there is Fate; Laws of the world; what then? We are thrown back on Rectitude, forever and ever. Only rectitude: to mend one; that is all we can do. But that the world stigmatizes as a sterile, chimney-corner philosophy.

At Alcott's conversation on "The Times" each person who opened his lips seemed in snuffing the air to snuff nitrous oxide, and away he

went, — a spinning dervish, — pleasing himself, annoying the rest. A talent is a nuisance. Each rode his nag with devotion round the walls of the universe; I found no benefit in this jar and jangle. There was much ability and good meaning in the room, but some persons present who should not have been there, and these, like an east wind, checked every growth.

Byron's life suggests that a partnership of authors would have the same immense advantage for literature that concert has in war, in music, and in trade: Byron's, because in his case, as in so many (in mine, for example, who am hardly a writer), his talent is conspicuously partial, and needs a complement. But if one with solid knowledge — a man of massive mind, or a man of ideas, powerful generalizations, or both — had united with Byron, with his unmatched expressiveness, his heat, his firm ductile thread of gold, a battery had been built, against which nothing could stand. But in his isolation Byron is starved for material, has no thoughts; and his fiery affections are only so many women, though rigged out in men's clothes, garnished, too, with beards and mustachios. They vapor.

It is well worth thinking on. Thus, if Thoreau, Ellery, and I could (which is perhaps impossible) combine works heartily (being fired by such a desire to carry one point as to fuse all our repulsions and incompatibilities), I doubt not we could engender something superior for quality and for effect to any of the thin, cold-blood creatures we have hitherto flung into the light.

February 19.

The Times. I am part of the solar system. Let the brain alone, and it will keep time with that, as the shell with the sea-tide.

We are made of ideas. Let the river roll which way it will, cities will rise on its banks.

Let us be glad to breathe the great air, and, if we are born in the geographical age, when the Niger and Sacramento are explored, and the North and South Poles touched, roads built, seas sounded, and charts drawn, let us do these with good will.

There is a curious shame in our faces. The age is convict, confessing, sits on the anxious benches.

We say there is no religion, no poetry, no heroism, no rage; death is unperfumed; age of debility, correctness, levity, of the looking-

glass. Not to be bruised by the bruisers, not to despond in cities, is a mark of merit.

I hold that all the elements are ever co-present, that what is once true is always true; that every day is the finest in the year; what was background once is foreground now. You say, there is no religion now.[1] . . .

Above, I have written of the necessity of leaving much to the Supreme Geometer, nor being annoyed if we cannot demonstrate the theorem. We are sure that, though we know not how, Necessity does comport with Liberty, the Individual with the World, my polarity with the spirit of the Times.[2] We men are necessary to each other, yet every one stands on the top of the world, over the nadir, and under the zenith. So the riddle of the age has always a private solution.

Read in Goethe's *Winckelmann* our cheerful, Franklin-like philosopher's friendly view of the world. He is considerate and patronizing a little, be sure, to the gods.

"When the healthy nature of man works as

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 112).

2 This sentence is printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 4).

a whole; when he feels himself, in the world, as in a large, beautiful, worthy, and solid whole; when the harmonious well-being assures him a clear, free joy; then would the universe, if it could be conscious, exult as arrived at its aim, and admire the summit of its own becoming and being." . . .

I value the clergy [on the ground] that it is the planting of a qualified man in every town whose whole business is to do good in every form.

The difference between the saint and the scholar intellectually is that, whilst the scholar too has many divine thoughts, he uses them to a convenient and conventional purpose, for a "Treatise," for a "History"; but the other not only has thoughts, but the copula that joins them is also a thought.

"Knowledge subsists according to the nature of that which knows, and not according to the nature of that which is known." — Proclus, *Theol. Plato*, vol. ii, but original with Jamblichus.

I remember that when I read a lecture in New York in which I inserted some notices of

Paule de Viguier, Mr. Bartlett in his bookstore inquired where I found her story, and I having forgotten what German book it was, he believed that I had invented them.[1]

Samuel Hoar, Esq. Mr. Hoar is and remains an entire stranger all his life long, not only in his village, but in his family. He might bow and touch his hat to his wife and daughter as well as to the President. He does the same thing in politics and at the bar. It is not any new light that he sheds on the case, but his election of a side, and the giving his statuesque dignity to that side, that weighs with juries or with conventions. For he does this naturally.

[In February was held, at 15 Tremont Place in Boston, "A Parliament on the Times," so called on the card announcing it, evidently for the purposes of gathering an audience for Mr.

1 The lecture was "Beauty," and Mr. Emerson found the charming story of this lady in a German book published in Darmstadt, 1835, the *Letters to Johann Heinrich Merck from Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Others.* In a letter from Sömmering to Merck, the story rehearsed by Mr. Emerson is told. Larousse, in his *Encyclopédie*, tells of Paule de Viguier at more length.

Alcott. A report of the first meeting, written by Miss Ariana Walker, is given in the *Memoirs of Alcott*, by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris (vol. ii, pp. 414–418). A later meeting was held at the Town and Country Club.]

[*February.*]

I would have a man of large designs use our little Boston and noisy New York as suburbs and villages, to try his pieces on, and find their faults and supply a good hint if they can.[1] Then let him take them to London or to Paris, to whatever Rome his age affords him, and read them tentatively there, too, not trusting his audience much, since, "*non è nel mondo se non volgo*," with a reference still to his ultimate tribunal, namely, the few scattered, sensible men, two or three in the world at a time, who, scattered thinly over the ages, are called by excellence *posterity*, because they determine its opinion.

1 This was Mr. Emerson's custom. He used to say: "When I tell a country Lyceum committee that I will read a new lecture, they are pleased — poor men! They do not know that 'the barber learns his trade on the orphan's chin.' By the time that lecture, after long trying on, is given in New York or Philadelphia, it will be a very different affair."

Superlative. The talent sucks the substance of the man. How often we repeat the disappointment of inferring general ability from conspicuous particular ability. But the accumulation on one point has drained the trunk. Blessed are those who have no talent! The expressors are the gods of the world, — Shakspeare and the rest, — but the same men whom these expressors revere are the solid, balanced, undemonstrative citizens who make the reserved guard, the central sense of the world.

'T is because he is not well mixed that he needs to do some feat by way of fine or expiation.

Carlyle. Carlyle is wonderful for his rhetorical skill. This trick of rhyme, burden, or refrain, which he uses so well, he not only employs in each new paragraph, suddenly treating you with the last *ritornello*, but in each new essay or book quoting the Burden or Chorus of the last book — You know me, and I know you; or, Here we are again; come take me up again on your shoulders, — is the import of this. He has the skill to make divine oratorios in praise of the Strand, Kensington, and Kew. . . . He contrives in each piece to make, out of his theme or lucky expression, a proverb

before he has done; and this conclusion of the last is the exordium of the next chapter.

It is not the least characteristic sign of the Times that Alcott should have been able to collect such a good company of the best heads for two Monday evenings, for the expressed purpose of discussing the Times. What was never done by human beings in another age was done now; there they met to discuss their own breath, to speculate on their own navels, with eyeglass and solar microscope, and no man wondered at them. But these very men came in the cars, by steam-ferry and locomotive to the meeting, and sympathized with engineers and Californians. Mad contradictions flavor all our dishes.

Common-sense eloquence. Lord Mansfield's merit is like that of Plato, Montaigne, Sam Johnson, Socrates, and Shakspeare, namely, in his common sense. Each of those decisions contains a level sentence or two which hit the mark. His sentences are not finished outwardly, but are inwardly. His sentences are involved, but a solid proposition is set forth; a true distinction is drawn. But Alcott can never finish a

sentence, but revolves in spirals until he is lost in air. And it is true that Johnson earned his fame. His reported conversation is up to his reputation.

Lords Camden and Kenyon sneered at Mansfield's "*equitable* decisions," meaning thereby to disparage his learning.

Saint Augustine. Of memory, admirable analysis (*Oxford Edition*, pp. 188–203) and with an admirable conclusion (p. 202). "But where in my memory residest thou, O Lord," etc. And "Too late loved I thee, O thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I love thee!" etc.

Seven years in the vat. Ellery Channing thinks the merit of Irving's *Life of Goldsmith* is that he has not had the egotism to put in a single new sentence. It is nothing but an agreeable repetition of Boswell, Johnson, and Company. And so Montaigne is good, because there is nothing that has not already been in books, a good book being a Damascus blade made by the welding of old nails and horse-shoes. Everything has seen service, and been proved by wear and tear in the world for centuries, and yet now the article

is brand-new. So Pope had but one good line, and that he got from Dryden, and therefore Pope is the best and only readable English poet.

The Age. God flung into the world in these last ages two toys, a magnet and a looking-glass; and the children of men have occupied themselves wholly with one or the other, or with both. Swedenborg, Descartes, and all the philosophers both natural and moral, turned themselves into magnets, and have not ceased to express in every way their sense of polarity; — Schelling and the existing thinkers most of all. The most unexpected splendid effects are produced by this principle, as a cone is generated by the revolution of a triangle. Religions, philosophies, friendships, loves, poetries, literatures, are all hid in the horse-shoe magnet; as galvanism, electricity, chemistry, heat, light, and LIFE and Thought are at last only powers of this fruitful phenomenon.

A single example occurs for a thousand. Society disgusts and the poet resolves to go into retirement and indulge this great heart and feed his thought henceforward with botany and astronomy; — behold on the instant, his appetites are exasperated, he wants dinners and concerts,

scholars and fine women, theatre and club. And life consists in managing adroitly these antagonisms to intensate each other. Life must have continence and abandonment.

For the looking-glass, the effect was scarcely less. Poor dear Narcissus pines on the fountain-side. Colonel Frémont, on the Rocky Mountains, says, "How we look!" and all cities and all nations think what the English, what the French, what the Americans will say. Next, the trick of *philosophizing* is inveterate, and reaches its height; and, last, *Symbolism* is the looking-glass raised to the highest power. I wrote above, "What I want to know is the meaning of what I do; believing that any of my current Mondays or Tuesdays is Fatebook enough for me; believing that hints and telegraphic signals are arriving to me, every moment, out of the interior eternity, I am tormented with impatience to make them out."[1]

Garrison is venerable in his place, like the tart Luther; but he cannot understand anything you say, and neighs like a horse when you sug-

1 Compare in the *Poems* (Appendix, p. 326) the lines beginning, —

The free winds told him what they knew, etc.

gest a new consideration, as when I told him that the *fate*-element in the negro question he had never considered.

"So that the state only exists, I shall never want anything," said the great Condé, and paid the army himself. — LORD MAHON.

Au cœur vaillant rien impossible.

Abuse is a pledge that you are felt. If they praise you, you will work no revolution.

Language is a quite wonderful city which we all help to build. But each word is like a work of Nature, determined a thousand years ago, and not alterable. We confer and dispute, and settle the meaning so or so, but it remains what it was in spite of us. The word beats all the speakers and definers of it, and stands to their children what it stood to their fathers.

As far as I know, the misfortune of New England is, — that the Southerner always beats us in politics. And for this reason, that it comes at Washington to a game of personalities. The Southerner has personality, has temperament, has manners, persuasion, address, and terror. The cold Yankee has wealth, numbers, intellect,

material power of all sorts, but has not fire or firmness, and is coaxed and talked and bantered and shamed and scared till he votes away the dominion of his millions at home! He never comes back quite the same man he went; but has been handled, tampered with. What is the remedy? Plainly, I think, that we must borrow a hint from the military art. The Hungarians said they could have easily beaten the Russians if in any manner they could have made them run: but the Russian soldier is more afraid of his officers than of the enemy: if he runs, he will assuredly be shot: if he fights, he has a chance of escape; and therefore he is cut down and butchered, but dares not run. So let our representative know that if he misrepresents his constituency there is no recovery from social damnation at home.'

Majority. "The army of unright is encamped from pole to pole, but the road to victory is known to the Dervish."

1 In these months the debate on further concessions to the South with regard to Slavery, including the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, was going on in Congress, Mr. Webster, to the consternation and grief of the friends of Liberty, justifying its sacrifice on the altar of the Union.

Intellect. Lagrange thought Newton fortunate in this that the law of universal gravitation could be discovered but once, whilst the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope had a rival in the discoverer of Cape Horn, of Arctic sea and land and Antarctic sea and land. And yet in metaphysics there is no terminus, and therefore no final discovery. Hegel or Oken or whosoever shall enunciate the law which necessitates gravitation as a phenomenon of a larger law, embracing mind and matter, diminishes Newton.

How many centres we have fondly found which proved soon to be circumferential points! How many conversations or books seemed epochs at the moment, which we have now actually forgotten!

As I read of Wolsey yesterday, the Boy-bachelor at Oxford (where afterwards he built the beautiful tower of Magdalen College Chapel), and his early success with the wise old Henry VII, it seemed that the true distinction and royalty of kings consists in this privilege of having pure truth in business spoken to them. They have the telegraphic despatch. No man dare lie to them. For good account of Wolsey, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1, p. 666.

These children of fashion have found no more satisfaction in their element than the other experimenters, and they are sallying into our pastures to see if (maybe) it is not there. I think how many superstitions we have. Patrick Jackson did not go to college, and therefore never quite felt himself the equal of his own brothers who did. Dancing and equitation, which poverty denied to me, I beheld in all my youth with awe and unquestioning respect.

Town and Country Club

Members, 1849.[1] Caleb Stetson; Hill; T. Davis; Samuel Osgood; Charles T. Brooks; Samuel Longfellow; George F. Simmons; Francis Cunningham; Frederic A. Eustis; C. Farrar; Thomas B. Mackay; Henry D. Thoreau; Nathaniel Gage; Thompson; Joseph Angier; Thomas Starr King; William B. Greene; James R. Lowell; H. W. Long-

1 The editors have supplied the Christian names or initials, where Mr. Emerson did not give them, in cases where they were sure. It is doubtful whether all mentioned in this list accepted, but this is probable in the list of 1850. It is curious that Mr. Emerson forgot to put his own name and Alcott's with the others. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was probably a member.

fellow; William A. Tappan; Le Baron Russell; Samuel Gray Ward; George B. Emerson; Samuel K. Lothrop; George P. Bradford; T. Lee; G. Russell; Edward Bangs; J. Elliot Cabot; Edward E. Hale; C. C. Shackford.

Honorary. C. P. Cranch; Horace Bushnell; W. H. Channing; Duggan; Hicks; Powers; Horatio Greenough; N. Hawthorne; H. W. Beecher; J. Whelpley; Henry James; R. M. S. Jackson; J. Peter Lesley.

1850. S. G. Ward; J. W. Browne; Edw. Bangs; A. B. Alcott; W. E. Channing; J. E. Cabot; J. R. Lowell; T. S. King; L. B. Russell; W. B. Greene; E. E. Hale; C. C. Shackford; T. Parker; J. S. Dwight; W. E. Goodson; G. P. Bradford; J. F. Clarke; W. H. Channing; E. P. Whipple; G. R. Loring; W. F. Channing.

[But the vision of a club of friends, bound together, not by conscience, ideas of duty and of reform, but men genial, poets, and withal having a saving sense of humour, hovered before Mr. Emerson's eyes, — premonition of the Saturday Club. In a letter to Mr. Sam Ward written February 24, he said: "I saw Longfellow at Lowell's, two days ago, and he de-

clared that his faith in clubs was firm. 'I will very gladly,' he said, 'meet with Ward and you and Lowell and three or four others, and dine together.' Lowell remarked, 'Well, if he agrees to the dinner, though he refuses the supper, we will continue the dinner until next morning.' . . . Just now Lowell has been seized with aggravated symptoms of the magazine." (*Emerson's Letters to a Friend*, No. XXXIII.)]

SPRING (from *Enweri*)

In the garden goes now the wind over the water
To file and to polish the cheeks of the pond.
On tulips plays now the reflection of fire
Which plays now no more in chimney and hearth.
He who yesterday withdrew himself from affairs
Him now desire sets again in activity.

The part that is built teaches the architect how to build the rest. The streets compress the mob into battalions. Who taught Raffaelle and Correggio how to draw? was it Signor Quadro, the perspective-master, with his rule and dividers? No, it was the weather-stains on the wall; the cloud over the house-roof yonder, with that shoulder of Hercules and brow of Jove; it was marbled paper; it was a lucky scratch with a bit of charcoal, which taught the secret of pos-

sibility, and confounded and annihilated Signor Quadro and themselves also.

The impressionable man. In the woods I have one guide, namely, to follow the light, — to go where the woods are thinnest; then at last I am sure to come out. So he cannot be betrayed or misguided, for he knows where the north is, knows painfully when he is going in the wrong direction.

Memory, Imagination, Reason are only modes of the same power, as lampblack and diamond are the same chemical matter in different arrangement.

"Animus habet, non habetur." — SALLUST.

Abandon. Men of genius "give out oracles when they are agitated, but are no more than men, when they are calm." — DE STAËL.

"To stand on one's own feet" is the maxim of Demosthenes, as of Chatham, says Heeren, in all his orations; and it is in the oration of the συμμορίαι or classes.

He has the best sense whose face is not good only for one particular thing, but, as Rose Flam-

mock says of her father's, it is like his yard-stick, which will measure dowlas and also cloth-of-gold. Shakspeare was like a looking-glass carried through the street.

"Did I not drum well?" said Mr. Gray to somebody who taunted him with being a drummer's boy.

Personality. The reason why the highwayman masters the traveller is not his pistol, but his personality. If the party attacked had really the superiority in character and love, he could really conquer without arms. But he must be so charged and surcharged with love that he is as good a highwayman as the highwayman. You shall not match the pirate with a goody, but with a pirate (i. e., in natural force), and more determined and absolute by dint of his heart than the other by help of his arms.

Colonel Forbes [an Englishman], who served in Garibaldi's army, told me of his being stopped by brigands in the night in a carriage in Italy. He got out of the coach and walked up to them. "What do you want?" No answer. "Do you want money?" Yes. Their guns were aimed. He walked directly up to them and they drew up their guns. "My good fellows, you have

made a mistake. We are soldiers sent by the Government to Sienna. We have no money, not even to pay our fare or dinner. It is all paid by order of the Government. I wish you better luck the next time." "Get in, get in" (to his companions) and tied in the horses, and off with "*Addio, a rivederci.*"

I should like to set a sculptor to put a face on a church door that should draw and keep a crowd about it all the daytime by its character, good nature, and inscrutable meaning.

Watson Haynes, the sailor, testifies, that when he attempted to enlist the clergy in his crusade against flogging in the navy, they replied, that their business was to preach the gospel and not to interfere with the regulations of the navy. And Webster thinks the gospel was to touch the heart and not to abolish slavery.

Washington Allston, when he painted blue sky, began, as Nature does, with a ground of deep black and painted the light on that. And when he had occasion to paint a gem, he wrought on it as long as a lapidary.

[In March and April Mr. Emerson gave courses in New York and Philadelphia; also lectures in Brooklyn and in Paterson, New Jersey.]

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 6.

I think a novel like *Shirley* must cultivate its readers. It is very useful to each in his kind. I saw at once how a treatise on the conduct of life would draw men "to the exclusion of caucus and theatre."

I read on a tombstone —

"Elizabeth Roe, died, aged 25.
She was, — words is wanting to tell what she was, — think what a true friend can be, — she was that."

I have made no note of these long weary absences at New York and Philadelphia. I am a bad traveller, and the hotels are mortifications to all sense of well-being in me. The people who fill them oppress me with their excessive virility, and would soon become intolerable if it were not for a few friends, who, like women, tempered the acrid mass. Henry James was true comfort, — wise, gentle, polished, with heroic manners, and a serenity like the sun.

[*April.*]

The worst symptom I have noticed in our politics lately is the attempt to make a gibe out of Seward's appeal to a higher law than the Constitution, and Webster has taken part in it. I have seen him snubbed as "*Higher-Law* Seward." And now followed by Rufus Choate in his phrase, "the trashy sentimentalism of our lutestring enthusiasts."[1]

Lucretia Mott is the flower of Quakerism. That woman has a unity of sense, virtue, and good meaning perfectly impressed on her countenance which are a guarantee of victory in all the fights to which her Quaker faith and connection lead her. She told exceedingly well the story of her contest with the mob at Dover and Smyrna in Delaware, she and the wife of Mr. —— attending him down to the place where the mob were to tar and feather him, and it was perfectly easy to see that she might safely go, and would surely defend herself and him. No

1 Compare in "Worship" what is said at the bottom of p. 209 (*Conduct of Life*); also, in Mr. Emerson's speech on the "Fugitive Slave Law," delivered in New York, March 7, 1854, his mention of Webster's "wretched atheism," ridiculing Higher Law (*Miscellanies*, p. 228).

mob could remain a mob where she went. She brings domesticity and common sense, and that propriety which every man loves, directly into this hurly-burly, and makes every bully ashamed. Her courage is no merit, one almost says, where triumph is so sure.

Daniel Webster. I think there was never an event half so painful occurred in Boston as the letter with eight hundred signatures to Webster.[1] The siege of Boston was a day of glory. This was a day of petticoats, a day of imbecilities, the day of the old women, — *la veille.* Many of the names very properly belong there, — they are the names of aged and infirm people, who have outlived everything but their nightcap and their tea and toast. But I observe some names of men under forty! I observe that very few lawyers have set their names. They are a prudent race, though not very fond of liberty.

It seems 't is now settled that men in Congress have no opinions; that they may be had

1 This was on the receipt of the news of his "Seventh of March Speech" in Congress, justifying the new compromises with the Slave power, and especially the "Fugitive Slave Law."

for any opinion, any purpose. Understanding is the thing required in a member. Virtue is very good in country places, but impertinent in public men.

'T is Virtue which they want, and, wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
BEN JONSON, *Cynthia's Revels.*

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede poena claudo.[1]

The badness of the times is making death attractive.

Andrew Fletcher "would give his life to serve his country, but would not do a mean act to save it."

At the Concord Celebration[2] I was struck with the talent of Everett and Choate, and the delight of the people in listening to their eloquence. . . . There have been millions and millions of men, and a good stump orator only once in an age.

Governor Briggs is an excellent middle man,

1 Seldom does Retribution with her lame foot forsake the trail of Crime.

2 That is, of the Nineteenth of April. Everett was the orator.

he looks well when speaking, and seems always just ready to say something good, but never said anything; he is an *orateur manqué.*

Rantoul had an inestimable advantage in belonging to the "Loco-foco party." All his tediousness, all his wearisomeness about "Ionic melody of the Father of History," and about the history of Islamism, indeed, all those painful exertions which collegians call "squirts," were patiently and even proudly heard by the multitude, who were proud of the college learning of their man. In a Whig these would have been intolerable, and all scholars would have suffered from the supposed impatience of the company. Now, we sat quite at ease and irresponsible.

May 4.

It may be assumed that Nemesis is always levelling, and if by night you should chance to hear the burglar gathering your spoons into his bag, what is it but the caving-in of a little sand or pebbles at the edge of the bank which is always falling? The levelling goes on surely at all hours, whether you watch it or no.

Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* is pathetic in its name, and in his use of the name; an admission

it is from a man of fashion in the London of 1850 that poor old Puritan Bunyan was right in his perception of the London of 1650. And yet now in Thackeray is the added wisdom or skepticism, that, though this be really so, he must yet live in tolerance of, and practically in homage and obedience, to these illusions.

[It appears from Mr. Emerson's account-book that in the middle of June he made a journey in the "New West," first to Cincinnati, and from there visited the Mammoth Cave (see "Illusions," *Conduct of Life*, pp. 309, 310). He went down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to St. Louis and then to Galena, crossing Illinois by stage and Michigan by the new railroad, and then following Lakes Erie and Ontario to connect with the railroad again at Albany. At Niagara Falls, which he saw probably for the first time, he met his friend Mr. John M. Forbes, the *deus ex machina* of the roads under construction to Chicago, and later to open Iowa and Nebraska and the region beyond.

In a letter to Carlyle (No. cxxx in the *Correspondence*) Mr. Emerson tells of this Western journey and of his walking and sailing eighteen miles underground in the Mammoth Cave.]

It is the scholar's misfortune that his virtues are all on paper, and when the time comes to use them, he rubs his eyes and tries to remember what it is that he should do.

July 21 [?].

On Friday, July 19, Margaret dies on rocks of Fire Island Beach within sight of and within sixty rods of the shore. To the last her country proves inhospitable to her; brave, eloquent, subtle, accomplished, devoted, constant soul![1] If Nature availed in America to give birth to many such as she, freedom and honour and letters and art too were safe in this New World. She bound in the belt of her sympathy and friendship all whom I know and love,—Elizabeth, Caroline, Ward, the Channings, Ellen Hooper, Charles Newcomb, Hedge, and Sarah Clarke.

She knew more select people than any other

1 For the account of this tragedy as well as the strange, inspiring life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli in New England, and her later heroism in the service of the Italians in their unsuccessful rising for liberty in 1848–49, see her Memoirs by her friends Emerson, Rev. William H. Channing, and Rev. James Freeman Clarke; also Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*.

person did, and her death will interest more. Yet her taste in music, painting, poetry, character would not be on universal but on idiosyncratic grounds, yet would be genuine.

She had a wonderful power of inspiring confidence and drawing out of people their last secret. The timorous said, "What shall we do? How shall she be received, now that she brings a husband and child home?" But she had only to open her mouth and a triumphant success awaited her. She would fast enough have disposed of the circumstances and the bystanders. For she had the impulse, and they wanted it. Here were already mothers waiting tediously for her coming, for the education of their daughters.

Mrs. Ripley thinks that the marriage with Ossoli was like that of De Staël in her widowhood with the young *De Rocca*, who was enamoured of her. And Mrs. Barlow has an unshaken trust that what Margaret did she could well defend.

Her love of art, like that of many, was only a confession of sympathy with the artist in the mute condemnation which his work gave to the deformity of our daily life; her co-perception with him of the eloquence of Form; her aspiration with him to a life altogether beautiful.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI

Her heart, which few knew, was as great as her mind, which all knew (what Jung Stilling said of Goethe) Elizabeth Hoar says of Margaret; and that she was the largest woman; and not a woman who wished to be a man.

I have lost in her my audience. I hurry now to my work admonished that I have few days left. There should be a gathering of her friends and some Beethoven should play the dirge.

She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories which her wonderful persuasion drew out of all to her. When I heard that a trunk of her correspondence had been found and opened, I felt what a panic would strike all her friends, for it was as if a clever reporter had got underneath a confessional and agreed to report all that transpired there in Wall Street.

Oh, yes, "Margaret and her Friends" must be written, but not post-haste. It is an essential line of American history.

"Yes, that is an example of a destiny springing from character."

"I see your destiny hovering before you, but it always escapes you."

"Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Elizabeth Hoar quotes Mrs. Barlow as saying that Margaret never disappointed you. To any one whose confidence she had once drawn out, she was always faithful. She could (and she was alone in this) talk of persons and never gossip, for she had a fine instinct that kept her from any reality and from any effect of treachery. The fact is she had large sympathies.

Mrs. Barlow has the superiority to say, of Margaret, death seems to her a fit and good conclusion to the life. Her life was romantic and exceptional: so let her death be; it sets the seal on her marriage, avoids all questions of society, all of employment, poverty, and old age, and besides was undoubtedly predetermined when the world was created.

Dr. W. E. Channing said to her, "Miss Fuller, when I consider that you are all that Miss P. wished to be, and that you despise her, and that she loves and honours you, I think her place in Heaven must be very high."

Lidian says that in the fly-leaf of Margaret's Bible was written a hymn of Novalis.

She had great tenderness and sympathy, as Aunt Mary has none. If Aunt Mary finds out anything is dear and sacred to you, she instantly flings broken crockery at that.

Elizabeth Hoar says of Margaret, — Her friends were a necklace of diamonds about her neck. The confidences given her were their best, and she held them to them; that the honor of the Conversations was the high tone of sincerity and culture from so many consenting individuals, and that Margaret was the keystone of the whole. She was perhaps impatient of complacency in people who thought they had claims and stated their contrary opinion with an air. For such she had no mercy. But though not agreeable, it was just. And so her enemies were made.

A larger dialectic, I said, conveys a sense of power and feeling of terror before unknown, and Henry Thoreau said "that a thought would destroy like the jet of a blowpipe most persons," and yet we apologize for the power and bow to the persons. I want an electrical machine. Slumbering power we have, but not excited, collected, and discharged.

If I should be honest, I should say my exploring of life presents little or nothing of respectable event or action, or, in myself, of a personality. Too composite to offer a positive unity, but it is a recipiency, a percipiency. And

I, and far weaker persons, if it were possible, than I, who pass for nothing but imbeciles, do yet affirm by their percipiency the presence and perfection of Law as much as all the martyrs.

It is the charm of practical men that outside of all their practicality are a certain poetry and play.[1] . . .

Every glance at society — pale, withered people with gold-filled teeth, ghastly, and with minds in the same dilapidated condition, drugged with books for want of wisdom — suggests at once the German thought of the progressive god, who has got thus far with his experiment, but will get out yet a triumphant and faultless race.

Men as naturally make a state as caterpillars a web.[2] . . .

The relation of men of thought to society is always the same. They abhor Whiggism, they abhor rebellion. They refuse the necessity of

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 317).

2 The passage is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 203).

mediocre men, that is, to take sides. They keep their own self-poise, and the ecliptic is never parallel with the earth's equator.

Two mottoes for a Genealogy:—

Gaudent compositi cineres sua nomina dici.
CLAUDIAN (?).

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.
VIRGIL.

August 25.

In fifty or three hundred years, a poet; and the other demonstrations of Divinity are as rare. In many days, a pleasure; in many months, a concatenating thought; in years, a law is discerned.

A few words will give the curious the history of our age. What a fine, subtle, inward genius was Charles Newcomb, puny in body and habit as a girl, yet with an *aplomb* like a general's, never disconcerted. Yet he lived and thought in 1842 such worlds of life, all hinging too on the idea of Being or Reality, on the one part, and consciousness on the other; hating intellect with the ferocity of a Swedenborg, and valuing the Hero in ——! Montaigne is his delight.

I find in Van Helmont the same thought which is the genius of Swedenborg too, and of Pascal, that piety is an essential condition of science; that "the soul understands in peace and rest, and not in doubting," and one would say that Van Helmont is a cross of Aristotle and Thomas à Kempis.

September 1.

Yesterday took that secluded Marlboro' road with Channing in a wagon. Every rock was painted "Marlboro'," [1] and we proposed to take the longest day in the year and ride to Marlboro',— that flying Italy. We went to Willis's Pond in Sudbury and paddled across it, and took a swim in its water, coloured like sugar-baker's molasses. Nature, Ellery thought, is less interesting. Yesterday Thoreau told me it was more so, and persons less. I think it must always combine with man. Life is ecstatical, and we radiate joy and honour and gloom on the days and landscapes we converse with.

But I must remember a real or imagined period in my youth when they who spoke to me of Nature were religious, and made it so,

1 In their imagination; the curse of advertising had not yet fallen on the roadsides.

and made it deep: now it is to the young sentimentalists frippery, and a milliner's shop has as much reason and worth.

I have often observed the priority of music to thought in young writers, and last night remembered what fools a few sounding sentences made of me and my mates at Cambridge, as in Lee's [1] and John Everett's orations. How long we lived on "Licoö"; [2] on Moore's "Go where glory waits thee"; and *Lalla Rookh;* and "When shall the swan his deathnote singing."

I still remember a sentence in Carter Lee's oration, "And there was a band of heroes, and round their mountain was a wreath of light, and in the midst, on the mountain-top, stood Liberty, feeding her eagle."

Hero. How much Language thinks for us, witness that word "Hero." What has Carlyle, what has Charles Newcomb added to the bare word, which has been the inspiration of them both, and will be of all the generous?

1 Charles Carter Lee, of the class of 1819, one of those young Southerners whose florid or fiery rhetoric and declamation Emerson admired in his college days.

2 "The Song of the Tonga Islanders," printed by Mr. Emerson in his collection *Parnassus*.

My method. I write Metaphysics, but my method is purely expectant. It is not even tentative. Much less am I ingenious in instituting *experimenta crucis* to extort the secret and lay bare the reluctant lurking law. No, I confine my ambition to true reporting, though I only get one new fact in a year.[1] This, of course, is a corollary of the doctrine of Inspiration. But the scholar may have the mechanical advantage of posting his observations, and so discovering Neptune by three records in his daybook.

In my romance the lost prince shall be sung to sleep and again taught to play *Quorum*[2] by nonsense lullabies, which, when he comes to age, and to the mountains of his country, shall translate themselves into advertisement of those particulars he is to know.

In my romance, too, Talbot was to come as poor as Béranger's Romeo[3] into town, yet was

1 This last sentence is in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 11).

2 This game, a sort of hide-and-seek, was usually called "Corum."

3 The story of Romeo, steward of Count Raymond Béranger, who enriched his master, but when his accounts were questioned, took his staff and scrip and went away poor as he came.

to build his plain cottage with such beauty as to eclipse the villas of the grandees, and to cut his walks in curves of inimitable beauty, curves too whose law he only knew; and to add a fountain-jet which tapped a mountain.

The artist now should draw men together by praising Nature, show them the joy of naturalists in famous Indian glens, — natural botanic gardens, — in the profusion of new genera, [so] that they could only relieve themselves by cries of joy; then the joy of the conchologist in his *helix pulcherrima*, whose elegant white pattern becomes invisible in water, visible again when dry. Let him unroll the earth and sky, and show the splendour of colour and of form; then let him, on the top of this delight, add a finer, by disclosing the secrets of intellectual law; tell them a secret that will drive them crazy; and things that require no system to make them pertinent, but make everything else impertinent. I think; give me the memory to tell of [these], — or the Imagination, — and I could win the ear of reasonable people, and make them think common daylight was worth something.

Afterwards let him whisper in their ear the moral laws, —

"More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars
Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight." [1]

Beauty. It is curious that we so peremptorily require beauty, and if it do not exist in any one, we feel at liberty to insult over that subject, without end. Thus the poor Donkey is not handsome, and so is the gibe of all mankind in all ages, notwithstanding his eminent usefulness; whilst those handsome cats, the lion, leopard, tiger are allowed to tear and devour because handsome mischiefs, and are the badges of kings.

Amount and Quality. Schelling's distinction, "Some minds speak about things, and some minds speak the things themselves," remains by far the most important intellectual distinction, as the quality is the important moral distinction.

Searching tests these: What is the state of mind he leaves me in? and, What does he add?

For Quality, you must have fine disposition, — it is more essential than talent for the works of talent.

For Amount, I look back over all my reading,

1 Wordsworth's *Dion.*

and think how few authors have given me *things:* Plato has, and Shakspeare, and Plutarch, and Montaigne, and Swedenborg. Goethe abounds in things, and Chaucer and Donne and Herbert and Bacon had much to communicate. But the majority of writers had only their style or rhetoric, their Claude Lorraine glass. They were presentableness, parliamentariness, currency, Birmingham. Wordsworth almost alone in his times belongs to the giving, adding class, and Coleridge also has been a benefactor.

I was looking lately at a new volume of sermons of a preacher more intellectual than most of his class, and thought, How wanting in ideas! How ill the whole printed ethics and religion, *now*, would compare with books, in the same department, of Hooker, Donne, Herbert, Taylor, John Smith, Henry More! As ill would the *Tribune* verses or the *London Athenæum*, or *Fraser's Magazine* verses, compare with Donne, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher; and all this in mere amount; in the modern, you can omit the whole without loss; in the old, somewhat is done and said in every piece.

Every great fact in natural science has been divined by the presentiment of somebody.

When I looked into Plutarch's *Placita Philosophorum* the other day, it was easy to see that Spinoza, Laplace, Schelling, and Oken, and Plato are preëxistent; that these old men, in the beginning of science, as we are apt to say, had little to learn from all our accumulation of facts.

Thales, *Anaximines*, Air is the soul and source of things. *Empedocles*, *Pythagoras*, made the first discovery of the obliquity of the ecliptic, but one *Œnopides* of Chios challenges to himself the invention of it. *Aristarchus* "places the sun among the fixed stars; that the Earth is moved about the Sun by its inclination and vergency towards it, intercepts its light, and shadows its orb." What could Copernicus add? *Thales*, that the moon borrows all its light from the sun; that the earth is globular; the moon's eclipse is perfectly known. *Metrodorus*, infinite worlds in infinite space.

There are in this motley list plenty of fancies, notions that lead nowhere but into corners; thoughts that have no posterity. Then comes one betraying a mind parallel to the movement of the world, and, as it is an *aperçu* of Nature, so it can be applied again and again as an explanation.

Jenny Lind. Of what use for one to go to California who has a fine talent that reaches men? All the contents of California, Canton, India, Turkey, France, England will be offered and urged on this Swedish girl with a fine voice.

Jenny Lind need not go to California. California comes to her. Jenny Lind needs no police. Her voice is worth a hundred constables, and instantly silenced the uproar of the mob.

Children. I wrote that it is difficult to begin the culture too young. Mrs. Barbauld said they should never remember the time when they knew not the name of God, and a well-born boy never did not know the names of the men of genius who are to be his escort and fraternity through life. But the young barbarians I see knew nothing but footballs until they went to Latin School and to College, and at Cambridge first learn the names of the Laureates, and use them, as country editors do, awkwardly and barbarously. George Sand has the same thing in view when she points at the defective education of women. They learn casually and irregularly, and are not systematically drilled from childhood to letters.

The Superlative. In the East a war is as read-

ily undertaken for an epigram or a distich as in Europe for a duchy. The reader of Hafiz would infer that all the food was either candy or wormwood.

For the love of poetry, let it be remembered that mv copy of Collins, after much search, was found smuggled away into the [old brick] oven in the kitchen.

October 24.

A ride yesterday to Marlboro', though projected for years, was no good use of the day. That town has a most rich appearance of rural plenty and comfort; ample farms, good houses, profusion of apples, pumpkins, etc. Yellow apple heaps in every enclosure, whole orchards left ungathered, and in the Grecian piazzas of houses pumpkins ripening between the columns. At Gates's, where Dr. Channing and Mr. Jonathan Phillips used to resort, they no longer keep a public house; closed it to the public last spring. At Cutting's, though there were oats for the horse, there was no dinner for men, so we repaired to the chestnut woods and an old orchard for ours. Ellery, who is a perpetual holiday, and ought only to be used like an oriflamme or a garland for Maydays and Parliaments of

wit and love, was no better to-day, nor half so good, as in some walks.

Practical naturalist. Now that the civil engineer is fairly established, I think we must have one day a naturalist in each village as invariably as a lawyer or doctor. It will be a new subdivision of the medical profession. I want to know what plant this is? *Penthorum.* What is it good for? in medical botany? in industrial botany? Now the Indian doctor, if there were one, and not the sham of one, would be more consulted than the diplomatic one. What bird is this? What hyla? What caterpillar? Here is a new bug on the trees. Cure the warts on the plum and on the oak. How to attack the rose-bug and the curculio. Show us the poisons. How to treat the cranberry meadow.

The universal impulse toward natural science in the last twenty years promises this practical issue. And how beautiful would be the profession. C. T. Jackson, John L. Russell, Henry Thoreau, George Bradford, and John Lesley would find their employment. All questions answered for stipulated fees; and, on the other hand, new information paid for, as a newspaper office pays for news.

[From BO]

Farà da se.[1]

Higher Law

October.

"Archbishop Whitgift (of Canterbury), who had been Coke's tutor, sent unto his pupil, when the Queen's Attorney, a fair New Testament, with this message: 'He had now studied Common Law enough; let him hereafter study the law of God.'" — Fuller's *Worthies* (vol. ii, p. 130).

Lord Mansfield. Lord Mansfield said in the case of the slave Somersett, wherein *dicta* of Lords Talbot and Hardwicke had been cited to the effect of carrying back the slave to the West Indies, "I care not for the supposed *dicta* of judges, however eminent, if they be contrary to all principle. The *dicta* cited were probably misunderstood, and, at all events, they are to be disregarded."[2] — Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. ii, p. 419.

1 He will act for himself.

2 Mr. Emerson's respect for Lord Mansfield's quality and brave rulings from a high plane is shown in his reference to him in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 88).

[In] Blackstone's *Commentaries* [it is written]:—

"The Creator has laid down only such laws as were found in those relations of justice that existed in the nature of things, antecedent to any positive precept: these are, the eternal immutable laws of good and evil, . . . Such, among others, are these principles; that we should live honestly, should hurt nobody, and should render to every one his due, to which three general precepts Justinian has reduced the whole doctrine of law." "He has so intimately connected, so inseparably interwoven the laws of eternal justice with the happiness of each individual that the latter cannot be obtained but by observing the former."

After this, he says of "Ethics, or Natural Law": "This law of nature being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe in all countries and at all times. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original."

And he proceeds to say that the enacting of

human laws annexing a punishment to a crime, as murder, "do not superadd any fresh obligation to abstain from its perpetration; nay, if any human law should allow or enjoin us to commit it, we are bound to transgress that human law, or else we must offend both the natural and divine." (Vol. i, § 2.)

Lord Coke: "That the common law shall control acts of Parliament and sometimes shall adjudge them to be merely void; for where an act of Parliament is against common right and reason, the common law shall control it and adjudge it to be void." — 8 Rep. f. 118*a*, *apud* Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. i, p. 290.

King James said to Coke, "My Lords, I always thought, and by my soul, I have often heard the boast that your English law was founded upon reason. If that be so, why have not I and others reason, as well as the judges?" — *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. i, p. 272.

"*Leges legum* ex quibus informatio peti possit quid in singulis legibus aut bene aut perperam positum aut constitutum sit." — Bacon's *De Fontibus Juris*, Aphor. 6.

"The wisdom of our laws," says Lord Coke, "is most apparent in this, that any departure from their established principles, although at the time wearing the specious appearance of advantage, never fails to bring along with it such a train of unforeseen inconveniences as to demonstrate their excellence and the necessity of again having recurrence to them."—Speech of SIR F. BURDETT, 1809 (*apud* Cobbett xv, 973).

October 27.

Rambling talk with Henry Thoreau last night, in accordance with my proposal to hold a session, the first for a long time, with malice prepense, and take the bull by the horns. We disposed pretty fast of America and England, I maintaining that our people did not get ripened, but, like the peaches and grapes of this season, wanted a fortnight's more sun and remained green, whilst in England, because of the density, perhaps, of cultivated population, more caloric was generated and more completeness obtained. Layard is good example, both of the efficiency as measured by effect on the Arab, and in its reaction of his enterprise on him; for his enterprise proved a better university to him than Oxford or Sorbonne.

Henry thought "the English all train," are mere soldiers, as it were, in the world. And that their business is winding up, whilst our pioneer is unwinding his lines.

I like the English better than our people, just as I like merchants better than scholars; for, though on a lower platform, yet there is no cant, there is great directness, comprehension, health, and success. So with English.

Then came the difference between American and English scholars. Henry said, the English were all bred in one way, to one thing; he had read many lives lately, and they were all one life, Southey, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, or whosoever; they went to Eton, they went to College, they went to London, they all knew each other, and never did not feel the ability of each. But here, Channing is obscure, Newcomb is obscure, and so all the scholars are in a more natural, healthful, and independent condition.

My own quarrel with America, of course, was that the geography is sublime, but the men are not;[1] . . .

It was agreed, however, that what is called a success in America or in England is none; that

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 256).

their book or man or law had no root in nature, of course!

But in the face of the facts which appear as soon as a couple of meditative men converse, I demand another sort of biography than any of which we have experience, bold, experimental, varied, availing itself of these unspeakable, incomputable advantages which this meditative conversation at once discloses as within reach. Thus a man should do the feats he so admires. Why not suddenly put himself to the learning of tongues, and, like Borrow, master in a few months the dialects of Europe, Moor and gypsy, flash and patois: then, in another summer, put himself at the centre of sciences (which seems and is so easy when he meditates), and read from simple arithmetic the activities of chemistry, of geology, of astronomy; paint out the beautiful botany, as Goethe wished, by figuring not only all actual but all possible plants; then work out *a priori* politics; then set himself, like Walter Raleigh and Columbus and Cabot, on the finding and survey of new kingdoms, and try, after other months, all the melodies of music and poetry with the boldest adventure? Why only one Humboldt, one Crichton, one Pythagoras, one Napoleon, when

every thinker, every mind, in the ascensions of conversation, sees his right to all these departments? . . .

Why are we so excellent at the humdrum of our musty household life, when quite aware of the majestic prerogatives? We do not try the virtue of the amulets we have. Thus we can think so much better by thinking with a wise man. Yet we come together as a pair of six-footers, always as six-footers, and never on the ground of the immensities, which we have together authentically and awefully surveyed. Why not once meet and work on the basis of the Immensities, and not of the six feet? . . . When shall we attain our majority and come to our estate?

I complain, too, that grandeurs do not ultimate themselves in grandeurs, but in paltriness. The idea of God ends in a paltry Methodist meeting-house.

Whiggism. "A stubborn retention of customs is a turbulent thing, not less than the introduction of new." — LORD BACON.

"

The secret of eloquence is to realize all you say. Do not give us counters of base coin, but every word a real value.

"Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed."

Days. And you think another day another scream of the eternal wail?

"Pan is a god, and Apollo is no more." — HAZLITT (?).

Elizabeth Hoar says there are two kinds of love of our fellowmen; one, such as her mother has, of doing good to them (a kind which she does not much value); and the other, that of enjoying their talents and virtues and advantages.

ASTRONOMY

Kepler. 1. Orbits elliptical. 2. Radius vector describes equal areas in equal times. 3. Squares of the periodic times as the cubes of their distances from the sun.

Newton. Every particle of matter gravitates to every other particle with a force inversely proportional to the square of the distances.

Newton "found that the weight of the same body would be twenty-three times greater at the surface of the sun than at the surface of the earth." — BREWSTER.

Old Age. The world wears well. These autumn afternoons and well-marbled landscapes of green and gold and russet, and steel-blue river, and smoke-blue New Hampshire mountains, are and remain as bright and perfect pencilling as ever.

Democracy. The objection of practical men to free institutions is that responsibility is shirked. Every power is exerted by a committee, which is every moment composed of new persons. If you should take an Irishman out of the street, and make him despotic in your town, he would try to rule it well, because it was his own. But these rotating governors and legislators go for their own interest, which is the only permanency they know. They go for their party, which is much more permanent than their office, and for their contract, or claim, or whatever private interest.

Fame. It is long before Tennyson writes a poem, but the morning after he sends it to the *Times* it is reprinted in all the newspapers, and, in the course of a week or two, is as well known all over the world as the meeting of Hector and Andromache in Homer.

Culture. It occurred yesterday, more strongly than I can now state it, that we must have an intellectual property in all property, and in all action, or they are naught.[1] . . .

The one thing we watch with pathetic interest in our children is the degree in which they possess recuperative force.[2] . . .

To the *plus* man the frost is a mere colour; the rain, the wind is nothing.

At Harrisburg, [last] April, I met W. L. Fisher. The good old Quaker believes in Individualism still: so do I. Fourierism seemed to him boys' play; and so indeed did money; though he frankly admitted how much time he had spent about it: but a vital power in man, identical with that which makes grass grow, and the sweet breeze blow, and which should abolish slavery, and raise the pauper,— that he believes in, against all experience. So we held sweet counsel together. A great curiosity he professed,

1 The rest of this passage is printed in "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 158).

2 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Power" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 60, 61).

—and there again he met me,—to know how the fact lies in the minds of these poor men that were sitting in the front car. If there is a right statement, he felt and said, it ought to satisfy Paddy too. We agreed that the power of Carolina over Massachusetts and the States was in the personal force; and, therefore, it is a triumph of Individualism.

November 16.

Yesterday I read Margaret's letters to C. S., full of probity, full of talent and wit, full of friendship, ardent affections, full of noble aspiration. They are tainted with a female mysticism which to me appears so merely an affair of constitution that it claims no more respect or reliance than the charity or patriotism of a man who has just dined well and *feels good.* When I talked with G. H., I remember the eggs and butter seemed to have got into his eyes. In our noble Margaret her personal feeling colours all her judgments of persons, of books, of pictures, and of the laws of the world. This is easily felt in common women, and a large deduction is civilly made on the spot by whosoever replies to their remark. But when the speaker has such brilliant talent and literature as Margaret, she gives so many fine names to these merely sen-

suous and subjective objects that the hearer is long imposed upon, and thinks so precise and glittering nomenclature cannot be of mere *muscæ volitantes*, but must be of some real ornithology hitherto unknown to him.

This mere feeling exaggerates a host of trifles, as birthdays, seals, bracelets, ciphers, coincidences, *contretemps*, into a dazzling mythology; but when one goes to sift it, and find if there be a real meaning, it eludes all search. Whole sheets of warm, fluent, florid writing are here, in which the eye is caught by "carbuncle," "heliotrope," "dragon," "aloes," "magna Dea," "limboes," "stars," and "purgatory," but can connect all this or any part of it with no universal experience.

Yet Margaret had her own merits, and we shall not see her like. What a basis of earnest love of knowledge and love of character! Her decided selection, so sagacious generally, of her friends; in some instances, her election anticipates for some years any personal intercourse, and her fidelity to them, and generous forgiving appreciation. She estimates society and its opinion very well,—far better than so many people of talent. Her expensiveness creates tragic relation and feeling to it, and thence with ill

health comes all the unworthy sentimentalism of Destiny, Dæmon, gold, and the cross.

Yet I draw from this warm refreshening of fading tints on the canvas of the past admonitions always needed, that what spoke to the best minds among the young in those years, 1838 to 1842, was the spontaneous and solitary thought, and not the Birmingham Lacker, and though Whiggism and cities condemn now, so did they then, and yet this, somewhat more real and strong than Whigs or cities, made itself a place and name, and compelled the reiterated visit and inquest of these, though they still pronounce it imposture, and will require new visit and inquest, until at last it is stamped, as good Whiggism and municipality.

It is curious that Margaret made a most disagreeable impression on her friends at first, — created a strong prejudice which she had then to conquer. It was so with Elizabeth Hoar, with Sarah Clarke, and with me.

Sarah Clarke quotes Spenser's sonnet: —

> Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire
> In finding fault with her too portly pride;
> The thing which I do most in her admire
> Is of the world unworthy most envied;

For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things and sdeign of foul dishonour,
Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
That boldened innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance like a goodly banner
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

A journal is to the author a book of constants, each mind requiring (as I have so often said) to write the whole of literature and science for itself.

τὸ κινήτικον. "All the rest of the Syracusans were no more than the body, in the batteries of Archimedes, while he himself was the all moving and informing soul."—PLUTARCH, *Marcellus.*

Certain persons naturally stand for cities, because they will certainly build them; as, Erastus B. Bigelow, Patrick Jackson, William Emerson of Bangor, Alvah Crocker, Samuel Lawrence, David Neal.

Leasts. St. John and Fénelon are made of ferocious animalcules; and Homer's poetry be-

gins with whistle, jingle, and word-catching; and revolutionary thoughts from single occasions and personalities; and the grandeur of centuries out of the paltriest hours; and the discoveries of stars and of gravity and of fluxions are attended by pitiful squabbles.

"Indeed, to play well, takes up the whole man," says Evelyn, speaking of the Irish harp.

Architecture, the skeleton, the resistance to gravity, and the elements make one extreme; florid, petulant anthropomorphism, which carves every pump-handle and door-knob into a human face, is the other; midway between these is the sobriety and grace of art.

Memoranda for Manners. John Quincy Adams, wavy iron, limp band.[1]

Claverhouse, feminine virility.

English red-dough full of culture and power.

Never allude to sickness.

People who are biped weeping willows.

Creep-mouse manners.

Call yourself "preacher, pedler, lecturer, tinman, grocer, scrivener, jobber, or whatever low-

1 The allusion is to the apparently gossamer band which bound the terrible Fenris-wolf, in the Norse mythology.

est name your business admits, and leave your lovers to find the fine name.

Readings for Ellen. Archimedes in Plutarch. Professor Wallraf and the Medusa at Cologne. Lockhart's "Count Alarcos." "The mighty Tottipottimoy," from *Hudibras*. "Childe Dyring."[1] Story of Belisarius.

Heat. In talking with Mr. Hoar, last night, I found the advantage, as several times before in my life, of an inspiring subject. One likes in a companion phlegm that it is a triumph to disturb. So when we find that our habitual aridity, incapacity, and egotism can be overpowered by a generous cause, all impediment brushed away, and our long unused faculties arouse in perfect array, and at last obedient to the will, so that we nobodies are suddenly great and eloquent, — we can forgive the long hybernation, and impute our past insignificance to the triviality of the game.

Eloquence. You shall not impoverish me. When Campbell heard Joseph Gerald defend

1 This ballad and the passage from *Hudibras* are printed in Mr. Emerson's collection *Parnassus*.

himself in the Court, at Edinburgh, he said to the stranger next him, "By Heavens, sir, that is a great man." "Yes, sir," he answered; "he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him."

As soon as a man shows the power of expression, like Chatham, Canning, or Erskine, or Choate even, all the great mass interests crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate.

Tools. When will they arrive at manufacturing day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time?

An Essay. One of the most agreeable surprises is to fall in with Mr. X. He comes in to borrow a light for his lamp or a shovel of coals to kindle his fire, and finding you hunting up a law-case he happens, by the oddest coincidence, to know the very book and page where it is to be found; but when the conversation diverges to politics, he is so at home that you think he must be a cabinet minister; and we should have set him down as such, but that there chanced to be a chemist in the room turning over Dr. Black's pamphlet, which drew X to make an

explanation of the new theory of heat, and the views he suggested inspired in the whole company a new interest in so wonderful a science; and I do not know how many crucibles and alembics would have been bought the next day if Mr. Y, Mr. Cowper's friend, had not come in with some verses of that poet. These, being read aloud, led X to warm praise, and then to discourse at large on modern and old poetry, which he esteemed the chief entertainment and the nobility of human wit, and drew from its flights a very curious evidence to the existence of new and more penetrating senses (to use his expression) than any that metaphysicians reckoned as proper to the human subject. But glancing at my brother, who is, you know, a lover of mathematics and still more of mechanics, he made a sudden transition in his talk to show how extremes were likely to meet, and how all the ancient fables of poetry were likely to be realized by the French engineers, and that he thought that the fancy and imagination of the century to come would find sufficient food in following or predicting the progress of the useful arts, without any need of recourse to nursery giants or truncated angels. And for this opinion he gave such solid reasons and exhibited such

a picture of the resources of the machine-shop and of the laboratory that we all felt as rich as kings and that the human race were about to be relieved henceforward from personal labor.

The conversation afterwards took new and various directions, but our new friend was never at fault. He added so many vivid details that he seemed to have been present at every scene he described. It was certain that he had lived in many countries, and he seemed to have lived in different ages of the world, so intimate was his acquaintance with so many historical persons.[1]

Mr. Hoar told me that the lawyers said of Judge Prescott that he repeated his argument once for each juror.

One Idea, Monomaniacs, Kinds or Specialties. Besides the genealogists; besides sheriffs, like the Dartmouth man; and antiquaries or pamphlet collectors, like Mr. Chandler; and dead-men's-men, like Mr. Walker of London, — I recall the man who so amused the stage-coach once from Middleborough with his contrivances for defending his own coffin in his grave from

1 Of course this Mr. X is a composite and idealized.

body-snatchers. He had contrived a pistol to go off—*pop!* from this end, and a pistol—*pop!* from that end of the coffin, and he was plainly spending his life in the sweets of the revenge he was going to take hereafter on the young doctors that should creep to his graveyard.

One Idea. When Bonaparte saw David's picture of the Straits of Thermopylæ, he said, "A bad subject; after all, Leonidas was turned."

I thought last night that the right conclusion of my chapter on political economy is the statement that the merchant is right,—infinitely right;—all his rules are laws of the universe,[1] . . .

December 9.

I thought, the other day, at Mr. S.'s lecture, that Luther's religious movement was the fountain of so much intellectual life in Europe; that is, Luther's conscience animating sympathetically the conscience of millions, the pulse passed into thought, and ultimated itself in Galileos, Keplers, Swedenborgs, Newtons, Shakspeares, Bacons, and Miltons.

1 The rest of this passage is in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 125, 126).

The morale of New England makes its intellect possible. At the South, they are really insensible to the criminality of their laws and customs. . . .

I like to see the growth of material interests here, as Power educates its potentate.[1] . . .

Identity. But what is the cause, asked Aunt Mary once, that, after the sleep of ages, the human mind should arouse like a giant refreshed by slumber?

[She wrote:] "Illimitable prospects can best apply euphrasy to the understanding," etc.

"Religion, that home of genius, will strengthen the mind, as it does the character."

Columbus at Veragua, 1503. "I was alone on that dangerous coast suffering from a fever and worn with fatigue. All hope of escape was gone. I toiled up to the highest part of the ship, and with a quivering voice and fast-falling tears, I called upon your Highness' war captains from each point of the compass, to come to my succor; but there was no reply. At length, groaning with exhaustion, I fell asleep, and heard a

1 What follows is found in "Power" (*Conduct of Life,* pp. 63, 64).

compassionate voice address me thus, 'O fool, and slow to believe and serve thy God, the God of all. What did he do more for Moses, or for David, than he has done for thee? From thine infancy he has kept thee under his constant and watchful care. He gave thee for thine own the Indies, and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee. He gave thee also the keys of those barriers of the Ocean Sea which were closed with such mighty chains. Turn to him and acknowledge thine error; his mercy is infinite. The privileges promised by God he never fails in bestowing, nor does he ever declare after a service has been rendered him that such was not agreeable to his intention or that he had regarded the matter in another light. His acts answer to his words, and it is his custom to perform all his promises with interest.' I heard all this, as it were, in a trance, but I had no answer to give in definite words, and could but weep for my errors. He who spoke to me, whoever it was, concluded by saying, 'Fear not, but trust: all these tribulations are recorded on marble, and not without cause.'" —*Letter to King and Queen, Fourth Voyage*, MAJOR, p. 185.

December 18.

Charles Newcomb came, and yesterday departed. But I do not ask him again to come. He wastes my time; 'tis cruel to think of; destroyed three good days for me! The Pythagoreans would have built a tomb for him,— the unique, inspired, wasted genius![1]

Music. "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante; et ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être chanté, on le danse.*" So the *Courrier des Etats Unis* extends the *mot* of Beaumarchais.

"*Je crois que le ciel se moque de nous, car il donne toujours au voisin le sort qui nous conviendrait.*"

"*Quand on paie, c'est pour se dispenser d'aimer.*"

Shakspeare's fancy never flagged. He never appears the anatomist, never with a mere outline, which is to be filled up in a happier hour, but always gorgeous with new and shining draperies. As a dry thinker, too, he is one of the best in the world. "

1 But not many months later Mr. Emerson was cheered by his friend, and hopeful of him, as the Journal of 1853 will show.

"Every action that hath gone before
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmisèd shape."

X complained that life had lost its interest. 'Tis very funny, be sure, to hear this. For most of us the world is all too interesting, — *l'embarras de richesses.*

We are wasted with our versatility; with the eagerness to grasp on every possible side, we all run to nothing. I cannot open an agricultural paper without finding objects enough for Methusalem. I jilt twenty books whenever I fix on one. I stay away from Boston, only because I cannot begin there to see those whom I should wish, the men and the things. I wish to know France. I wish to study art. I wish to read laws.

Napoleon III acquired such skill in the art of lying that "the journals complained you could not depend on the exact contrary of that which he stated."

Poet, — no, prose-writer is an *orateur manqué.* Did not old Goethe say that Byron's poems

were undelivered parliamentary speeches? Much more is it manifest, my dear Carlyle, that your rage at stump oratory is inverted love.

Ellery says that "he likes Stow; he is a very good character, there is only a spoonful of wit, and ten thousand feet of sandstone."[1]

AUTHORS OR BOOKS QUOTED OR REFERRED TO IN JOURNAL FOR 1850

Thales, Pythagoras, Anaximenes *apud* Plutarch; Empedocles; Metrodorus; Aristarchus of Samos; Œnopides;

Terence; Sallust; Manilius;

Claudianus; Proclus; St. Augustine; Bede;

Nisami; Enweri; Richard of Devizes; Chaucer; *Spanish Ballads*, translated by Lockhart;

Columbus, *Letters*, *apud* Major; Camden,

1 Cyrus Stow, farmer and butcher, a neighbour of Mr. Emerson's, a solid, stately bovine man. An anecdote of him should be preserved. He had no children, and when advanced in years and in very comfortable circumstances he realized his desire of going to Washington. He reverently entered the Capitol to see the chosen, great and good of the land making wise laws. He stayed one day and returned to Concord with changed face. With lowered voice he told his neighbours that in those marble corridors were Senators and Representatives "drinking and swearing *right before me*."

Britannia; Sir Edward Coke, *Commentary on Littleton;* Hooker; Spenser, *Sonnets;* Bacon, *De Fontibus Juris;*

Van Helmont; John Smith; Descartes; Thomas Fuller, *Worthies of England;* Samuel Butler; Henry More; John Evelyn; La Fontaine, *Fables;* Pascal; Molière, *Tartuffe;*

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress;* Locke; Spinoza; Anthony à Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses;* Newton; Andrew Fletcher; Kennett, *History of England;*

Robert Blair; James Thomson; Linnæus, *Philosophia Botanica;* Rousseau; Lord Mansfield, *apud* Lord Campbell; Sir William Blackstone, *Commentaries;* Lagrange; Beaumarchais, *Mariage de Figaro;*

Goethe, *Correspondence with a Child;* Jung Stilling; Mrs. Barbauld; Laplace; Thomas Erskine; Eckermann, *Conversations with Goethe;* Sömmering; Heeren; Hegel; Schelling; Oken; Lord John Campbell, *Lives of the Chief Justices;* David Brewster, *Life of Newton;*

Carlyle; Webster; Levi Frisbie; Rufus Choate; Karl Otfried Müller, *Mythologie;*

George Calvert; William Seward; Orestes A. Brownson; W. L. Garrison; Cobden; Robert Rantoul; Charles T. Jackson; John Mitchell Kemble, *The Saxons in England;*

George Sand; Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d'Ossoli; Tennyson, *In Memoriam;* Thackeray, *Vanity Fair;* Hugh Doherty;

Henry Ward Beecher; John C. Frémont; Layard, *Nineveh;* Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley;* Froude, *Nemesis of Faith;*

J. B. Stallo, *General Principles of Philosophy in Nature;* H. D. Thoreau; W. E. Channing; Charles Newcomb.

JOURNAL

LECTURES ON FATE,
POWER, CULTURE, ILLUSIONS

THE SEVENTH OF MARCH

WEBSTER'S FALL

SLAVERY AT THE DOOR

HUMILIATION

THE WOMAN'S CONVENTION

JOURNAL XLII

1851

(From Journals BO and CO)

[In January Mr. Emerson lectured in New England, and in the following month in the towns of western New York. In March he gave a course of six lectures in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; — the discomforts of reaching which city, partly by canal-boat, sleeping on the floor "in a wreath of legs," he told in a letter to his wife. (See Cabot's Memoir, vol. ii, p. 566.)]

(From BO)

MORNING THOUGHTS

Sleep is like death, and after sleep
The world seems new begun,
Its earnestness all clear and deep,
Its true solution won;
White thoughts stand luminous and firm
Like statues in the sun.
Refreshed from supersensuous founts
The soul to blotless vision mounts.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.[1]

1 For Emerson's relations with the poet, see *Letters to William Allingham*, edited by his wife.

In the heats of youth we defend the stoical thesis, — faith without works, — the Platonic Plenum, etc., and scorn to degrade our life by the trivial measures of practice. Of course, in the cardinal instance of love, the crimes of love are to be expiated and purified away only by more love, — the flame of love burning up all mortal taint, etc. But later we begin to see that some allowance, and always more and more, must be made to the poor Whiggish facts; that is to say, the carnage made in human relations, the breach of the order of society, and the stings of remorse, from a false position in the actor, and the cruel false position given to the sufferer, together constitute such a mass of rancorous objection, that nothing but a supernatural magnanimity and *aplomb* in the hero can confront or make any head against; and all this is nothing but an expounding from facts of an occult law which the strutting Pagan Intellect had not descried, but which is integral part of theory, and which a Christian soul, to be sure, would have divined without aid of the offensive facts.

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"*Selon qu'il est conduit, le peuple français est capable de tout.*" — RICHELIEU.

The "Sickly Sentimentalism," the "Trashy Sentimentalism," as it is now called, of keeping the Ten Commandments!

These taunts upon sentimentalism, and higher law, and the like, which our Senators use, are the screens of their cowardice.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is the commonplaces of condolence among good Unitarians in the first week of mourning. The consummate skill of the versification is the sole merit. The book has the advantage that was Dr. Channing's fortune, that all the merit was appreciable. He is never a moment too high for his audience. But to demonstrate this mediocrity I was forced to quote those moral sentences which make the fame of true bards; such as

"In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed,"

of Wordsworth;

"'T is crown enough to Virtue, still, her own applause,"

of Ben Jonson; or

"It was for Beauty that the world was made";

and then to ask, Now show me one such line in this book of Tennyson.

Turner. The fact that the creator of beauty in English art, the man who has all his life been shedding lustre and loveliness in profuse works of his industrious pencil, is a poor hunks sulking in a lonely house with his woman Jessica, —a miser, too, who never asked anybody to dine, and has made £300,000 by his works,— is not a dead fact, but significant of the compensations of Nature; significant that every old, crooked curmudgeon has a soft place in his heart; and not without comfort, too, that when one feels the drawbacks and disgraces and diseases of his temperament and activity, he recalls that still he too may not be useless or pestiferous if he steadily retires on his task of even a sad, crusty, churlish, expiatory devotion to art and beauty, like J. M. W. Turner.

The principal thing that occurs now is the might of the law which makes slavery the single topic of conversation in this country. A great wrong is attempted to be done and the money power is engaged to do it. But unhappily because it is criminal the feeble force of conscience is found to set the whole world against it.

Diamonds, I read, appear the same in a bowl of water as out of it, whilst glass loses its light.

Education. Drill. It is better to teach the child arithmetic and Latin grammar than geography or rhetoric or moral philosophy; because these first require an exactitude of performance in the pupil,[1] . . .

Man the Inventor. It is frivolous, of course, to fix pedantically the date of this or that invention.[2] . . .

Rotation. What an excellent principle our favorite rule of rotation in office would be if applied in industrial matters. You have been watchmaker long enough, now it is my turn to make watches, and you can bake muffins. The carpenter is to make glass this year, and the glass-blower staircases. The blacksmith is to cut me a coat, and the tailor to take charge of the machine-shop. Mr. Benton has served an apprenticeship of thirty years to the Federal

1 The rest of the passage is found in "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 147).

2 Much of what follows is found in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 17).

Senate, has learned the routine, has opened his views to a national scope, and must now retire to give place to Johnny Raw.

The odious inequality must be borne. A superintendent at the mills must have two thousand dollars, whilst the most industrious operative has only four hundred. Because, order and faculty are rare and costly. Why should not the wheels of the loom say, "See me, I whirl and buzz with two hundred revolutions in a minute, whilst that great lazy water-wheel, down below there, only turns five times. I will not go faster than he."

I learned also that the valuations of Massachusetts, of Boston, of New York, are nowise reliable for direct comparison. As, for example, the saying that Boston could buy Maine and have $80,000,000 left. Because the values of Boston are artificial values, the value of luxuries, furniture, books, pictures, inflated prices of land and house lots and houses, etc., whilst the values of Maine are primary and necessary, and therefore permanent under any state of society.

This consideration of inflation goes into all farming value. The farmer gets two hundred,

whilst the merchant gets two thousand dollars.[1] . . . But the farmer's two hundred is far safer, and is more likely to remain to him. . . . so that the two sums turn out at last to be equivalent.

I found when I had finished my new lecture that it was a very good house, only the architect had unfortunately omitted the stairs.

If immortal, how rich the joy of that aspiring soul whose competitors find him higher than earthly hopes! If "*not to be*," how like the bells of a fool the trump of fame! But what renders this idle, the spirit is framed for endless happiness in its origin, without one other object or pursuit — writes my antique Saint-sibyl.

The Morning. Hear what the morning says, and believe that.[2] The house is full of noise, and contradicts all that the morning hints: worse, it distracts attention from what the morning beams on us to all the nonsense which the house

1 Compare "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 102).

2 This sentence occurs also in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 157).

chatters. But there is one good child in the house who furtively eyes from time to time the East, through the window, and so keeps his mind steadily fixed on that which it speaks, and defends his ears from the rattle around him.

Diamonds. "A lady in the reign of Queen Elizabeth would have as patiently digested a lie as the wearing of false stones, or pendants of counterfeit pearl, so common in our age." Thomas Fuller's *Worthies*, vol. ii, p. 294.

January 15.

Last night at the Social Circle[1] it was urged that persons were much hurt who had failed to be elected, etc., and the committee of nomination which brings one candidate, out of all the list, before the Club, was thought most invidious. And much was said on the natural indignation which the rejected candidates feel at having a better man preferred to those who stood prior to him in time of application, etc.

1 A club of Concord's leading citizens, originating in the Committee of Safety in the days of the Revolution. It still flourishes. Mr. Emerson was a member almost from the time of his making his home in Concord until his death, and valued it highly.

To which, two conclusive answers seemed to arise. If, when a vacancy occurs, there be several names and the first in order of time is a blameless candidate, but young and nowise clubable; and, next below him, is the name of a man who tells the best story in the county, and is as full of fun and information as Judge Warren or Harry Lee, or the like excellent talker,—is it not a cruel wrong to the Club to deprive it, perhaps for years, of such a member?

Then, secondly, I have no sympathy with the wounded feelings of candidates who wish to be preferred to a better man, or who count themselves injured when an older or better man is chosen. Let them sympathize with the Club, and with good sense, instead of sympathizing with themselves.

Say for a Boston Club: J. Peter Lesley, Cabot, Ward, Lowell, H. James, Whipple, Hale, Curtis, Norton, Whittier.[1]

Low tone. Burns and Goethe and Carlyle, with great difference of power, understand it well. Goethe is in this way a great success.

1 More than twice as many names were written in the Journal, but all but those here given were struck out by Mr. Emerson.

Aunt Mary and Henry James are proficients, and Charles Newcomb, Henry Thoreau, and Ellery Channing.

[Several pages which follow are printed in "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 157, 158).]

Eloquence. Bad air, unfriendly audience, faint heart and vacant thought in the orator are things of course, and incident to Demosthenes, to Chatham, to Webster, as inevitably as to the gentlemen who address the stifling Concord Vestry this week. But here and there fell the bolt of genius, astounding and dazzling, out of this very fog and stench, burned them all up, melted away bad air, rowdy mob, coldness, aversion, partisanship, sterility, in one blaze of wonder, sympathy, and delight, and the total consumption of all this fuel is the proof of eloquence.

January 22.

Mr. Rogers, of Gloucester, who owns the rocking stone about half a mile from Gloucester village, which stone the tide moves, told me a story of Jarvis, of the Sandwich Glass Company, who came down there with his gun, and bonded all the farms, the farmers thinking him a crazy man with a pocket full of money: so they fol-

lowed him, and got each man ten dollars from him for a bond, and, last of all, his landlord also got a gold watch and five dollars. Then Jarvis went up to Boston, put himself in funds, came down and demanded a deed of all these lands and houses, to the terror of the owners.

To every reproach, I know now but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. "But you neglect your relations." Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. "But you have no genius." Yes; then I will work the harder. "But you have no virtues." Yes; then I will work the harder. "But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversion of all decent people. You must regain some position and relation." Yes; I will work harder.

[Columbus wrote to the King and Queen;—]

"The men with me were one hundred and fifty,—many fit for pilots and good sailors, but none of them can explain whither I went. I started from a point above the port of Brazil. . . . Storms. I put into an island called Isla de las Bocas, and then steered for *terra firma* . . . but impossible to give correct account, because of currents.

"I ascertained, however, by compass and by observation that I moved parallel with the coast of *terra firma*. No one could tell under what part of the heavens we were, nor at what period I bent my course for the island of Española. The pilots thought we had come to the island of St. John, whereas it was the land of Mango, four hundred leagues to the westward of where they said. Let them answer and say if they know where Veragua is situated. I assert that they can give no other account than that they went to lands where there was an abundance of gold; this they can certify: but they do not know the way to return thither for such a purpose; they would be obliged to go on a voyage of discovery, as much as if they had never been there before. There is a mode of reckoning derived from astronomy which is sure and safe, and a sufficient guide to any who understands it. This resembles a prophetic vision." — H. MAJOR, p. 191.

February 12 (?).

I must try to recall here, where I sit by the edge of Seneca Lake, my conversation yesterday with Albert H. Tracy, of Buffalo.[1] He

1 In "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 332) is a story of the momentary meeting, in company, of two friends

believed that Europe was effete beside America, and fancied that the office of men here was in many ages to bring the material world into subserviency to the moral. And that, if one should expect only such a future as the past, nations and men might well despair. Nor that yet were even the means of change apparent, and that it was utterly futile to hope anything from such arrangements or philanthropies as might now organize; for they begin by saying, Now let us make a compact,—which is a solecism, inasmuch as it implies a sentimental resistance to the gravities and tendencies which will steadily, by little and little, pull over your air castle. There is nothing to tie it to. He believes in a future of great equalities; but all our experience, he sees, is of inequalities.

Some persons are thrown off their balance when in society; others are thrown on to balance; the excitement of company and the observation of other characters correct their biases. Margaret Fuller always appeared to unexpected advantage in conversation with a circle of per-

after twenty-five years' separation, each vainly questioning the other if he had received any light. One of them was Albert Tracy, here mentioned; the other was Lewis Cass.

sons, with more common sense and sanity than any other,—though her habitual vision was through coloured lenses.

Mr. Moseley at Buffalo described Webster's attitude, when in the Senate, seeking for a word that did not come: "He pauses, puts his hand to his brow,—you would think then there was a mote in his eye. Still it comes not; then he puts his hands—American fashion—first into his breast under his waistcoat, deeper than I can, then, to the bottom of his fobs, bends forward,—then the word is bound to come; he throws back his head, and out it comes with a leap, and, I promise you, it has its full effect on the Senate."

The country boys and men have in their mind the getting a knowledge of the world as a thing of main importance. The New Hampshire man in the cars said that somebody grew up at home and his father whipped him for several years,—he would fall on him in the field and beat him as he would his cattle. But one day the boy faced him and held his hands. Then the boy had never been to school, and he thought he would go to California. There

he was, a man grown, good, stout, well-looking fellow, six feet, but as ignorant as a horse; *he had never had any chance;* how could he know anything? So he went to California, and stayed there a year, and has come back. He looks well, he has much improved in his appearance, but he has not got a ninepence.

And really New Hampshire and Vermont look on California and railroads as formerly they did on a peddling trip to Virginia,—as their education, as *giving them a chance* to know something.

Nothing can be more foolish than this reproach, which goes from nation to nation, of the love of dollars. It is like oxen taxing each other with eating grass, or a society of borers in an oak tree accusing one another of eating wood; or, in a great society of cheese-mites, if one should begin making insinuations that the other was eating cheese.

And yet there stand the two creations of Greek sculpture and of Italian painting.

Women carry sail, and men rudders. Women look very grave sometimes, and affect to steer, but their pretended rudder is only a masked sail. The rudder of the rudder is not there.

The poets ends a copy of his verses to the printer. Thenceforward he is relieved, the human race takes charge of it, and it flies from land to land, from language to language. It happens that they are in a new style, and he may even be forced, like Coleridge, or like Campbell, to prove painfully that he wrote the verses; — they have become so entirely the world's property that it is hard to prove that he had anything to do with them. But the poetaster, as our poor little Mulchinock, having made what he calls verses, goes about reading them to you and me and all who can be made to listen; begs them to befriend them, to quote them; to sign a certificate that they are verses; to subscribe to his book, to write it up; and, in short, devotes himself to the business of nurse or attendant to these poor rhymes, which, God knows, need all this backing, and will go to the devil in spite of it.

"An epic of a poet who has taken great pains to get favorable notices of his work in public prints. Such notices, said Goethe, have appeared in various papers. But at last comes the *Halle Literary Gazette*, telling plainly what the poem is really worth, and thus all the compliments of the other papers are nullified." — ECKERMANN, vol. ii, p. 158.

Genial heat. Imagination. There is and must be a little air-chamber, a sort of tiny Bedlam in even the naturalist's or mathematician's brain who arrives at great results. They affect a sticking to facts; they repudiate all imagination and affection, as they would disown stealing. But Cuvier, Oken, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Owen, Agassiz, Audubon, must all have this spark of fanaticism for the generation of steam, and there must be that judicious tubing in their brain that is in the boiler of the locomotive, or wherever steam must be swiftly generated. They all deny it, of course. Goethe had this air-chamber so large that, like Pericles, he must wear a helmet to conceal the dreaded infirmity; but he never owned it; he even persuaded the people that it was the county jail. If you have never so much faculty of detail, without this explosive gas it makes the Dr. Prichards and Dr. Worcesters and Dr. Warrens, men that hold hard to facts, Dr. Dryasdusts, the most tedious and dreaded of mankind. But add this fanaticism, and you have Buffons and Davys. Dr. Jackson's misfortune is that he has none, and, like his class, is imposed upon by the loud disclaimer of the fanatics, and takes Goethe at his word that his air-chamber is the county jail.

Nothing so marks a man as bold imaginative expressions.[1] Henry Thoreau promised to make as good sentences of that kind as anybody.

Bettine is the most imaginative person in our day.

The French call one class of malcontents with the present order of things, — those who espouse the liberal side in respect to the poor, the slave, etc., but who do not propose a remedy,— *les stériles.*

Beauty. "For there is a language in looks and gestures, there is a fountain of joy and delight concealed deep in the physical structure, and its waters laugh to the eye of intellect, and reflect into the hearts of those who behold it a sunniness and exhilaration greater than we derive from gazing on the summer sea." — ST. JOHN, vol. ii, p. 191.

Among the nineteen or twenty things which make the test questions at the Egyptian funeral

1 Most of the rest of this passage is printed in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 12).

is the question, How did he stand on the world?[1] . . .

Tests. "Who *now* awaits in the antechamber; Johnson or Chesterfield?" (*Examiner.*) Sickness and poverty test the heart of the witness.

Bad Times. We wake up with painful auguring, and, after exploring a little to know the cause, find it is the odious news in each day's paper, the infamy that has fallen on Massachusetts, that clouds the daylight and takes away the comfort out of every hour. We shall never feel well again until that detestable law is nullified in Massachusetts and until the Government is assured that once for all it cannot and shall not be executed here. All I have and all I can do shall be given and done in opposition to the execution of the law.[2]

1 The passage in a condensed form is found in "Farming" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 153).

2 On Sunday evening, May 3, Mr. Emerson made an address to his Concord neighbors on the infamy and iniquity of the Fugitive Slave Law. The question was no longer as to how the Southern States should conduct their domestic affairs, but was brought to the door of every Northern home. For by the new law any citizen could be required to aid the Federal officials in securing a fugitive, and the helping or harbor-

Mr. Hoar[1] has never raised his head since Webster's speech in last March, and all the interim has really been a period of calamity to New England. That was a steep step downward. I had praised the tone and attitude of the country. My friends had mistrusted it. They say now, It is no worse than it was before; only it is manifest and acted out. Well I think *that* worse. It shows the access of so much courage in the bad, so much check of virtue, terror of virtue, withdrawn. The tameness is shocking.[2]

I am sorry to say it, but New Hampshire has always been distinguished for the servility of its eminent men. Mr. Webster had resisted

ing him was punishable by fine and imprisonment. This address was for the first time included in the *Miscellanies* in the Centenary Edition.

1 Squire (Samuel) Hoar, the father of the judge.

2 The lament over the shame of Boston and the subserviency of her people to the South, because of their business interests, follows. It is found in the first of the two speeches on the Fugitive Slave Law (*Miscellanies*, pp. 180–181). Of this brave work Mr. Emerson wrote to Carlyle in July, — "In the spring the abomination of our Fugitive Slave Bill drove me to some writing and speech-making without hope of effect, but to clear my own skirts." Yet the work was strongly and faithfully done.

for a long time the habit of his *compatriots*, — I mean no irony, — and by adopting the spirited tone of Boston had recommended himself as much as by his great talents to the people of Massachusetts; but blood is thicker than water, the deep servility of New Hampshire politics which has marked all prominent statesmen from that district, with the great exception of Mr. Hale, has appeared late in life with all the more strength that it had been resisted so long, and he has renounced, — what must have cost him some perplexity, — all the great passages of his past career on which his fame is built. His great speeches are, — his discourse at Plymouth denouncing slavery; his speech against Hayne and Southern aggression; his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, a speech which he is known by and in which he stands by the Fathers of the Revolution for the very resistance which he now denounces; and lastly, his speeches and recent writings on Hungarian liberty. At this very moment his attitude, assumed as Foreign Secretary in his letter to Mr. Hulsemann, is printed in all newspapers before the people in the most awkward contradiction to his own domestic position, precisely like that of the French President between French liberty and Roman

tyranny; or like *Hail Columbia*, when sung at a slave-auction.

I opened a paper to-day in which he pounds on the old strings in a letter to the Washington Birthday feasters at New York. "Liberty! liberty!" Pho! Let Mr. Webster, for decency's sake, shut his lips once and forever on this word. The word *liberty* in the mouth of Mr. Webster sounds like the word *love* in the mouth of a courtezan.

The fame of Everett is dear to me and to all his scholars, and I have watched with alarm his derelictions. Whenever his genius shone, it of course was in the instinct of freedom, but one of his scholars cannot but ask him whether there was no sincerity in all those apostrophes to freedom and adjurations of the dying Demosthenes: was it all claptrap? And as to the name of New England Societies, which Mr. Choate, Mr. Webster and Mr. Foote, Mr. Clay and Mr. Everett address, and are responded to with enthusiasm,—it is all a disgusting obsequiousness.

Their names are tarnished: what we have tried to call great is little; and the merely ethnographic fact remains that an immense ex-

ternal prosperity is possible, with pure cowardice and hollowness in all the conspicuous official men. I cannot read longer with any comfort the local good news even, — Education in Massachusetts, Art Union, Revival in Religion.[1] . . .

The little fact comes out more plainly that you cannot rely on any man for the defence of truth who is not constitutionally of that side. Wolf, however long his nails have been pared, however neatly he has been shaved and tailored and taught and tuned to say "virtue" and "religion," cannot be relied on when it comes to a pinch; he will forget his morality, and say morality means sucking blood.[2] The man only can be trusted to defend humanity. And women are really the heart and sanctuary of our civilization.

Mr. Choate, whose talent consists in a fine choice of words which he can hang indiscriminately on any offender, has pushed the privilege of his profession so far as to ask, "What would the Puritans of 1620 say to the trashy sentimentalism of modern reformers?" And

1 See "Concord Address on Fugitive Slave Law" (*Miscellanies*, p. 181).

2 This sentence occurs in the Address.

thus the stern old fathers of Massachusetts who, Mr. Choate knows, would have died at the stake before soiling themselves with this damnation, are made to repudiate the "trashy sentimentalism" of the Ten Commandments. The joke is too impudent.

The profession of the law has the old objection that it makes the practitioner callous and sceptical, — the practice of defending criminals of all dyes of guilt and holding them up with vehement protestations that they are injured but honest men, firm Christians, models of virtue, only a little imprudent and open to practices of [bad men].

It is the need of Mr. Webster's position that he should have an opinion; that he should be a step in advance of everybody else, and make the strongest statement in America; that is vital to him. He cannot maintain himself otherwise.

Mr. Webster has deliberately taken out his name from all the files of honour in which he had enrolled it, — from all association with liberal, virtuous, and philanthropic men, and read his recantation on his knees at Richmond and Charleston. He has gone over in an hour to the party of force, and stands now on the pre-

cise ground of the Metternichs, the Castlereaghs and the Polignacs, without the excuse of hereditary bias and of ancient name and title, which they had. He has undone all that he has spent his years in doing, — he has discredited himself. He to talk of liberty, and to rate an Austrian! He would dragoon the Hungarians, for all his fine words. I advise Kossuth, after his experience of Görgey, not to trust Webster. He would in Austria truckle to the Czar, as he does in America to the Carolinas; and hunt the Hungarians from the Sultan as he does the fugitives of Virginia from Massachusetts. He may bluster. It is his tactics. We shall make no more mistakes. He has taught us the ghastly meaning of liberty, in his mouth. It is kidnapping and hunting to death men and women, it is making treason and matter of fine and imprisonment and armed intervention of the resistance of [an immoral law?] . . .

The very question of property, the house and land we occupy, have lost all their sunlight, and a man looks gloomily on his children. and thinks, What have I done that you should begin life in dishonour?

I may then add *the Union;* nothing seems to me more bitterly futile than this bluster about

the Union. A year ago we were all lovers and prizers of it. Before the passage of that law which Mr. Webster made his own, we indulged in all the dreams which foreign nations still cherish of American destiny. But in the new attitude in which we find ourselves, the degradation and personal dishonour which now rest like miasma on every house in Massachusetts, the sentiment is entirely changed. No man can look his neighbor in the face. We sneak about with the infamy of crime in the streets and cowardice in ourselves, and frankly, once for all, the Union is sunk, the flag is hateful, and will be hissed.

The Union! Oh, yes, I prized that, other things being equal; but what is the Union to a man self-condemned, with all sense of self-respect and chance of fair fame cut off, — with the names of conscience and religion become bitter ironies, and liberty the ghastly nothing which Mr. Webster means by that word? The worst mischiefs that could follow from Secession and new combination of the smallest fragments of the wreck were slight and medicable to the calamity your Union has brought us. Another year, and a standing army, officered by Southern gentlemen to protect the Commissioners and to

hunt the fugitives, will be illustrating the new sweets of Union in Boston, Worcester, and Springfield. It did not appear and it was incredible that the passage of the Law would make the Union odious; but from the day it was attempted to be executed in Massachusetts, this result has appeared, that the Union is no longer desirable. Whose deed is that?[1]

One more consideration occurs, — the mischief of a legal crime; the demoralization of the community. Each of these persons who touches it is contaminated. There has not been in our lifetime another moment when public men were personally lowered by their political action. But here are gentlemen whose names stood as high as any, whose believed probity was the confidence and fortification of all, who, by fear of public opinion, or by that dangerous ascendency of Southern manners, have been drawn into the support of this nefarious business, and have, of course, changed their relations to men. We

1 Although Mr. Emerson's delivery was usually quiet, it was always pleasantly varied and modulated, yet, when the occasion demanded it, he could startle his hearers by its sudden strength and fire. The testimony to this range and power of voice by Nathaniel P. Willis, written, too, in this very year 1851, has been already referred to.

poor men in the country, who might have thought it an honour to shake hands with them, would now shrink from their touch; nor could they enter our humblest doors. Can the reputed wealth of Mr. E—— restore his good name? Can Mr. Curtis[1] reinstate himself? Or could Mr. Webster obtain now a vote in the State of Massachusetts for the poorest municipal office? Well, is not this a loss inevitable to a bad law? —a law which no man can countenance or abet the execution of, without loss of all self-respect, and forfeiting forever the name of a gentleman?

We therefore beg you to stand so far the friends of yourselves and of poor well-meaning men, your constituents, as not to suffer them to be put in a position where they cannot do right without breaking your law, or keep the law without corrupting and dishonouring the community.

The College, the churches, the schools, the very shops and factories are discredited.[2] . . .

I am surprised that lawyers can be so blind as to suffer the law to be discredited.[3] . . .

1 The United States Commissioner in Boston, who, in that capacity, returned the fugitive slave Sims to his master that very year in April.

2 See *Miscellanies*, p. 182.

3 *Miscellanies*, p. 190.

The fame of Webster ends in this nasty law.

And as for Andover and Boston preachers, Dr. D—— and Dr. S——, who deduce kidnapping from their Bible, — tell the poor, dear doctor, if this be Christianity, it is a religion of dead dogs, let it never pollute the ears and hearts of noble children again.

Oh, bring back then the age when valor was virtue, since what is called morality means nothing but pudding! — pardon the spleen of a professed hermit.

Mr. Webster cannot choose but regret his loss. Tell him that those who make fame accuse him with one voice.[1] . . . Tell him that he who was their pride in the woods and mountains of New England is now their mortification, . . . they never name him, they have taken his book of speeches from the shelf and put it in the stove; and all the fribble of the *Daily Advertiser*, and of its model, the *New York Journal of Commerce*, will not quite compensate him. I have no fear that any roars of New York mobs will be able to drown this voice in Mr. Webster's ear. It can outwhisper all the salvos

1 The rest of this eloquent paragraph is found in the speech referred to (*Miscellanies*, pp. 201, 202)

of their cannon. If it were Mr. Cass, it might be different; but Mr. Webster has the misfortune to know the voice of truth from the stupid hurrahs of New York.

It will be his distinction to have changed in one day, by the most detestable law that was ever enacted by a civilized state, the fairest and most triumphant national escutcheon the sun ever shone upon, the free, the expanding, the hospitable, the irresistible America, home of the homeless, and pregnant with the blessing of the world, into a jail or barracoon for the slaves of a few thousand Southern planters, and all the citizens of this hemisphere into kidnappers and drivers for the same. Is that a name will feed his hungry ambition?

"Inconceivable levity of the public mind"—an unbroken prosperity the cause.

There are or always were in each country certain gentlemen to whom the honour and dignity of the community were confided, persons of elevated sentiments, relieved, perhaps, by fortune from the necessity of injurious application to arts of gain, and who used that leisure for the benefit of their fellow citizens in the study of elegant learning, the learning of liberty, and in their forwardness on all emergencies to

lead with courage and magnanimity against any peril in the State. I look in vain for such a class among us, and that is the worst symptom in our affairs. There are persons of fortune enough and men of breeding and of elegant learning, but they are the very leaders in vulgarity of sentiment. I need call no names. The fact stares us in the face. They are full of sneers and derision, and their reading of Cicero and of Plato and of Tacitus has been drowned under grossness of feeding and the bad company they have kept. It is the want, perhaps, of a stern and high religious training, like the iron Calvinism which steeled their fathers seventy-five years ago.[1] But though I find the names of old patriots still resident in Boston, it is only the present venerable Mr. Quincy who has renewed the hereditary honour of his name by scenting the tyranny in the gale. The others are all lapped in after-dinner dreams and are as obsequious to Mr. Webster as he is to the gentlemen of Richmond and Charleston. The want of loftiness

1 Your town is full of gentle names
By patriots once were watchwords made;
Those war-cry names are muffled shames
On recreant sons mislaid.
Note to "Boston Hymn" (*Poems*, p. 473).

of sentiment in the class of wealth and education in the University, too, is deplorable. I am sorry to say I predict too readily their feeling. They will not even understand the depth of my regret and will find their own supercilious and foppish version. But I refer them back to their Cicero and Tacitus, and to their early resolutions.

It was always reckoned, even in the rudest ages, the distinction of the gentleman, the oath of honour of the knight, to speak the truth to men of power or to angry communities, and uphold the poor man against the rich oppressor. Will the educated people of Boston ask themselves whether they side with the oppressor or the oppressed? Yet I know no reason why a gentleman, who is, I take it, a natural formation, should not be true to his duties in Boston in 1850, as haughtily faithful, and with as sovereign superiority to all hazards, as his fathers had in 1770, or as Mr. Hampden or Mr. Eliot in London in 1650, or Arundel, or More, or Milton.

I do not value any artificial enthusiasm of protest got up by individuals in corners, which, however vehement, tells for nothing on the

public mind; but I look eagerly and shall not have to look long for a spontaneous expression of the injured people, in fault of leaders, creating their own, and shaking off from their back these degenerate and unworthy riders. I make no secret of my intention to keep them informed of the baseness of their accustomed leaders. It is well to quote Cicero and Tacitus when doing the deed of Chiffinch and of Buckingham.

In the weakness of the Union the law of 1793 was framed, and much may be said in palliation of it. It was a law affirming the existence of two states of civilization, or an intimate union between two countries, one civilized and Christian, and the other barbarous, where cannibalism was still permitted . . . and the law became, as it should, a dead letter. It was merely there in the statute-book to soothe the dignity of the man-eaters. And we Northerners had, on our part, indemnified and secured ourselves against any occasional eccentricity of appetite in our confederates by our own interpretation, and by offsetting state law by state laws. It was and is penal here in Massachusetts for any sheriff or town or state officer to lend

himself or his jail to the slave-hunter, and it is also settled that any slave brought here by his master becomes free. All this was well. What Mr. Webster has now done is not only to re-enact the old law, but *to give it force*, which it never had before, or to bring down the free and Christian State of Massachusetts to the cannibal level.

Now this conspiring to hold up a bad law, and intimate correspondence of leading gentlemen mutually engaging to run to New York and to Cambridge, and dine in public on poor Washington's birthday, and the reading of the Riot Act, and of Washington's Legacy, and obtaining the preaching of Rev. Drs. S—— and D——, seems for the moment successful; and I do not know but Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster and Everett flatter themselves that the difficult Massachusetts is somehow managed, and that they had really overestimated the traditionary rebellion of the town of Boston.

Once for all the best lie has this insuperable objection. They are always at the mercy of a truth-speaker. It does very well as long as all the spectators agree to make-believe with them, but the first unlucky boy that calls things by their names will ruin the cheat, unless they can

coax the good Creator not to make any more men. . . .

[Suppose it said to the President,] My dear sir, Thomas Melville is gone, Mr. Cabot is dead, Mr. Otis of the Hartford Convention is dead; Mr. Quincy is old; the turbulent Quincy Adams is at last still; and though there is an unlucky book of the old Adams printing about these times, yet, North or South, we don't hear of anybody who will not be peaceable. I think you may venture it.

Ah, Mr. President, trust not the information. The gravid old Universe is spawning on, the wombs conceive and the breasts give suck to thousands and millions of hairy babes formed, not in the image of your statute, but in the image of the Universe,[1] . . . unless you can suppress the English tongue in America, and hinder boys from declaiming Webster's Plymouth Speech, and pass a law against libraries, — all is futile.

Then, sir, there is England itself, — faults of her own undoubtedly, — but unhappily now so clean on this question that she will give pub-

1 For much that follows, here omitted, see *Miscellanies* (p. 194).

licity to every vice and trick of ours. There is France, there is Germany, but worst, a thousand times worse than all, there is this yeaning America, the yeaning Northwest, millions of souls to accuse us.

If the thing were to be carried in a close corporation, all the persons might be sounded and secured. Even in a Senate, even in a House, they can calculate the exact amount of resistance; but this is quite impossible in a country. For one, only one truth-speaker will ruin them.

What is the use of logic and legal acumen if it be not to demonstrate to the people what is metaphysically true? The fact that a criminal statute is illegal is admitted by lawyers, and, that fact once admitted by the people, the whole structure of this new tyranny falls to the ground. Why do not the lawyers who are professionally its interpreters put this home to the people? There is for every man a statement possible of that truth which he is most unwilling to receive, a statement possible, so pungent and so ample that he cannot get away from it, but must either bend to it, or die of it.[1] Else, there would be no such word as eloquence, which means this.

1 This sentence is used in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 91, 92).

Mr. Webster did that thing in his better days for Hayne. Mr. Hayne could not hide from himself that something had been shown him and shown the whole world which he did not wish to see. He left public life and retired, and, it is said, died of it. Mr. Webster has now in his turn chosen evil for good, less innocently than Mr. Hayne, and Mr. Hayne is avenged. For it is certain that he will be cast and ruined. He fights with an adversary not subject to casualties. . . .

But Aristotle's reply to the question, What advantage a man may gain by lying? is still true; "not to be believed when he speaks the truth,"—much more, "not to be believed when he lies again."

Webster and Choate think to discredit the higher law by personalities; they insinuate much about transcendentalists and abstractionists and people of no weight. It is the cheap cant of lawyers and of merchants in a failing condition and of rogues. These classes usually defend an immorality by the practice of men of the world, and talk of dreamers and enthusiasts. Every woman [that] has been debauched [has been so] by being made to believe that it is the mode, it is custom, and none but the priest and a few devout visionaries ever think otherwise. People

never bring their history into politics, or this thin smoke would deceive nobody.

It is the most impolitic of all steps, this demoralization of the people. "Poets are the guardians of reverence in the hearts of the people." It must always happen that the guiding counsels of ages and nations should come, not from statesmen or political leaders, always men of seared consciences, "half villains," who, it has been said, are more dangerous than whole ones (Mr. Webster would be very sorry if this country should take his present counsel for any but this particular emergency), but from contemplative men aloof by taste and necessity from these doubtful activities, and really aware of the truth long before the contemporary statesmen, because more impressionable. Mr. Webster never opened a jury case without praising the law-abiding disposition of the people.

Mr. Everett, a man supposed aware of his own meaning, advises pathetically a reverence for the Union. Yes, but hides the other horn under this velvet? Does he mean that we shall lay hands on a man who has escaped from slavery to the soil of Massachusetts, and so has done more for freedom than ten thousand ora-

tions, and tie him up and call in the marshal, and say, "I am an orator for freedom; a great many fine sentences have I turned,—none has turned finer, except Mr. Webster,—in favor of plebeian strength against aristocracy; and, as my last and finest sentence of all, to show the young men of the land who have bought my book and clapped my sentences and copied them in their memory, how much I mean by them, Mr. Marshal, here is a black man of my own age, and who does not know a great deal of Demosthenes, but who means what he says, whom we will now handcuff and commit to the custody of this very worthy gentleman who has come on from Georgia in search of him; I have no doubt he has much to say to him that is interesting, as the way is long. I don't care if I give them—here are copies of my Concord and Lexington and Plymouth and Bunker Hill addresses to beguile their journey from Boston to the plantation whipping-post." Does Mr. Everett really mean this?—that he and I shall do this? Mr. Everett understands English, as few men do who speak it. Does he mean this? Union is a delectable thing, and so is wealth, and so is life, but they may all cost too much, if they cost honour.

It is very remarkable how rare a bad law, an immoral law, is. Does Mr. Everett know how few examples in civil history there are of bad laws? I do not think it will be easy to parallel the crime of Mr. Webster's law. But the crime of kidnapping is on a footing with the crimes of murder and of incest. . . . How can Mr. Everett put at nought all manly qualities, all his claims to truth and sincerity, for the sake of backing up this cowardly nonsense?

Does he mean this, — that he and I shall do this, — or does he secretly know that he will die the death sooner than lift a finger in the matter, he or his son, or his son's son, and only hopes to persuade certain truckmen and constables to do this, that rich men may enjoy their estates in more security?

The historian tells us that "Thrasymachus's sophistry was political, and his aim the destruction of freedom, by extinguishing that sense of justice on which it must ever be based." — J. A. ST. JOHN, p. 258.

Mr. Webster is fond of fame; his taste is likely to be gratified. For there is not a man of thought or ingenuity but at every dinner

table, in every private letter, in every newspaper I take up, is forced to say something biting of this enemy of the honor of Massachusetts. He has the curse of all this country which he has afflicted.

One way certainly the Nemesis is seen. Here is a measure of pacification and union. What is its effect? — that it has made one subject, one only subject for conversation and painful thought throughout the Union, Slavery. We eat it, we drink it, we breathe it, we trade, we study, we wear it. We are all poisoned with it, and after the fortnight the symptoms appear, purulent, making frenzy in the head and rabidness.

What a moment was lost when Judge Shaw declined to affirm the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law![1]

The present crisis is not analogous to the

1 For a most interesting account of the doings in Boston, day by day, and the fierce public feeling, during the period of the rendition of Sims and Burns, see the account by Richard H. Dana, who himself took a brave part, in his biography by Charles Francis Adams. Another remarkable contemporary document is the charge to the Grand Jury as to the Fugitive Slave Law by Judge Hoar. (*Memoir of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar*, by Storey and Emerson, Houghton Miffin Co., 1911.)

Revolution. No liberty of the controlling classes is now threatened. If the South, or if the Federal Government threatened the liberty of any class, I doubt not there would be as violent reaction as was then. This is merely a case of conscience, not of anger, a call for compassion, a call for mercy.

That is one thing; now it is not less imperative that this nation should say, This Slavery shall not be, it poisons and depraves everything it touches.

There can never be peace whilst this devilish seed of war is in our soil. Root it out, burn it up, pay for the damage, and let us have done with it. It costs a hundred millions. Twice so much were cheap for it. Boston is a little city, and yet is worth near two hundred millions. Boston itself would pay a large fraction of the sum, to be clean of it. I would pay a little of my estate with joy; for this calamity darkens my days. It is a local, accidental distemper, and the vast interests of a continent cannot be sacrificed for it.

Hosmer says, "Sims come on a good errand; for Sumner is elected; Rantoul and Palfrey are likely to be; the State of Massachusetts ought to buy that fellow."

I find it has made every student a student of law.

The destiny of America, the Union, — yes, great things, dear to the heart and imagination, and not to be put at risk by every young ranter. But a larger state, a prior union, still dearer to heart and imagination, and much longer to be our country is the World. We will not levy war against that, to please this New Hampshire strapper nor the Carolinas.

We will buy the slaves at a hundred millions. It will be cheaper than any of our wars. It will be cheap at the cost of a national debt like England's.

But we must put out this poison, this conflagration, this raging fever of Slavery out of the Constitution. If Webster had known a true and generous policy, this would have made him. He is a spent ball. It is the combined wealth behind him that makes him of any avail. And that is as bad as Europe.[1]

The doctrine of Manilius is that the earth is

1 For an account of Mr. Emerson's delivery of this speech in Cambridge in the face of tumultuous opposition, as told by Professor James Bradley Thayer, see Mr. Cabot's *Memoir*, vol. ii, pp. 585, 586.

at rest, pressed on all sides by equal forces: yet his language is remarkably coincident with the Newtonian theory of gravitation.

Imaque de cunctis mediam tenet undique sedem.
Idcircoque manet stabilis, quia totus ab illa
Tantundem refugit mundus: fecitque cadendo
Undique ne caderet. Medium totius et imum est
Ictaque contractis consistunt corpora plagis.'

MANILIUS, lib. i, 167, 170.

Think, you rascal! "*Réfléchissez, Rappelez vous du mot que j'ai dicté, et écrivez le. Je ne répéterai pas le mot.*"—NAPOLEON.

History of Liberty. 'T is idle to complain of Abolitionist and Free-Soiler. See-saw, up and down, tilts the pole, swings the pendulum of the world. Violence is followed by collapse, cruelty by pity. You cannot get rid of women; you cannot cut the heart out, and leave the life in. The atrocities of savages exasperated

1 The editors hazard this translation of an obscure passage: — And lowest of all [Earth] holds a middle station and therefore remains at rest, because the whole Universe draws back equally from this [place], and by its falling causes that it shall not fall abroad. Midmost it is and lowest, and the smitten bodies hold together from the blows which struck them.

Christianity into being and power. Christianity lived by love of the people. . . .

"A nation never falls until the citadel of its moral being has been betrayed and become untenable." — KEMBLE.

Elizabeth Hoar finds the life of Campbell to send her back with new force of attachment to her Temperance friends in America. Every life of an European artist shows her that they have no self-command. Their tears are maudlin, for they are the tears of wine; but the ocean and the elements are at the back of the brave old Puritans of the world.

(From CO)

May.

Lecturing. Experimentum in corpore vili. Cobden and Phillips learned their art at the expense of many a poor village Lyceum and country church.

HOUSE OF FAME

Hearest thou not the great swough?
Yes, perdie, quoth I, and well enow.
And what sound is it like? quoth he.
Like the beating of the sea,
Quoth I, against the rocks hollow
When tempests do their ships swallow,

And that a man stand out of doubt
A mile thence, and hear it route.

CHAUCER.

George Minot[1] thinks that it is of no use balloting, for it will not stay, but what you do with the gun will stay so.

The old guide knows the passes from mountain to mountain, the bridges over gorge and torrent; and the salvation of numberless lives is in his oaken staff: and my guide knew not less the difficult roads of thought, the infinitely cunning transitions from law to law in metaphysics; in the most hopeless mazes he could find a cheerful road, leading upward and lighted as by the midday sun.

A topic of the *Conduct of Life* under the head of "Prudence" should be how to live with unfit companions: for, with such, life is, for the most part, spent.[2] . . .

When R don't care for Julius, suddenly Ju-

1 Mr. Emerson's kindly and simple neighbour in the little weather-stained house on the opposite hillside gave this reason for not going to vote.

2 See "Works and Days" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 270).

lius comes round and cares for R; and shows the involuntary revelation which character makes of itself.

I think all solid values run directly into manners.

This floor holds us up by a fight with agencies that go to pull us down. Again balanced antagonisms.

I like much in Allingham's poetry, but you must not remember the masters. Chaucer, Milton, Shakspeare, have seen mountains if they speak of them. Young writers seem to have seen pictures of mountains. The wish to write poetry they have, instead of the poetic fury; and what they write is studies, sketches, fantasies, and not yet the inestimable poem.[1] The vein is too poor to be worth working: it affords specimens, but not ingots. It is, therefore, a mere luxury; their work, amateur poetry.[1] But whenever I meet true poetry, and though it appear only in a single mind, I shall sit down to it as the result and justification of the Age, and think very little of histories and statutes.

1 Mr. Emerson highly valued Allingham's "Touchstone."

Prudence. One of the cardinal rules is Timeliness. My neighbour, the carriage maker, all summer is making sleighs, and all winter is making light, gay gigs and chariots for June and August; and so, on the first days of the new season, is ready with his carriage, which is itself an invitation. And the putting the letter into the post one minute before the mail-bag is closed is a great triumph over Fate. And in all our affairs the sense of being ready and up with the hour imparts to a man's countenance and demeanour a wonderful air of leisure and success. A man who is always behind time is careworn and painful.

Prudence. "*Les bons comptes sont des bons amis.*"

Where is Nature? Where shall we go to study her interior aspects? She is hard to find. The botanist, after completing his herbarium, remains a dry doctor, no poet. The lumberer in Maine woods by Moosehead Lake does not get into the forest to any purpose, though he drives logs with his feet in the water all day. The Poet goes untimely into a dozen inviting dells, and finds himself not yet admitted, but a poor excluded *dilettante.*

He makes many desperate attempts to throw the brush at the picture, but rarely makes a good hit. Ah, when! ah, how rarely! can he draw a true Æolian note from the harp. And then comes some fine young gentleman like Milton or Goethe, who draws on his good London boots, and in coat of newest tailoring, with gold-headed cane, marches forth into the groves, and straight, as if he were going to his Club, to the secret sacred dell, where all the Muses and the shyest gods, fauns, and naiads have their home. So also did Collins, and so did Spenser: nay, Walter Scott himself, sheriff of Selkirkshire, is admitted in full suit to the crag and burn.

My texts are,

> Moonlight caves when all the fowls
> Are safely housed save bats and owls, etc.
>
> Mountains on whose barren breast, etc.
>
> Bubbling runnels joined the sound.

Shakspeare's Threnes.

The railroad and telegraph are great unionists. Frank Browne told me that whilst he was at Savannah they were telegraphing to the

President at Washington, every hour, news of the Cuban invaders.

Treat drastically. The scholar goes into the attorney's office, or the carpenter's shop, and, however civilly, is treated as a trifler. Here is real business, and he is soon set aside: but Archimedes and Kant are as much realists as blacksmiths are; and they are to deal with intellections as rigorously and drastically as the joiner with his chisel and board; and set carpenter and merchant aside.

I do not forgive any one for not knowing and standing by his own order. Here are clergymen and scholars voting with the world, the flesh, and the Devil, against Sumner and freedom. New genius always flees to old.

The New John Baptist. It is not to be disguised that all our contemporaries, scholars as well as merchants, feel the great Despair, are mere Whigs, and believe in nothing. Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Lecturing. Danger of doing something. You write a discourse, and, for the next weeks and

months, you are carted about the country at the tail of that discourse simply to read it over and over.

In feeble individuals, the sex and the digestion are all.[1] . . .

Dualism. I see but one key to the mysteries of human condition, but one solution to the old knots of fate, freedom, and foreknowledge; the propounding, namely, of the double consciousness.[2] . . .

Excellent tests of the artist's life in Vasari's *Life of Fra Angelico* (Giovanni da Fiesole).

He said, "He who practised the art of painting had need of quiet, and should live without cares or anxious thoughts."

"He altered nothing (of a painting once finished), but left all as it was done the first time, believing, he said, that such was the will of God"; like Jones Very. "He would never take a pencil in hand until he had first offered a prayer."

1 The rest of the long paragraph is printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 30–32).

2 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 11).

Votes in Concord: for Palfrey, 169; Thompson, 101; Frothingham, 28.

Imbecility of the good party. Speak very modestly of the country and of its virtue. Any action of the well-disposed and intelligent class in its affairs is uniformly reckoned an impertinence, and they are presently whipped back into their libraries and churches and Sunday-Schools.

There is one benefit derived from the movement lately. The most polite and decorous Whigs, all for church and college and charity, have shown their teeth unmistakably. We shall not be deceived again. We believed, and they half believed, that they were honest men. They have been forced to take prematurely their true and ignominious place.

I find a text for our very fact in an English paper speaking of their April 10, 1848: "It precipitated the Whigs into Toryism, making them rush into that political infamy for which they seem to have a constitutional predilection." — *Leader*, May 3, 1851.

Our people mean that men of thought shall be *dilettanti;* ornamental merely; if they dare to be practical with their ideas of beauty, it is on

their peril. Everett is ornamental with Liberty and dying Demosthenes, etc., but when he acts he comes with the planter's whip in his button-hole; and Eliot writes, *History of Liberty* and votes for South Carolina, and at the University, Mr. Sparks and Mr. Felton carry Demosthenes and General Washington clean for slavery.

The Boston letter to Webster was a shop-till letter, and the Union party is a shop-till party.

I like that Sumner and Mann and Palfrey should not be scrupulous and stand on their dignity, but should go to the stump. They should not be above their business.

The young minister did very well, but one day he married a wife, and, after that, he noticed, that, though he planted corn never so often, it was sure to come up tulips, contrary to all the laws of botany.[1]

Every god is still there sitting in his sphere.

1 Mr. Emerson cared little for cultivated flowers, rejoicing in the wild ones. Mrs. Emerson delighted in bulbs, and soon the small garden close by the house was full of them, and the vegetables banished to the new acres. From her gifts many little gardens were begun where her roses now bloom.

The young mortal comes in, and on the instant and incessantly fall snowstorms of illusions.[1] . . .

It will hereafter be noted that the events of culture in the Nineteenth Century were, the new importance of the genius of Dante, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele to Americans; the reading of Shakspeare; and, above all, the reading of Goethe. Goethe was the cow from which all their milk was drawn.

They all took the "European complaint" and went to Italy. Then there was an uprise of Natural History, and in London, if you would see the fashionable and literary celebrities, you must go to the *soirées* of the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society, or to the Geological Club at Somerset House.

It seems, however, as if all the young gentlemen and gentlewomen of America spent several years in lying on the grass and watching "the grand movements of the clouds in the summer sky" during this century.

Politics. Bear in mind the difference between the opponents and the defenders of the shameful statute; that the opposition will never end,

1 See "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 525).

will never relax, whilst the statute exists; as long as grass grows, as long as there is summer and winter, night and day, world and man, so long the sentiments will condemn this. But your statute and its advocacy is a thing; is a phantasm, is a contrivance, a cat's cradle, a petty trap, a jackstraw that has no root in the world.

But we saw longevity in our cause. It can well afford to wait; for ages and worlds the stars of heaven and the thoughts of the mind are the editors and vote-distributors of the *free soil.*

"There is no happiness in this life but in intellect and virtue." — WORDSWORTH, letter to Beaumont.

Margaret Fuller. It fitted exactly, — that shipwreck, — thought Ellery, to the life and genius of the person. 'T was like Socrates' poison, or Christ's cross, or Shelley's death.

For goodness is a sad business, said Ellery, and, if he was insurer, he would never insure any life that had any infirmity of goodness in it. It is Goodwin[1] who will catch pickerel; if you have any moral traits, you 'll never get a bite.

[1] An idle old river-god in Concord, who had served a sentence in jail.

Béranger's answer to those who asked about the "de" before his name:—

Je suis vilain, vilain, vilain
Je honore une race commune,
Car sensible, quoique malin,
Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune.

Aristocracy. Make yourself useful. That is the secret to clear your complexion, and make you desired.

The four degrees of lordship:—

1, Protection; 2, hospitality; 3, invention and art; 4, moral aid.

Webster truly represents the American people just as they are, with their vast material interests, materialized intellect, and low morals. Heretofore, their great men [who] have led them have been better than they, as Washington, Hamilton, and Madison. But Webster's absence of moral faculty is degrading to the country.

Of this fatal defect, of course, Webster himself has no perception.[1]

Why should we who believe in the Intellect ever speak or lecture to a public meeting with-

1 The rest is found in the New York "Speech on the Fugitive Slave Law" (*Miscellanies*, p. 228).

out yielding them a spark of lightning, some word of transforming, upbuilding truth?

Politics. In this age of tools, one of the best machines is certainly this governing machine, which we have brought to such mechanical perfection; the distributing political electricity over a vast area, so as to make the highest energy consistent with perfect safety. Thus, yesterday was election day; and a revolution (for every election is a revolution) went off with the quietness of a picnic or a sermon. This by means of universal suffrage, and town-meetings and ward-meetings.

I believe so much in metamorphosis that I think the man will find the type, not only in kind, but in quantity, of all his moral and mental properties in the great world without. He is to hold to his purposes with the tough impracticability of gravitation itself.

Margaret had the attributes of a lady; a courtesy so real and sincere that it reached the chambermaid, the mantua-maker, and all who served her for money.

The use made of Fate in society is babyish. Put your finger in your eye. It should rather be to bring up our conduct to the loftiness of Nature. The Englishman and Frenchman may have the November desolation, emptiness, which cannot see a lamp-post or a dangling rope without temptation to suicide, but to a charged, healthful, preoccupied mind, night and storm and cold are not grim, but sternly cheerful even. . . . Let him empty his breast of all that is superfluous and traditional, of all dependence on the accidental, on money, on false fame, falsehood of any kind; and speak wild truth, and by manners and actions as unaffected as the weather, let him be instead of God to men, full of God, new and astonishing.

I suppose I need not go to St. Louis to know the flavor of Southern life; there is not only St. Louis, but all Avernus, in a fiery cigar. Goethe kept his Acherontian experiences in a separate bag; and said, if he himself should happen to fall into that bag, he should be consumed, bones and all.

Heterogeneity. Character. Men are miscellanies, rag-bags, unannealed glass, utter discontin-

uity; and all their power absorbed in their individual antagonisms. "Hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce," contend within the man. 'Tis Newton's heterogeneous body which *loses* the ray of light. Now if a fire, as, for example, Love's, could kindle and melt them over, recast the whole mass, then you should have logic, unity, and power; a man that would be felt to the centre of the Copernican system.

I noticed a little boy in the company whose speech in talking with his mates never went out as a mendicant from him, engaging him to what was said; but he remained quite entire when his speech was gone. So will it be when he is a man.

Wealth. The world is babyish, and the use of wealth is: it is made a toy. Men of sense esteem wealth to be the assimilation of Nature to themselves, the converting the sap and juices of the planet to the nutriment and incarnation of their design. Power is what they want, not candy, and they will pay any prices. Power for what? Power to execute their idea,—which, in any well-constituted man, of course, appears the end to which the universe exists and all its resources might be well applied. Each of the

elm trees that you see over the land sends its roots far and wide; every great one to some river or water course; its roots will run a mile; and the Education of each vascular man goes on well in proportion as his masculine roots draw from all the natures around him their tribute.

"After all *Canova* had seen, he was astonished at the Elgin marbles, and happy in finding them real flesh, nothing geometrical, nothing conventional, but a *vera carne;* and satisfied of what he had always believed, that the works which want this excellence are only copies from the great masters."—M. FULLER'S *Journal.*

The best works are *slanci spontanei d' una musa e d' una eloquenza ispirata,* but these swift flashings are from minds full of heaped-up fuel well on fire, acted on by the muse; perfect births.

Never was truer fable than the Sibyl's writing on leaves which the wind scatters.[1] . . .

The excellence of fairies is to be small. . . . The pride of England is to rule the world in the little plain chamber of St. Stephen's. In

1 See "Memory" (*Natural History of Intellect,* p. 95).

like manner the whole battle of the world is fought in a few heads: a little finer order, a little larger angle of vision commands centuries of facts and millions of stupid people. We shall not long go on reckoning prosperity by the census, — the more fools you have the worse, — but by the competent heads.

Is the thing really desirable? then there *is* a way to it. *In minimis Natura.* Vishnu in his avatar came as a dwarf, and asked for as much earth as he could cover with three steps. The evil power was duped, and granted it; and the dwarf took in a world with each step.

In the youth I heard last Sunday [was] a sort of rattle of thunderbolts behind there in the back of his head. He threatened in every sentence to say somewhat new, bright, fatal. And that is the charm of eloquence, its potency. Here is mere play, play of genius, improvisation for the artist's own delight, and out of the midst of it he hurls a winged word that becomes a proverb of the world and conquers kings, and clothes nations in its colors.

I liked that Margaret Fuller should see in Napoleon's head his mighty future, and, for all

the beautiful, even voluptuous mouth, should find mountains of the slain and the snows of Russia not irrelevant.

I read somewhere that Dalton did not wait for empirical confirmation of his "law," but promulgated it, struck by its internal evidence. Probably Kepler's laws were so seen: Newton's was. And the transcendental anatomy stands so, the *one animal*, or the thoughts of God written out; and Knox's law of races, that Nature loves not hybrids, and extinguishes them; that the colony detached from the race deteriorates to the crab.

It would be a great comfort in Metaphysics to establish a good collection of these instances of *accepted ideas*, as a table of constants.

Fate. There is a thick skull, that is Fate. The crustacea, the birds, the tortoises are fatalists, yet amelioration must be assumed. These very walls and jails must be believed to be charity and protection; and meanness the preparation of magnificence, as madness is assumed to be a screen of a too much tempted soul.

In each town you visit, there is some man who is in his brain and performance an explana-

tion of all that meets the eye there.[1] . . . If you see him, all will become plain. Mr. Erastus Bigelow, Mr. McElrath, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Vanderbilt, the old Rotch and Rodman, Jackson and Lowell, the Dwights at Springfield, Mr. Mills, Mr. Forbes, are each a walking city, and, wherever you put them, will build one.

Also, I believe that nothing can be done except by inspiration.[2] . . .

[Many pages of matter, printed in "Fate," are here omitted.]

People often talk most of that which they do not represent. Boston talks of Union, and fevers into pro-slavery, but the genius of Boston is seen in her real independence, productive power, and *Northern* acuteness of mind, πολυτρόπος Ὀδύσσευς, which is generically anti-slavery. Boston Common, Boston Athenæum, Lowell Institute, Railroads, and the love of German literature,—these are the true Boston, and

1 The passage thus beginning is given in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*), but without the names of the men of brains and performance which are here retained.

2 The rest of the paragraph is in "Inspiration" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 271).

not an accidental malignity, or a momentary importance of a few pug noses, — people too slight to sail in any but the fairest weather, and therefore by their very importance praising the great prosperity of Boston. "If it were always such weather as this," my Captain Ellis used to say, "women might take his ship to sea."

I recall to-day in conversation with William H. Channing[1] the impression made by Wilkinson.[2] He seemed full of ability, power of [illegible], acute vision, marvellous power of illustr[illegible], of great learning in certain directions, ha[illegible] also the power I so value and so rarely meet of *expansion*, expansion, such as Alcott shines with; — but all this spoiled by a certain levity. . . .

I should say of him that as we see children at school often expend a prodigality of memory and of arithmetical power, which, occurring in an adult subject, would make a Porson, Parr, or Lacroix, — and see it in such children without respect, — mere boarding-school rattle, —

1 Rev. William H. Channing visited Mr. Emerson in July that they might work together on their *Memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, in which Rev. James Freeman Clarke also bore a part.

2 Dr. John James Garth Wilkinson, the English expositor of Swedenborg.

because it does not seem solid and enduring, or known to the mind itself, and so secured, but merely as this year's grass or annual plants, which a single night in November will annihilate, so I believe that all this unrealized ability seemed insecure. As soon as he himself has said, "These weapons are mine, and lo! by them I possess the Universe, as yonder astronomer does the stars by his tube and chart: O joy, I cannot live, I am too happy. Hold back thy thunderbolt, Jove, envy me not my near approach," then we should sympathize with the terror and beauty of his gifts, and he would be sacred to himself and to us.

It did not seem that he was enamoured of his thoughts, as all good thinkers ought to be. A fair ample house with excellent windows, but no fireplace.

Edward Everett had in my youth an immense advantage in being the first American scholar who sat in the German universities and brought us home in his head their whole cultured method and results, — to us who did not so much as know the names of Heyne, Wolf, Hug, and Ruhnken. He dealt out his treasures, too, with such admirable prudence, so temperate and

abstemious that our wonder and delight were still new. . . .

America. Emigration. In the distinctions of the genius of the American race it is to be considered that it is not indiscriminate masses of Europe that are shipped hitherward, but the Atlantic is a sieve through which only or chiefly the liberal, adventurous, sensitive, *America-loving* part of each city, clan, family are brought. It is the light complexion, the blue eyes of Europe that come: the black eyes, the black drop, the Europe of Europe, is left.

Bias. I have said so often, and must say once more, the first fortune is a controlling determination of genius that leaves Haüy no choice but to be mineralogist, Paxton no choice but to be landscape gardener and architect, and Jackson a chemist; that abolishes so many perplexities. But that is not enough. He must have adaptation, besides, to men; or else that magazine of sufficiency that makes him indifferent to other men, like a statue of a Roman Emperor in a crowd.

Prudence. I was to have quoted respecting money Lord Mansfield's saying that the funds

gave interest without principal; the land, principal without interest; but mortgages, both principal and interest.

Mr. Eben Francis told me, twenty years ago, that it was easy to invest a million, but by no means so easy to invest the second million. And I heard the other day that with all his care of his property, and with all the high rates that money rents at in Boston, his property has not increased faster than six per cent for many years past.

July.

Is it not a convenience to have a person in town who knows where pennyroyal grows, or sassafras, or punk for a slow-match; or Celtis, — the false elm; or cats-o'-nine-tails; or wild cherries; or wild pears; where is the best apple tree, where is the Norway pine, where the beech, or epigæa, or Linnæa, or sanguinaria, or orchis pulcherrima, or drosera, or laurus benzoin, or pink huckleberry, or shag-barks; where is the best chestnut grove, hazelnuts; where are trout, where woodcocks, where wild bees, where pigeons; or who can tell where the stake-driver (bittern) can be heard; who has seen and can show you the Wilson's plover?[1]

1 This expression of the constant pleasure Thoreau's

Thoreau wants a little ambition in his mixture. Fault of this, instead of being the head of American engineers, he is captain of huckleberry party.[1]

John Adams on Courage. "I had formed an opinion that courage and reading were all that were necessary to the formation of an officer.

"I had met with an observation among regular officers that mankind were naturally divided into three sorts; one third of them are animated at the first appearance of danger, and will press forward to meet and examine it: another third are alarmed by it, but will neither advance nor retreat, till they know the nature of it, but stand to meet it. The remaining third will run or fly upon the first thought of it." — JOHN ADAMS, vol. iii, p. 86.

He proceeds — "If this remark is just, as I believed it was, it appeared to me that the only way to form an army to be confided in was sys-

knowledge and good will gave his friends is kept here, although printed in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 161, 162).

1 Mr. Emerson, as is shown in this and one or two similar passages in his Journals, did not foresee what a benefactor and influence Thoreau was to become in his own country, and even abroad, when his short and pure life ended.

tematic discipline, by which means all men may be made heroes."

John Adams in 1782 (*ætatis suæ* 46) told the Duke of Vauguyon he was going to Paris to treat of peace with the British Commissioners, etc. "He replied that he rejoiced to hear it, for he believed Mr. Jay and I were cordial, and he thought it absolutely necessary that I should be there, for that the immoveable firmness that Heaven had given me would be useful and necessary upon this occasion." — Vol. iii, p. 281.

Loadstone. — "This substance is in the secret of the whole globe. It must have a sympathy with the whole globe." — JOHN ADAMS.

I think Horace Greeley's career one of the most encouraging facts in our Whiggish age. A white-haired man in the city of New York has adopted every benevolent crotchet and maintained it, until he commands an army of a million now in the heart of the United States. Here we stand shivering on the North wall of opposition, — we New England idealists, — and might have taken Boston long ago, "had we had the pluck of a louse," to use the more

energetic than elegant expression of my travelling friend.

Conversation. Whenever the Muses sing, Pan spirts poppy-juice all about, so that no one who hears them can carry any word away. True of fine conversation.

I don't like linear, but spheral people; but discontent merely shows incompleteness as you measure yourself by times and events; as soon as you express yourself, you will round.

Art. Two ideas, Greece and Jewry, sway us; look at our apish buildings.

We pass from thought to thought easily, but not from realization to realization.

In rare moments there seems to have been a fusion of all the bloods of the world; as, in Italy, in the fall of Rome; and in the Crusades.

We are always out-generalled by tacticians, choked off by the previous question or by insidious assistance, or by sly amendments, or by false friends.

"We shall sink at last into the arms of a vast conservatism embracing even the fiends in its charity. Yet without losing sight of the immutable laws."

[Here follow many passages about Webster's treachery to Liberty, most of which are here omitted, because printed in the Concord "Speech on the Fugitive Slave Law" (*Miscellanies*, pp. 204, 205).]

'T is inevitable in him, he has animal and animal-intellect, powers, but no morals; his religion is literal, Calvinistic, formal; his minister, I know, esteems him a religious man.

His rhetoric has got purged of the word Liberty, for Fate has been too strong for him.

All the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward. But not by such as he have the steps for mankind been taken. We want an exploding Bonaparte who could take forward steps, instead of these crabs. . . . Now Columbus was no crab, nor John Adams, nor Patrick Henry, nor Jefferson, nor Martin Luther, nor Copernicus. And the American idea is no crab, but a man incessantly advancing as the shadow of the dial or the heavenly body

that casts it. America is the idea of emancipation. Abolish kingcraft, slavery, feudalism, black-letter monopoly; pull down gallows, explode priestcraft, tariff, open the doors of the sea to all emigrants. . . .

Mr. Everett tells of a bloody line of castles along the frontier. On the contrary, the people are all cousins, traders, partners. The only castles they know or care for are Depots, and the expressman is the only dragoon, and instead of a bloody line of castles there is a white line of flour barrels. He has been reading in his Robertson instead of in the faces of the people.

It amounts to this, nakedly,—I will give you a pistareen or a mountain of pistareens, if you will be quiet about this.

Economy. Nature says thou shalt keep the air, skate, swim, walk, ride, run. When you have worn out your shoes, the strength of the sole leather has passed into the fibre of your body. I measure your health by the number of shoes and hats and clothes you have worn out. He is the richest man who pays the largest debt to his shoemaker.

These thirty nations are equal to any work. They are to become fifty millions presently and

should achieve something just and generous.[1] Let them trample out this mischief before it has trampled out them. For the future of slavery is not inviting. But the destinies of nations are too great for our spanning, and what are the instruments no policy can show; whether Liberia, whether flax, cotton, whether the working them out by Irish and Germans none can tell; or by what scourges God has guarded his law. But one thing is imperative, not to do unjustly, not to steal a man or help steal him, or to call stealing honest.

Mr. Thomas Wren Ward,[2] old merchant, sees what he foresaw; knows Yankees can make everything as soon as it is certain to pay, and has found one nostrum sovereign, — not free trade, not laws, not morals, not anti-slavery, but only the natural growth of the thirty nations. One way or another they arrive at the same thing which you would compass with your law. Thus they have got free trade in substance, though not in form; free trade with thirty nations. They wanted tariff to protect their iron. Well, they did not get it; but in-

1 This sentence occurs in the Concord Speech.

2 Father of Mr. Emerson's friend.

stead of twenty thousand tons, last year they manufactured eight hundred thousand: which is getting it. So peace, so abolition of slavery will be got by lying quiet a little.

But liberty and land are the nostrum.

"Two wrongs don't make a right."

Sam Ward thinks 't will do for Carolina to be unreasonable and nullify. But not so with Massachusetts, which is the head: the toe may nullify, but the head must not nullify; thinks that the confidence of financiers proves nothing; — proves everything in reference to old and known dangers, but nothing in reference to new dangers. The French stocks stood firm until Louis Philippe fell. The Union is part of the religion of this people. Its dissolution has not been contemplated.

His private opinion is that Disunion is inevitable: the North and South are two nations, it is not slavery that separates them, but climate. Without slavery they do not agree. The South does not like the North, and never did, slavery apart. The North likes the South well enough. But he reckons abolition by purchase impossible; thousand million of dollars; a financial measure so gigantic not to be thought of. In a

common financial measure such an onerous infinity of particulars, so many heart-burnings, so many sacrifices of character, conflict of interests. What would it be, then, with a complication so vast as this? It cannot be done.

There must come an end of this too much prosperity of ours, or it would go on to madness.

Tone of the press not lower on slavery than on everything else; — criminal on that point, ready to be criminal on every other.

No measures to be relied on, no concert; it will come by chance. We stand on a brink and somebody will get pushed further than he meant, and when the fat is on the fire we shall see the blaze.[1]

Old law of 1793 affirmed slavery in Massachusetts *pro honoris causa*, just as King James was styled King of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland.

One thing or the other. If it is ascertained that the commissioner is only a notary to sur-

1 Probably all of the above was Mr. Ward's view. After some years devoted to letters and art, he came, at his father's desire, back to Boston to help him in his mercantile business. Later, he was a banker and for many years the agent of the Baring Brothers of London.

render the black man to his hunter, then infamy attaches to the post. The dislike and contempt of society very properly attaches to the officer.

People will not stick to what they say, and the number increases. They cannot remember 1775. Their fathers were seditious. They kept those ten seditious commandments which God gave on Sinai.

This filthy enactment was made in the nineteenth century, by people who could read and write. I will not obey it, by God.

A voyage! [of the Ship of State] yes; but I do not like that craft which requires that we shall stand all hours at the pump.

Intellect strips, affection clothes. If the good God would perfect his police on any day, he has only to open that upper chamber in each man's and woman's brain which is his or her determinate love, and on the instant chastity is secured by an impregnable guard, as if all the population lived like naked children in one nursery.

Doctrine of Leasts. Nature makes everything cheap; the smallest amount of material; the

low-price, the low-fare system is hers; least action, least pain.

Liberty. I think this matter of liberty is one of those rights which require fine sense to appreciate, and with every degree of civility it will be more truly felt and defined. . . .

There are points from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out dark in the offing of the mind.

Festus.

Dives pays a tax of $1000, has but one child, and sends him to a private school. Lazarus pays only his poll-tax, and has twenty children, and wishes to send them all to college. Having thus got his hand once into the rich man's pocket, why not again? In Maine, they spill the barrel of brandy by law. It is not property, by their law. It is but one step, now, to say to the drinker of the brandy, "You are a barrel of poison, and shall not be allowed to infect the state with your *virus*. You shall not marry; go into the street; go to Poneropolis."

Nature never makes us a present of a fine

fruit or berry, pear, peach, or plum without also packing up along with it a seed or two of the same.

The apple is our national fruit, and in October the country is covered with this most ornamental harvest. The beautiful colour of the apple heaps, more lively and varied than the orange, — balls of scarlet fire, — give a gaiety and depth to our russet Massachusetts.

I believe in Society, in grace and courtesy, and mean therefore to write answers to my letters, and not rely longer on mere brute force of duty.

Me to keep from idleness
Truely I did my business
To make songes as I best coude,
And ofttime I sung them loude;
And made songes a gret del,
Although I coude not make so well
Songes, nor knew the arte all
As coude Lamek's son Tubal,
That found out first the art of song,
For as his brother's hammers rung
Upon his anvil up and down,
Thereof he took the first sowne.

CHAUCER, *Book of the Duchesse.*

And also, beau Sire, of other things
That is, thou hast no tidings
Of Love's folk, if they be glad,
Ne of nothing else that God made,
And not only fro faare countree
That no tidings come to thee,
Not of thy very neighbours,
That dwellen almost at thy doors,
Thou hearest neither that nor this;
For when thy labor all done is
And hast made all thy reckonings,
Instead of rest and of new things
Thou goest home to thy house anon
And also dumb as a stone
Thou sittest at another book
'Till fully dazed is thy look
And livest as an hermite
Although thy abstinence is lite —

CHAUCER, *House of Fame.*

We are examples of Fate. Toss up a pebble and it falls. And the soaring of your mind and the magnanimity you indulge will fall. But cannot we ride the horse which now throws us?[1]

The ancients most truly and poetically represented the incarnation or descent into Nature

1 Here follow other passages from "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 8, 9, 20, 42).

of Pythagoras, his condescension to be born, as his first virtue.

It is indeed a perilous adventure, this serious act of venturing into mortality, swimming in a sea strewn with wrecks, where none indeed go undamaged. It is as bad as going to Congress; none comes back innocent.

Those who conquer,—the victory was born with them. They may well be serene. They seem to fight, but their lives are insured and their victories. You like better to hear what they say. Well you may, for they announce this success in every syllable.

Memory, Imagination, Reason, Sense are only masks of one power, as physical and spiritual laws are only new phases of limitation. The poet is the lover loving; the critic is the lover advised.

Which are the realities, the thoughts or the iron spikes? And who is truly wanted, the railroad engineer or the philosopher? It is a mere question of time. These roads and roadmakers must be had, I suppose, and are wanted now for fifty years good. The men of thought and of truth to thought are always wanted and for

all ages. You are to stand for that which is always good and the same. There is never a fine aspiration but is on its way to its body or institution.

These people that are made now, and for the day's wants, journeymen, will be impossible to be organized in a more advanced society, and if they should there appear would shock by their barbarism. The world was once a rock and peopled itself with lichen, moss, and sponge, the first disintegrators. Afterwards it was a cold swamp; sponge sphagnum, fly, fish, lizard, multiplied. By and by came men, but rude men; after all, came Englishmen and planted America; but the wheel is not scotched, but rotates still, and the men of to-day cannot live in the warm aërial future any more than the sauri can escape extirpation in the man-bearing granite of Massachusetts and New York.[1]

Rhyme. We are lovers of rhyme and return and period and reflection.[2] . . .

Autobiography. I am never beaten until I

1 Compare in the *Poems*, "The Song of Nature."

2 Then follow many sentences printed in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 46–49).

know that I am beaten. I meet powerful people to whom I have no skill to reply.[1] . . .

All eloquence is a war of posts. What is said is the least part of the oration. It is the attitude taken, the unmistakable sign never so casually given (in the tone of voice, or manner, or word), that a greater spirit speaks from you than is spoken to in him.

I believe in the Fable that the Fates fell in love with Hermes.

Fugitive Slave Law. We have got a better enemy than ever we had. Perhaps that was all we wanted. That may accelerate the slow crystallizations of the new men against the antiquated, against the old dead folks.

The state stands for property, and the slave, as the highest kind of property, is fitly made the question between the party of light and the party of darkness.

We are not such pedants as to suppose a king comes only with a crown on his head. The moment a man says, "Give up your rights,

1 The rest of the paragraph is found in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 234, 235).

here is money," there is tyranny. It comes masquerading in monks' cowls and in citizens' coats; comes savagely or comes politely. But it is tyranny.

Nay, the gradation is endless, and the family resemblance meets us throughout creation.

It is not so strange as we say that races mix.[1]

We think the event severed from the person and do not see the inevitable tie. It is like the *nudicaulis* plant, — the leaf invariably accompanies it, though the stems are connected underground.

Mediator, Mediation. There is nothing else; there is no Immediate known to us. Cloud on cloud, degree on degree; remove one coat, one lamina just like it is the result, — to be also removed. When the symbol is explained, the new truth turns out to be only a symbol of ulterior truth. The Judgment Day is in reality the past. We have all been judged, and we have judged all. We would gladly think highly of Nature and Life, but what a country-muster, what a Vanity-Fair full of noise, squibs and egg-pop

1 See *English Traits* (pp. 49, 50).

it is! Pass your last week in review, and what figures move on the swelling scene! Mr. Potter, Mr. Minot, Mr. Garfield, Tom Hazel,[1] and the ticket-master are among the best. 'Tis a one-cent farce; — am I deceived; — or is the low and absurd a little predominant in the piece?

Tools. The Age. The Age is marked by this wondrous nature philosophy as well as by its better chisels and roads and steamers. But the attention of mankind is now fixed on ruddering the balloon, and probably the next war — the war of principles — is to be fought in the air.

The naturalist can carry us no farther than the vesicle, which has the capacity of change into oak, ape, man, and god.

Alcott thinks the American mind a little superior to English, German, Greek, or any other. It is a very amiable opinion and deserves encouragement; and certainly that is best which

1 Respectively, the keeper of a village store where he dispensed his own "Hair Balm," peppermints, and a few drugs; the neighbour across the way; a second-class farmer; and a vivacious Irish boy at the primary school opposite Mr. Emerson's study-windows.

recommends his home and the present hour to every man. Shall I say it has the confirmation of having been held of his own country by every son of Adam?

Shakspeare. One listens to the magnifying of Goethe's poem by his critic, and replies, "Yes, it is good, if you all agree to come in and be pleased"; and you fall into another company and mood, and like it not. It is so with Wordsworth. But to Shakspeare alone God granted the power to dispense with the humours of his company: they must needs all take *his*. He is always good; and Goethe knew it and said, "It is as idle to compare Tieck to me as me to Shakspeare." I looked through the first part of *Faust* to-day, and find it a little too modern and intelligible. We can make such a fabric at several mills, though a little inferior. The miraculous, the beauty which we can manufacture at no mill, can give no account of, it wants.[1]

It is impossible to detach an individual from the mass without injustice and caricature. Do

1 The remainder of the paragraph is found in *English Traits* (p. 256), and in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 69).

not pity Tom because he is low and will remain low all his life, but replace him in the circles and systems wherein he belongs, and there is reaction, compensation, old aboriginal necessity, far-reaching universal connection whose good as well as evil he shares, and in the scope of all of which only can he be rightly seen.

I listen with great pleasure to the masterly lectures of Mr. Scherb,[1] and with none the less that I reserved my opinion and by no means accept his national estimates. But it is a most gratifying monument of culture, his lecture. Such a regnant good sense, such a calm, high, generalizing criticism, so sane, so superior, so catholic, so true to religion and reason; if at all I feel that they are not his own, but that he is the good scholar of better masters, my joy is not the less in the reality of the benefit, or my satisfaction in the conveyance of these healthy waters into our American fields.

He has more self-possession than I have seen in any literary man, and read his lecture to these twelve persons and the empty benches of the little Orthodox vestry with an elegance and finish

1 Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb, a cultivated German patriot earlier mentioned.

as if he were addressing an audience of lords and duchesses in London, as C. remarked. C. said, too, that this elegance of his could not be preserved if he had ever once spoken to a labourer here on such a footing as we all use.

If the tree, the mountain, the lake would only give a token — were it only a waving leaf, a sigh, a ripple — that it knew the man who was born by them, and carried them always in his blood and manners!

Jenny Lind is once for all the standard which every artist and scholar thinks of as the measure of remuneration.

"Even the dæmons cannot interfere among men, but that they are here close to us, all must believe who see the circles of life. All above, as below, is organized, and into the innermost being man may not enter. So let us return the smiles of the angels who look upon our sports, as children return those we so condescendingly bestow. But let the angels know, as we also know for the children, that our place in the universe holds good with theirs, and our games are a part of its music." [Quoted from a lady, one of Mr. Emerson's correspondents.]

I wish I could get the fact about horseshoe nails, which, after being hammered and worn and recast and hammered and worn, are made up into Damascus steel, which is thus a result and simmering down, and last possibility of iron. I believe the tradition is fabulous. But such in Nature are men made up of monads, each of which has held governance of fish or fowl or worm or fly, and is now promoted to be a particle of man.

Prudence. Half measures fail. Don't be leaky.

Power. The French papers say that somebody is revolutionizing mechanics by converting the come-and-go force of the pendulum into a perpetual push, as has been done by steam in the rotation of the paddle-wheel instead of the oar. Well, this power of perpetual push, instead of the push spasmodic, is the differencing power of men. However mild and gentle the nature, if it has a steady push in one direction, it is soon a recognized element in society, and is entitled to shake its head at twenty times as much genius or force of the intermittent kind.

Goethe is the pivotal man of the old and new times with us. He shuts up the old, he opens the new. No matter that you were born since Goethe died, — if you have not read Goethe, or the Goetheans, you are an old fogy, and belong with the antediluvians.

The old Adams and Jay, as Nelson and Wellington, think as I think about the French, that they have no *morale.*

The shape in which Providence appeared to me was in tradesman's bills, and to my dame in derangements of her domestic establishment, — cook, chambermaid, and seamstress.

Miss Peabody[1] ransacks her memory for anecdotes of Margaret's youth, her self-devotion, her disappointments, which she tells with fervency, but I find myself always putting the previous question. These things have no value unless they lead somewhere. If a Burns, if a De Staël, if an artist is the result, our attention is pre-

1 Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who devoted a long life with utter generosity and self-forgetfulness, and perhaps an over-receptive and trustful mind, to the service of humanity. She was Mr. Alcott's assistant in his school and was the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann and Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

engaged; but quantities of rectitude, mountains of merit, chaos of ruins are of no account without result; — 't is all mere nightmare; false instincts; wasted lives.

Now, unhappily, Margaret's writing does not justify any such research. All that can be said is that she represents an interesting hour and group in American cultivation; then that she was herself a fine, generous, inspiring, vinous, eloquent talker, who did not outlive her influence; and a kind of justice requires of us a monument, because crowds of vulgar people taunt her with want of position.

Novels. The merit of Bulwer's *Caxtons*, as of Ward's novel, is that his character has a basis of probity. Thereby he is a gentleman. The vulgar novelist does not give a natural basis to a hero, but one of manners and fortune. It seems a cheap secret: yet it is the secret of the Most High.

August 11.

Carlyle is a better painter in the Dutch style than we have had in literature before. It is terrible — his closeness and fidelity: he copies that which never was seen before. It is like see-

ing your figure in a glass. It is an improvement in writing as strange as Daguerre's in picture, and rightly fell in the same age with that; and yet there is withal an entire reserve on his own part and the hiding of his hand. What do we know of his own life? The courage which is grand, the courage to feel that Nature who made me may be trusted, and one's self painted as also a piece of Nature, he has not.

Beauty. Once open the sense of beauty, and vulgar manners, tricks, bad eating, loud speaking, yelps, and all the miscreation of ugliness become intolerable, and we are reconciled to the intense selfishness and narrowness of "good society," thinking that, bad as it is, the better alternative as long as health lasts.

George Minot says that old Abel Davis went up to Temple, New Hampshire, and was one day fishing there and pulled out a monstrous pickerel: "Wal," said he, "who 'd ever have thought of finding *you* up here in Temple? You and a slice of pork will make Viny and me a good breakfast."

Symbol. Yes, History is a vanishing allegory, and repeats itself to tediousness, a thousand and

a million times. The Rape of the Sabines is perpetual, and the fairest Sabine virgins are every day pounced upon by rough, victorious Romans, masquerading under mere New Hampshire and Vermont and Boston names, as Webster, Choate, Thayer, Bigelow, or other obscurity.

Ellery thinks these waterside cottages of Nahant and Chelsea, and so on, never see the sea. There, it is all dead water, and a place for dead horses, and the smell of Mr. Kip's omnibus stable. But go to Truro, and go on to the beach there, on the Atlantic side, and you will have every stroke of the sea like the cannon of the "Sea-Fencibles." There is a solitude which you cannot stand more than ten minutes.

He thinks the fine art of Goethe and company very dubious, and 't is doubtful whether Sam Ward is quite in his senses in his value of that book of prints of the Italian School, Giotto and the rest. It may do for very idle gentlemen, etc., etc.

I reply, There are a few giants who gave the thing vogue by their realism, — Michel Angelo and Ribera and Salvator Rosa; and the man who made the old Torso Hercules, and

the Phidias — man or men who made the Parthenon reliefs — had a drastic style which a blacksmith or a stonemason would say was starker than their own. And I adhere to Van Waagen's belief, that there is a pleasure from works of art which nothing else can yield.

A woman, never so trim and neat, does not please by inoffensiveness while she only complies with the exactions of our established decorum, but is coarse. But as soon as her own sense of beauty leads her to the same perfect neatness, and we ascribe to her secret neatness, then is she lovely, though sick, poor, and accidentally squalid.

Art. Art lies not in making your object prominent, but in choosing objects that are prominent.

To describe adequately is the high power and one of the highest enjoyments of man.

Our culture or art of life is sadly external. It is certain that the one thing we wish to know is, Where is power to be bought?[1] . . .

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Inspiration" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 269).

I take it to be law that every solid in the universe is ready to become volatile on the approach of the mind.[1] . . .

Our money is only a second-best, or *pis-aller*. We would jump to buy power with it, or first principles, or *first-best*.

Where is the New Metaphysics? We are intent on Meteorology, to find the law of the variable winds, to the end that we may not get our hay wet. I also wish a Farmer's Almanac of the mental moods, that I may farm my mind. There are undulations of power and imbecility and I lose days sitting at my table, which I should gain to my body and mind if I knew beforehand that no thought would come that day. I see plainly enough that ordinarily we take counters for gold, that our eating and trading and marrying and learning are mistaken by us for ends and realities, whilst they are only symbols of true life; and as soon as we have come by a divine leading into the inner firmament, we are apprised of the unreality or representative character of what we had esteemed solidest. Then we say, Here and now! We

1 See *Representative Men* (p. 43).

then see that before this terrific beauty Nature too is cheap; that geometry and astronomy also are its cheap effects, before this pure glory. Yet, ah! if we could once come in and plant our instruments and take some instant measurement and inventory of this Dome, in whose light forms and substances and sciences are dissolved — but we never so much as to enter! — 't is a glimpse; 't is a peeping through a chink; the dream in a dream. We play at Bo-peep with Truth, and cannot write the Chapter of Metaphysics. We write books, "How to observe," etc., yet the Kant or the Plato of the Inner World, which is Heaven, has not come.

September.

Art. 'T is indifferent whether you say, all is matter, or, all is spirit; and 't is plain there is a tendency in the times to an identity-philosophy. You do not degrade man by saying, spirit is only finer body; nor exalt him by saying, matter is phenomenal merely; all rests on the affection of the theorist, — on the question whether his aim be noble.

Here and there were souls which saw through peaches and wine, politics, money, and women, saw that these as objects of desire were all alike,

and all cheats: that the finest fruit is dirty, and must be seen by the soul as it is seen by the provision-dealer; and that all the other allurements that infatuate men, and which they play for, are the selfsame thing, with a new gauze or two of illusion overlaid. But the soul is distinguished by its aim, — what is its end? This reacts, this far future consummation which it seeks reacts through ages, and ennobles and beatifies every modern moment, and makes the individual grand among his coevals, though they had every advantage of skill, force, and favor. Here and there is a soul which is a seed or principle of good, a needle pointing to the true north, thrown into the mountains of foolishness and desarts of evil, and therefore maligned and isolated by the rest. This soul has the secret of power, this soul achieves somewhat new and beautiful which endears heaven and earth to mankind and lends a domestic grace to the sun and the stars.

Edith's opinion. Edith, when a little girl, whimpered when her mother described the joys of Heaven. She did not want to go there, she "wanted to stay" (and she looked round the room) "where there was folks, and *things, and a door!*"

Ellery thinks that he is the lucky man who can write in bulk forty pages on a hiccough, ten pages on a man's sitting down in a chair, like Hawthorne, etc., that will go.

In some sort the end of life is that the man should take up the universal into himself.[1]

Experience. I know that men are meteorous, and the world is, and that the truisms of morals are the eternal law: but my experience gives me no ground to believe that I can rashly realize my aspirations, and with these hands and feet and head obey the poetic rule.

Once again in celebration of the Intellect, it is true that the world is wrong and we are right; that our conversation once or twice with our mates has apprised us that we belong to better circles than we have yet beheld; that there is a music somewhere awaiting us that shall make us "forget the taste of meat"; a mental power whose generalizations are more worth for joy and for avail than anything that is now called philosophy or literature;[2] . . .

1 For the rest of this passage, see "Education" (*Letters and Biographical Sketches*, p. 151).

2 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 63).

All men know the truth, but what of that? It is rare to find one that knows how to speak it.[1] . . . By and by comes by a facility, a walking facility. He can move the mountain and carry off yonder star as easily as he carries the hair on his head. Yet who is he, and whence? God knows; his brother is an idiot, his father is a pawn-broker, his mother is a cow.

Culture. Plainly, a man can spare nothing: he wants blackest night and whitest day, sharp eye, fleet foot, strong hand, head of Jove, health, sleep, appetite, and conscience like a clock. The finest artist, the tenderest poet wants the ferocity of cannibals, only transmuted into his milder instruments, as battery or magazine to furnish out his long-drawn sweetness.

Michel Angelo and Raphael in the next age reappeared as Milton and Shakspeare.

October 14.

To-day is holden at Worcester the "Woman's Convention." I think that as long as they have not equal rights of property and right of voting they are not on the right footing. But

1 Much of this passage is printed in *Natural History of Intellect* (pp. 46, 47).

this wrong grew out of the savage and military period, when, because a woman could not defend herself, it was necessary that she should be assigned to some man who was paid for guarding her. Now, in more tranquil and decorous times it is plain she should have her property, and, when she marries, the parties should, as regards property, go into a partnership full or limited, but explicit and recorded.

For the rest, I do not think a woman's convention, called in the spirit of this at Worcester, can much avail. It is an attempt to manufacture public opinion, and of course repels all persons who love the simple and direct method. I find the evils real and great. If I go from Hanover Street to Atkinson Street,—as I did yesterday,—what hundreds of extremely ordinary, paltry, hopeless women I see, whose plight, inscribed on their forms, "Leave all hope behind," is piteous to think of. If it were possible to repair the rottenness of human nature, to provide a rejuvenescence, all were well, and no specific reform, no legislation would be needed. For as soon as you have a sound and beautiful woman, a figure in the style of the antique Juno, Diana, Pallas, Venus, and the Graces, all falls into place, the men are magnetized, heaven opens, and no

lawyer need be called in to prepare a clause, for woman moulds the lawgiver.[1] I should therefore advise that the Woman's Convention should be holden in the Sculpture Gallery, that this high remedy might be suggested.

October 27.

It would be hard to recall the rambles of last night's talk with Henry Thoreau. But we stated over again, to sadness almost, the eternal loneliness. I found that though the stuff of Tragedy and of Romances is in a moral union of two superior persons, and the confidence of each in the other, for long years, out of sight and in sight, and against all appearances, is at last justified by victorious proof of probity to gods and men, causing a gush of joyful emotion, tears, glory, or what-not,— though there be for heroes this *moral union*, yet they, too, are still as far off as ever from an intellectual union, and this moral union is for comparatively low and external purposes, like the coöperation of a ship's crew or of a fire-club. But how insular and pathetically solitary are all the people we know! . . .

1 A similar sentence is found in the Boston Address "Woman," given in 1855 (*Miscellanies*, p. 425).

I saw yesterday, Sunday, whilst at dinner, my neighbor Hosmer creeping into my barn. At once it occurred, "Well, men are lonely, to be sure, and here is this able, social, intellectual farmer under this grim day, as grimly, sidling into my barn, in the hope of some talk with me, showing me how to husband my corn-stalks. Forlorn enough!"

Beware of engagements. Learn to say No, and drop resolutely all false claims. I suppose I have a letter, each week, asking an autograph; one each quarter, asking anti-slavery lecture; one yesterday, asking particulars of the life of Mr. Carlyle, etc., etc. And every day is taxed by the garden, the orchard, the barn.

Faith shall be justified. Live for the year, not for the day. Let logic, let character rule the hour. That is never vulgar.

October.

In reading Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, I still feel, as of old, that the best service Carlyle has rendered is to Rhetoric or the art of writing. Now here is a book in which the vicious conventions of writing are all dropped; you have no board interposed between you and the writer's mind, but he talks flexibly, now high,

now low, in loud, hard emphasis, then in undertones, then laughs outright, then calmly narrates, then hints or raises an eyebrow, and all this living narration is daguerreotyped for you in his page. He has gone nigher to the wind than any other craft. No book can any longer be tolerable in the old husky Neal-on-the-Puritans model. But he does not, for all that, very much uncover his secret mind.[1]

A personal influence towers up in the memory only worthy when we would gladly forget numbers or money, or climate, gravitation, and

1 This passage, although printed in "Art and Criticism," is retained here because that lecture is only preserved in the Centenary Edition.

Observe that it is only the style and rhetoric that are praised. In the letter acknowledging the gift, Mr. Emerson said, "I rejoiced with the rest of mankind in the *Life of Sterling* . . . yet I see well that I should have held to his opinion in all those conferences where you have so quietly assumed the palm."

It is remarkable how much more real sympathy was between Emerson and Sterling, brave poet and idealist and helpful man, as may be seen throughout their letters (though unhappily these friends never met) than between Carlyle and Emerson. Their long and true friendship endured the better that they had the Atlantic between them. (See *Emerson-Sterling Correspondence, passim.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

the rest of Fate. Margaret, wherever she came, fused people into society, and a glowing company was the result. When I think how few persons can do that feat for the intellectual class, I feel our squalid poverty.

Undoubtedly if a Concord man of 1750 could come back in our street to-day, and walk from the meeting-house to the Depot, he would recognize all the people as if they were his own contemporaries. Yes, that is a Buttrick; and that a Flint; and that Barrett or Minot, . . . for no doubt a regent atom or monad constrains all the other particles to take its feature and temperament.

But no man outsees another: no man's verdict is final on another; the reserves, the remains are immense. The observer has really, though he were Socrates, no sense to apprehend the other's peculiarity.

November 1.

I suppose at last culture will absorb the hells also. There is nothing that is not wanted for bone or fibre, for shade or for color.

Practice is as much wanted for metaphysical as for weaving or ploughing skill. It is not until

after a long time exploring this dim field in conversation that we begin to see well what is there.

We believe that men will not all or always be local, spotty, trifling, but that men will come native to all districts of Nature, all related; who will suck the earth, the air, the sea; be solidly related to the forest and the mineral; amphibious, with one door down into Tartarus, and one door upward into light, belonging to both; and when such men are possible, some of the meaner kinds will become impossible and pass into the fossil remains.

Culture. War, Party, Luxury, Avarice, Whiggery, Radical are so many asses with loaded panniers, to serve the kitchen of the king, who is Intellect. There is nothing that does not pass into lever or weapon,—masses of men, Christianity.

With culture, too, the self-direction develops. In the fables, the disk Chakra (?), the weapon of Hari, is self-directing, and leaps upon his enemies. In the Edda, the ship of the gods is self-steered. In the Persian fables, the divine horses refuse any rider but their own hero. A man might as easily mount a lion as Kyrat if

Kyrat's master have not laid the bridle in his hands; and the god Freye has a sword so good that it will itself strew a field with carnage when the owner so ordered it.

The malignity of parties betrays the want of great men. If there were a powerful person to be the Belisarius of Free Soil, he would strike terror into these rich Whigs and these organized vulgarities called the Democracy.

The puzzle of currency remains for rich and poor. I never saw a rich man who thought he knew whence the hard times came.

But Free Trade must be right and the annexation of England to America, and as for the tariff, that interests only a few rich gentlemen in Boston and Philadelphia. The railroad capital vastly exceeds the manufacturing capital in Boston, too. But I think we shall never understand political economy until we get Béranger or Burns or some poet to teach it in songs.

I think that a man should compare advantageously with a river, with an oak, with a mountain, endless flow, expansion, and grit.

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JOURNAL

CONDUCT OF LIFE COURSE

SPEECH TO ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY MONTREAL

KOSSUTH VISITS CONCORD

DELIA BACON

WALKS AND TALKS WITH CHANNING

GLIMPSES OF THOREAU

WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT

WINTHROP AT COMMENCEMENT

WRITING ON ENGLAND

WEBSTER'S DISAPPOINTMENT AND DEATH

JOURNAL XLIII

1852

(From Journals DO and GO)

[In January Mr. Emerson delivered in Boston the course on the Conduct of Life, and one or more lectures in many New England towns. In February he lectured in New York City and State, and in March in Maine and Massachusetts.]

(From DO)

At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.[1]

MARTIAL.

The best in us is our profound feeling of interest in the whole of Nature. Every man feels that everything is his cousin, that he has to do with all. Blot out any part of nature, and he too would lose. The great words of the world such as *analogy* : — what a step mankind took when Plato first spoke that word! analogy is identity of ratio, and what civilization, what

1 Freely rendered, —

My own right hand my cup-bearer shall be.

mounting from savage beginnings does it not require! the primary and secondary senses, the several planes or platforms on which the same truth is repeated. So the word of ambition, the proud word of modern science is *homology*.

"These we must join to wake, for these are of the strain
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain."

Horatio Greenough	Edwin P. Whipple
H. D. Thoreau	Wm. Mathews
J. Elliot Cabot	J. G. Whittier
J. Peter Lesley	J. R. Lowell
C. K. Newcomb	Theodore Parker
John Weiss	W. E. Channing
Henry James	J. Whelpley
T. W. Higginson	David W. Wasson

George F. and T. H. Talbot, Portland, Maine.
Rev. W. D. Moore, Greensburg, Pa.
Frank B. Sanborn, Hampton Falls, N. H.
George Moore, Andover.[1]

Reality. The question of life is evermore between (1) doing something well, — which is an immense satisfaction to doer and beholder; —

1 All these Mr. Emerson counted sure friends of Freedom.

and (2) self-possession, being real. Private life is the place of honour.

'T is said, a man can't be aught in politics without some cordial support in his own district; nor can a man dupe others long, who has not duped himself first.

I prefer[1] . . . a little integrity to any career. Come back from California, or Japan, or Heaven, or the Pit, and find me there where I was. That reality is the charm on which a good novel relies, as *Villette*.

The *animus* disposes the form, as of man or woman and of every particular man or woman.

Of Henry Thoreau. He who sees the horizon may securely say what he pleases of any tree or twig between him and it.

The misfortune of scholars is that people are non-conductors.

The day will come when no badge, uniform, or star will be worn,[2] . . .

I find one state of mind does not remember or conceive of another state. Thus I have writ-

1 The omitted portion is in "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 323).

2 The rest of the paragraph is found in "Greatness" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 312).

ten within a twelvemonth verses ("Days") which I do not remember the composition or correction of, and could not write the like to-day, and have only, for proof of their being mine, various external evidences, as the MS. in which I find them, and the circumstance that I have sent copies of them to friends, etc., etc. Well, if they had been better, if it had been a noble poem, perhaps it would have only more entirely taken up the ladder into heaven. See on this poppy journal HO.[1]

Which was the best age of philosophy? That in which there were yet no philosophers.

Eternity is very long; opportunity is a very little portion of it, but worth the whole of it. If God gave me my choice of the whole planet, or my little farm, I should certainly take my farm.

[Tom Appleton said at the dinner the other day,] "Canvasback ducks eat the wild celery, and the common black duck, if it eats the wild celery, is just as good—only, damn them, they won't eat it."

1 The sentence referred to, written the next year, is this: "Poppy leaves are strewn when a generalization is made, for I can never remember the circumstances to which I owe it, so as to repeat the experiment or put myself in the conditions."

The English are not particularly desirous that foreign nations should be ably represented at their court: and are very willing to soothe Mr. Everett or Mr. Lawrence, in all the journals of the kingdom to any extent of compliment, if they can get the best end of the bargain from them when it comes to business. And if Mr. Gallatin or Mr. Adams were sent, the journals would, no doubt, be ready to mortify them with any amount of slight and snubbing, if it would disgust and drive such formidable attorneys home.

Jeremiah Mason said to Richard H. Dana: "Law school? A man must read law in the court house." And Mr. Arnold took "Hoar's treatise on the Vine" into his garden, but could not find that kind of buds and eyes on his vines: and it is true that all the theory in the world is vain without the thumb of practice. What could Coke or Blackstone do against the bullies of the Middlesex Bar, as F—— and Butler? No, you must have equal spunk and face them down, — ready-witted, ready-handed.

[New Bedford, *March* (?) 1852.]

Mr. Arnold thinks very humbly of the general ability of merchants: they have narrow

views. Each thinks in the morning, "I must make a hundred dollars to-day," and if he looks further, it is only to reckon how much that will make in a year. But he has no knowledge of the scope and issues of his own trade. He thinks the lawyers have much more extent of view, and, if he must confide public business to a class, would confide it to them.

Mr. Arnold explained the advantages and independence of New Bedford trade. The Hamburg ship is sent from New York to New Bedford to load with oil: it is cheaper to load here, and it is better done. The coopers understand it. The cooper hugs the oil cask as if he loved it, and handles it well.

I like that New England, like Greece, should owe its power to the genius of its people. There is no prosperity here, no trade, or art, or city, or great wealth of any kind, but, if you trace it home, you will find it rooted in the energy of some individual; and it seems as if the welfare of the country were the deed of some twenty or thirty ingenious and forcible persons.

If a young man come home from college, and find his father coming in every day to dinner in

his shirt-sleeves, from the field, — he is forced himself to adopt, at once, some lucrative employment. But if he finds his father at ease in the parlour, — he will never go to work himself. Five hundred pounds a year is a sure recipe to make a *fainéant* in England.

When a personality reaches such a strength as that of Peter the Great, or Bonaparte, or Kossuth, it is a fair offset to the Andes of conventionalism.

European politics are too translatable into American. The *Transcript*, *Daily Advertiser*, etc., take, on each question, the Metternich view. In our Massachusetts courts, too, the judge is on the side of the criminal.

Few know how to read. Women read to find a hero whom they can love; men, for amusement; editors, for something to crib; authors, for something that supports their view: and hardly one reads comprehensively and wisely.

The new dances, in which the dancers walk single-file up and down the room, put every one on his means, and are a severe test. That is, dancing is only learned to teach us to walk,

as the Roman soldier carried heavier loads in peace than in war.

Tin pan. I am made happy by a new thought. . . . While this thought glitters newly before me, I think Wall Street nothing. I accurately record the thought, and think I have got it. After a few months, I come again to the record, and it seems a mere bit of glistening tin or tinsel, and no such world wisdom. In fact, the universe had glowed with its eternal blaze, and I had chipped off this scale, through which its light shone, thinking this the diamond, and put it in my jewel box, and now it is nothing but a dead scale.

Beauty. Little things are often filled with great beauty. The cigar makes visible the respiration of the body, an universal fact, of which the ebb and flow of the sea-tide is only one example.

"I hate the aristocracy," said Samuel Rogers to Judge D'Uer. "I hate them." "What, you! the friend of Lord Holland, and Lord Essex, and of so many nobles?" "Yes, I hate them. I never enter one of their houses, but I am made to feel that they are the great lords, and I the low plebeian."

[Here follows the remarkable story of M. Tissenet and the Indians, when he saved his life adroitly by pretended magic with mirror, wig, alcohol, and burning-glass,—drawn from *Nouveaux Voyages dans l'Amérique septentrionale*, by Capitaine Bossu; for which see "Resources" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 145, 146). Carlyle sent the book to Emerson (*Correspondence*, vol. ii, pp. 197 and 209).]

April 13.

In the United States Senate, April 12, Mr. Dawson of Georgia presented a petition from Harris County, Georgia, calling the attention of Congress to the enormous expenditures of the Government: and, as one step toward arresting the lavish expenditures, he was against granting any additional aid to the Collins line of steamers, "if the object be to enter into a contest with Great Britain to display finery and gewgaws." — *Telegraphic Report.*

Northman

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,
It helped my rowers to row;
The storm is my best galley-hand,
And drives me where I go.

Gazetted terms. After all; Kindred spirit; Yes, to a certain extent; As a general thing; Quite a number.

"I do not wish this or that thing my fortune will procure, I wish the great fortune," said Henry James, and said it in the noble sense.

A man is a battery whose circuit should be complete, like the ball of the earth, which is also a battery; but, for the most part, the circuit is interrupted, and you see only the gear or rigging of a battery.

The Purist who refuses to vote, because the government does not content him in all points, should refuse to feed a starving beggar, lest he should feed his vices.

"Bend one cubit to straighten eight."

Ellery says, "What a fine day is this! Nothing about immortality here!"

The illustrations in modern books mark the decline of art. 'T is the dram-drinking of the eye, and candy for food; as whales and horses and elephants, produced on the stage, show decline of drama.

"*Il faut écrire*," said Mallet du Pan, "*avec un fer rouge pour exciter maintenant aucune sensation.*"

MONTREAL, *April* 19.

Saw this morning the *shove* in the St. Lawrence, and, as I stood on the quay, acres of ice floated swiftly by downstream, and, with the rest, a large piece of the road which I had traversed across the ice on Saturday. A part of the road was making formidable plunges and revolutions as it was jammed against the shore ice.

MONTREAL, *April* 21.

The south shore of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec is cut up into *seigneuries*, a tract of land of say three leagues square, being granted to a *seigneur*, who is to cut roads, build mills, etc., and he divides the land into lots among the *censitaires* who pay an annual rent of two or three sous on the *arpent*, and whenever they sell their farm, the *seigneur* receives one twelfth (?) of the purchase money under the name of *lodes et ventes;* and whenever the *seigneur* sells his *seigneurie*, the Crown receives one fifth of the price of the *seigneurie*, and these rights are perpetual. If the land has a new tenant every year, the *seigneur* has a new twelfth;

and if the *seigneurie* is sold every year, the Crown a new fifth.

The *seigneuries* are of all sizes and values, from £75 to £2000 a year; and are divided and subdivided by inheritance. The Seminary of Saint Sulpice here owns the whole island of Montreal, or did own it until the act was passed called *commutation*, by which the *seigneur* is compelled to sell the fee of the land, if five per cent be paid for his *seigneural* rights. The richest *seigneurie* is that of Beauharnois.

The land is settled in townships to the north of Montreal, back for one hundred and fifty miles, almost exclusively by French farmers, — though there are two or three English settlements, as New Glasgow, — and is a good wheat country. They make this year, and at this very time, April 20, a good deal of maple sugar; the country eighty miles to the north, now lying under two or three feet of snow.

The arms or emblem of Canada is a maple leaf and a beaver.

Mr. Baxter's answer, procured from an engineer, to Thoreau's queries is as follows: —

36,800 English feet in a French *arpent*.

In Canada, 1 French *pied* = 1.06575 Eng. feet.

In France, 1 French *pied* = 13.11 inches Eng.
In Canada, 1 *lieue* = 3 miles English.

In Lachine, I saw pass Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, who, I was told, is the only man who has gone round the world by land; an expression which must be used, of course, with some latitude, as the first step of it is to sail from Liverpool to New York.

[Mr. Emerson's speech at the Dinner of the St. George's Society, Montreal, April 23, 1852:]

Mr. President, — I am flattered by the invitation to respond to the sentiment of the Chair, though I am quite uncertain of being able to show this company how cordially I do it. But you are to know that we Americans feel our relation to England to be so strict, — we have kept our pedigree so pure, — that we praise very willingly England, as a son praises his mother. I hope you will not recall M. Talleyrand's speech to the youth who vaunted his mother's beauty, "*Mais donc, c'était M. votre père qui n'était pas si bien.*" So I hope you will not be provoked to criticise the American element in us, that differences us from the English.

I have taken up so much of the time of my friends in Montreal that I must cut short what I have to say. But it strikes me that England owes her splendid career to the rare coincidence of a good race and good place. It was a lucky fit. We say in a yacht-race, that, if the boats are anywhere nearly matched, it is the man that wins. Put the best sailing master into either boat, and he will win.

England is like a ship anchored in the sea, at the side of Europe and right in the heart of the modern world. As soon as this ship got a hardy crew into it, they could not help becoming the sailors and factors of the globe. It was like a man living in a lighthouse, — his boys learn to swim like fishes and their playthings are boats, and, as in sailing round the world (when there was "no peace beyond the line"), there were plenty of hard knocks going, they were good at that game too. So these stout fellows went up and down the world, and were more abroad than they were at home, and took early lessons in the game of annexation, until they have got a good part of the world in their hands. Well, the more they went abroad, the more they found to do at home, for, having, as shopmen say, the very best business *stand* in the

whole planet, they were sure of a sale of all the goods they can possibly manufacture.

With this prosperity, the virtues of the race shone out. 'T is said, there are not as great individuals now as then on earth. Some countries only furnish officers; and others, men; old Persia, men, and Sparta, officers. France, England, America furnish officers and engineers to Russia and Turkey. But England has good rank and file, and there is not a county or a town in England but has yielded its contingent of worthy men, in old or in new times, to the country and the race. The first name for intellect in the human race is Shakspeare; the first for capacity in exact science is Newton; and where, out of his country, has Milton his superior in epic or in lyric song? What lawgiver in learning or reason has excelled Bacon? These four; yet this is the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Hooker, Taylor, Dryden, and Locke, and the race is not yet extinct: witness Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth. These heroes of peace have been flanked by the heroes of action, by the Drakes, Blakes, Cavendishes, Cooks, Marlboroughs, Nelsons, Wellingtons. And, one would say, the island has so long been the abode of a civil and free race that the very dust is the

remains of good and brave men, and the air retains the virtue their souls have shed into it, and they who inhale it feel its quality.

But I do not say these things to feed your pride and mine, but because we are to hear the appeal of the ancestors to the children. We must feel as the Romans who put the statues of their fathers in the atrium, that every time the man entered his door, he might pass through the line of his forefathers.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and manners hold
Which Milton held; in everything, we are sprung
From Earth's first blood, — have titles manifold."

I must not omit to record the pleasure which a circumstance gave me at the St. George's Festival in Montreal. The English there complimented each other by saying that they hoped it would be found that, whenever they met an Englishman, they found one who would speak the truth, and we cannot think this festival fruitless, if, all over the world, on April 23 (the birth and death day of Shakspeare also), wherever two or three Englishmen are found, they meet to encourage each other in the nationality of speaking the truth.

It is noticeable in Montreal that all the churches have a national attraction, as well as religious, for their votaries. St. Andrew's is the Scottish Kirk; St. Patrick's is the Irish Catholic; St. David's, the Welsh; St. George's the English; the Bostonians go to the Unitarian.

I found, on the 22d April, ten feet of old snow on each side of the carriage in riding out to Judge Day's, three miles from Montreal.

Mr. McDonald made me laugh with his account of lectures in Montreal. He said, if there were only two fellows left in Montreal, one would deliver a lecture and the other would hear it.

"*Souffrir de tout le monde et ne faire souffrir personne*," was the inscription over a door in the *Sœurs Grises*.

There is wonderful prodigality about the English genius in the Sixteenth Century. Their poets had marvellous stores to draw from, by simple force of mind equalizing themselves with the science of ours. There was a posset or drink called October, and they in like manner knew how to distil a whole September with harvests and astronomy into their verses,[1] . . .

1 The rest of the paragraph thus beginning is in *English Traits* (p. 237).

Mr. Downer at Dorchester said to me that they found that, among those who came out of the city and built or bought country-seats, those who got snug homes remained, those who got bleak ones (fine view, etc.) did not stay long, but sold out; a fact worth inserting in the "Economy" lecture.

[Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and exile, then striving to interest the people of the United States in his country's behalf, visited Concord on May 11 and met with a cordial reception. He made an eloquent address in the Town Hall. Hon. John S. Keyes presided on this occasion, and Mr. Emerson made the address of welcome which is printed in the *Miscellanies*.]

Wednesday, *May* 19.

I saw Miss Delia Bacon, at Cambridge, at the house of Mrs. Becker, and conversed with her on the subject of Shakspeare.[1] Miss Bacon

1 Miss Delia S. Bacon, an American lady of great intelligence and nobility of character, who became utterly absorbed in the works attributed to Shakespeare, but which she believed from her profound studies of the plays, and of Bacon's writings, were surely mainly the work of the latter and some of his friends. She cared less about the establishing the authorship (the secret of which she was sure would be found in Shake-

thinks that a key will yet be found to Shakspeare's interior sense; that some key to his secret may yet be discovered at Stratford, and I fancy, thinks the famous epitaph, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear," protects some explanation of it. Her skepticism in regard to the authorship goes beyond the skepticism of Wolf in regard to Homer, or Niebuhr to Latin history.

The multitude of translations from the Latin and Greek Classics, that have been lately published, have made great havoc with the old study of those languages. At Cambridge, every student is provided with a Bohn's translation of his

speare's coffin) than that the world should, through her explanations and promptings, learn the true science of all things which the plays were written to unfold. Mr. Emerson, Carlyle, and especially Hawthorne, our consul in England, while Miss Bacon was working herself to death there, though none of them accepted her belief, held this lonely and devoted apostle in high respect, and gave her all the help and furtherance they could. She literally gave her reason and life to her work, which she pursued in great poverty and absolute isolation in England for three or four years. (See various mentions of Miss Bacon in the *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, and in Hawthorne's *English Note-Books*; also the interesting and tragic story of her life, *Delia Bacon*, by Leonard Bacon, Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1888.)

author, and much the same effect is produced as when lexicons were first introduced. The only remedy would be a rage for prosody, which would enforce attention to the words themselves of the Latin or Greek verse.

I saw Judd[1] in Augusta, in February, and asked him who his companions were? He said, "sunsets." I told him, I thought they needed men. He said, "He was a priest, and conversed with the sick and dying." I told him, Yes, very well, if people were sick and died to any purpose; but, as far as I had observed, they were quite as frivolous as the rest, and that a man peremptorily needed now and then a reasonable word or two.

To what base uses we put this ineffable intellect! To reading all day murders and railroad accidents, to choosing patterns for waistcoats and scarfs.

A man is a torpedo to a man. I see him with wonder; he looks open and radiant, a god in the world; he understands astronomy, love, and

1 Rev. Sylvester Judd, the author of *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal.*

heroism. But I touch him, and am frozen by him. Wonderful power to benumb possesses this Brother. Beware of a pair of eyes! What a puzzle! He is little enough, and nobody; as he comes down the hill, the sun shining in his eyes, the east wind blowing, he is only sensible, like an ox, of petty inconveniences. But he takes a book, or hears a fact or sentiment, he dilates; he knows nature, and the unspoken, unpenetrated universe. In this exaltation all bars sink, he is open as the element,—one man is suddenly tantamount to the race. These powers, so great, yet so haphazard discovered,—how easily he might have missed them! Well, now he has them, and the magnificent dreams begin. All history, nay, all fable, Alexander, Haroun Alraschid, Hari himself, could do no more than this unaided person will. We hear and believe. But, from month to month, from year to year, he delays, and does not. He has passed out of the exaltation, and his hands are not equal to his thought, nor are the hands of his mind equal to the eyes of his mind. This tremendous limitation, this Fate, whereby that which seems so facile, and, of course, only gets done by here and there a special hero, to do one specialty of it, once in five hundred years; another to do another spe-

cialty in another five hundred years; and so it takes two thousand years for the dream of one hour to be fulfilled.

Observe, that the whole history of the intellect is expansions and concentrations.[1] . . .

But all this old song I have trolled a hundred times already, in better ways, only, last night, Henry Thoreau insisted much on "expansions," and it sounded new.

But of the congelation I was to add one word, that, by experience, having learned that this old inertia, or quality of oak and granite, inheres in us, and punishes, as it were, any fit of geniality, we learn with surprise that our fellow man, or one of our fellow men or fellow women, is a doctor or enchanter, who snaps the staunch iron hoops that bind us, thaws the fatal frost, and sets all the particles dancing each round each. He must be inestimable to us to whom we can say what we cannot say to ourselves.

June 1.

The belief of some of our friends in their duration suggests one of those musty householders who keep every broomstick and old grate, put in a box every old tooth that falls out of

1 See *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 58).

their heads, preserve the ancient frippery of their juvenile wardrobe, and they think God saves all the old souls which he has used up. What does he save them for?

Smith, in *The Divine Drama*, rightly sees the unconventionality of the Supreme Actor. And I find in my platoon contrasted figures; as, my brothers, and Everett, and Caroline,[1] and Margaret, and Elizabeth, and Jones Very, and Sam Ward, and Henry Thoreau, and Alcott, and Channing. Needs all these and many more to represent my relations.[2]

Besides, what we ask daily is to be conven-

1 Caroline Sturgis, later Mrs. William Tappan, of Lenox.

2 In this connection it may be mentioned that, during the summer, Hawthorne, returning from three years' sojourn in Lenox, came to Concord with his wife and three children and bought the "Wayside" on the Lexington road for his home, although his appointment in the next summer to the United States consulship at Liverpool took him away from Concord for seven years, the last three spent on the Continent. His shyness and Mr. Emerson's preoccupation prevented their frequent meetings, though each was glad of the other's neighborhood.

At about this time Mr. Emerson added to his small farm four acres for pasture and tillage on the south side of the Mill Brook which ran behind his garden.

tional: . . . Saadi and Æsop and Cervantes and Ben Jonson had, I doubt not, the tinker element and tinker experience which Miss Bacon wishes to ward off from Shakspeare, but which he must also have, as well as the courtly, which she wishes to claim for him, yet a great poet must be of the middle classes. See what is said in Eckermann, vol. i, p. 210.

Napoleon was intellectual; valued things as they were, and not after fear or favour. How few men wish to know how the thing really stands, what is the law of it, without reference to any persons!

Henry Thoreau's idea of the men he meets is, that they are his old thoughts walking. It is all affectation to make much of them, as if he did not long since know them thoroughly.

(From GO)

Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor.[1] OVID.

"Sit nulla fides augentibus omnia musis."[2]

June 7.

We had a good walk, Channing and I, along

1 Old things may give others joy, but happy am I that I was not born till now.

2 Believe not that the Muses will aid in all things.

the bank of the North Branch to the swamp, and to the "Harrington Estate." Channing's young dog scampered and dived and swam at such a prodigal rate that one could not help grudging the youth of the universe (the animals) their Heaven. They must think us poor pedants in petticoats, as poet Cowper is painted in the Westall Editions. How much more the dog knows of nature than his master, though his master were an Indian. The dog tastes, snuffs, rubs, feels, tries, everything, everywhere, through miles of bush, brush, grass, water, mud, lilies, mountain, and sky.

At present, however, at night, I am haunted by the lines —

"The stars are in the quiet sky," etc.;

which I first heard sung under the mimick stars of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky. But there is a charm in the line for my ear and fancy, and I must inquire for the song.

In our walk we came to Ellery's garden of lupines, — a quarter of an acre covered over with a wild bed of lupines, which, when the sun shone, looked like saloons of beauties in *mousseline de laines*.

Nature's best feat is enamouring the man of

these children, like kissing the knife that is to cut his throat, — they sucking, fretting, mortifying, ruining him, and upsetting him at last, because they want his chair, and he, dear old donkey, well pleased to the end.

There is such an obvious accumulation of dexterity in the use of tools in the old scholar and thinker that it is not to be believed Nature will be such a spendthrift as to sponge all this out, like figures from a slate. Ellery replies, that there is a great deal of self-importance, and that the good Oriental who cuts such a figure was bit by this fly. Yes; but the key to the world is to transfer all those conceits to the gases of chemistry, and, though they have no value from the point of view of the individual, they have value as brute fact.

Men achieve a certain greatness, to their own surprise, whilst they were striving to achieve quite another conventional one.

Metonomy. Poetry seems to begin in the slightest change of name, or, detecting identity under variety of surface. Boys please themselves with crying to the coachman, "Put on the string," instead of *lash.* With calling a fire-engine a *tub;* and the engine men *Tigers.* A

boy's game of ball is called *Four Old Cats*. Poetry calls a snake a *worm*. In a shipwreck, the sea novel finds "*cordilleras* of water." I can never lose the ludicrous effect of using the word *tin* for *money*.

June 13.

Yesterday a walk with Ellery to the Lincoln Mill Brook, to Nine-Acre Corner, and Conantum. It was the first right day of summer. Air, cloud, river, meadow, upland, mountain, all were in their best. We took a swim at the outlet of the little brook at Baker Farm. Ellery is grown an accomplished Professor of the art of Walking, and leads like an Indian. He likes the comic surprise of his botanic information which is so suddenly enlarged. Since he knew Thoreau, he carries a little pocket-book, in which he affects to write down the name of each new plant or the first day on which he finds the flower. He admires viburnum and cornel, and despises door-yards with foreign shrubs. Mr. Lee's farm at Nine-Acre Corner, he thinks the best situated house in Concord; — southern exposure, land rising behind close to the river, which lies in front, crossed by the bridge, and with wide outlook to the south and southwest.

The view of the river from the top of the

hill (Mine Hill) we found lovely, and had much to think of Mr. Gilpin[1] all the afternoon. The river just filled its banks to the brim, a rare sight.

Another fine picture from the top of Conantum, where a view of Concord village has newly been opened by cutting away the wood last winter. The red sorrel gives the rich hue to the pastures. At Conantum, we visited the "Arboretum," where we found sassafras, bass, cornel, viburnum, ash, oak, slippery elm in close vicinity. Ellery has much to say of the abundance and perfection of lemon-yellow in nature which he finds in potentilla, ranunculus, cistus, yellow star of Bethlehem, etc., and which chemistry cannot well produce. M. Bouvières (I believe it is) spent his life in producing a good yellow pigment.

Miss B——, a mantuamaker in Concord, became a "Medium," and gave up her old trade for this new one; and is to charge a pistareen a spasm, and nine dollars for a fit. This is the Rat-revelation, the gospel that comes by taps in the wall, and thumps in the table-drawer.

1 William Gilpin, born 1724, author of works on English Forest Scenery, Picturesque Tours, and Gardens.

The spirits make themselves of no reputation. They are rats and mice of society. And one of the demure disciples of the rat-tat-too, the other day, remarked that "this, like every other communication from the spiritual world, began very low."

What is the reason of the extremely bad character of New Hampshire politics? "We ha'n't any honesty," said Jeremiah Mason, speaking of his compatriots of New Hampshire, to Samuel Hoar.

Mr. Hoar thinks that the whole school of New Hampshire public men, such as Levi Woodbury, differ *toto cælo* from such men as Judge Parsons, and his class, in Massachusetts.

He that commits a crime defeats the object of his existence.

Trifles, Manners. 'T is a narrow line that divides an awkward act from the finish of gracefulness. Every man eats well alone. Let a stranger come in, and he misses his mouth, spills his butter boat, and fails of finding the joint in carving, and that by so little. "Gold teaspoons constrain us, if we are used to silver."

July 6.

The head of Washington hangs in my dining-room for a few days past, and I cannot keep my eyes off of it. It has a certain Appalachian strength, as if it were truly the first-fruits of America, and expressed the Country. The heavy, leaden eyes turn on you, as the eyes of an ox in a pasture. And the mouth has a gravity and depth of quiet, as if this MAN had absorbed all the serenity of America, and left none for his restless, rickety, hysterical countrymen. Noble, aristocratic head, with all kinds of elevation in it, that come out by turns. Such majestical ironies, as he hears the day's politics, at table. We imagine him hearing the letter of General Cass, the letter of General Scott, the letter of Mr. Pierce, the effronteries of Mr. Webster recited. This man listens like a god to these low conspirators.

Henry Thoreau rightly said, the other evening, talking of lightning-rods, that the only rod of safety was in the vertebræ of his own spine.[1]

Euripides, Æschylus, are again the well-known pair of Beauty and Strength, which we

1 Mr. Emerson used this speech of Thoreau in "Worship" and in "Aristocracy."

had in Raphael and Angelo, in Shakspeare and Milton. What Æschylus will translate our heaven-tempting politics into a warning Ode, strophe and antistrophe? A slave, son of a member of Congress, flees from the plantation-whip to Boston, is snatched by the marshal, is rescued by the citizens; an excited population; a strong chain is stretched round the Court House. Webster telegraphs from Washington urgent orders to prosecute rigorously. Whig orators and interests intervene. Whig wisdom of waiting to be last devoured. Slave is caught, tried, marched at midnight under guard of marshals and pike- and sword-bearing police to Long Wharf and embarked for Baltimore. "Thank-God-Choate" thanks God five times in one speech; Boston thanks God. Presidential election comes on, Webster triumphant, Boston sends a thousand rich men to Baltimore: convention meets; Webster cannot get one vote from Baltimore to the Gulf,—not one. The competitor is chosen. The Washington wine sour, dinners disturbed. The mob at Washington turns out, at night, to exult in Scott's election. Goes to Webster's house and raises an outcry for Webster to come out and address them. He resists; the mob is violent,—will not be refused. He is obliged to

come in his night-shirt, and speak from his window to the riff-raff of Washington in honor of the election of Scott. Pleasant conversation of the Boston delegation on their return home! The cars unusually swift.

Webster (earlier in Bowdoin Square) exhorts the citizens to conquer their prejudices, to put down agitation; it is treason to feed or defend this young mulatto, — son of his friend, the member of Congress, and who has escaped to Boston, from his pursuers.

I think the piece should open by an eulogy of Webster by an ardent youth, first scholar at Cambridge, reciting the sentences he chiefly admires from his speeches at Plymouth, at New Hampshire Festival, at Congress, and Faneuil Hall.

Not sure about those English. We concede great power and culture to them, but it is in groups and classes. What extraordinary individuals, saw you, sir? Those whom you see here are surely very trifling persons, with foolish-sounding voices. Who was this mighty man, unrivalable by Americans, whom you saw? Was it Milnes? No. Macaulay? No. Disraeli? No. Wilson? No. Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson! — but they are as exceptional and admired there

as here. And Carlyle acknowledged, or rather affirmed loudly, the mediocrity of his circle. And I was struck with poverty and limitation of their men.

A man avails much to us, like a point of departure to the seaman, or his stake and stones to the surveyor. I am my own man more than most men, yet the loss of a few persons would be most impoverishing; — a few persons who give flesh to what were, else, mere thoughts, and which now I am not at liberty to slight, or in any manner treat as fictions. It were too much to say that the Platonic world I might have learned to treat as cloud-land, had I not known Alcott, who is a native of that country, yet I will say that he makes it as solid as Massachusetts to me; and Thoreau gives me, in flesh and blood and pertinacious Saxon belief, my own ethics. He is far more real, and daily practically obeying them, than I; and fortifies my memory at all times with an affirmative experience which refuses to be set aside.

I live a good while and acquire as much skill in literature as an old carpenter does in wood. It occurs, then, what pity! that now, when you know something, have at least learned

so much good omission, your organs should fail you; your eyes, health, fire, and zeal of work, should decay daily. Then I remember that it is the mind of the world which is the good carpenter, the good scholar, sailor, or blacksmith, thousand-handed, versatile, all-applicable, in all these indifferent channels entering with wild vigor, excited by novelty in that untried channel confined by dikes of pedantry. [It is this which] works out the proper results of that to the end, and surprises all with perfect consent, *alter et idem*, to every other excellence; lexicography or Aristotelian logic being found consentaneous with music, with astronomy, with roses, with love. In you, this rich soul has peeped, despite your horny, muddy eyes, at books and poetry. Well, it took you up, and showed you something to the purpose; that there was something there. Look, look, old mole! there, straight up before you, is the magnificent Sun. If only for the instant, you see it. Well, in this way it educates the youth of the universe; in this way warms, suns, refines every particle; then it drops the little channel or canal, through which the Life rolled beatific, like a fossil to the ground, thus touched and educated, by a moment of sunshine, to be the fairer material for

future channels and canals, through which the old Glory shall dart again, in new directions, until the Universe shall have been shot through and through, *tilled* with light . . . Self-disparagement . . . is a human trick, but there remain unbroken by our defects the old laws, upspringing like the arch of the sky, or like sunlight, which all the wind in the universe cannot blow away; high, old laws, round, unremoveable; self-executing; it is noble, it is poetic, and makes poets, only to have seen them, — to have computed their curve. Dwarves may see the rainbow, as well as giants.

Tours de force. I have been told by women that whatever work they perform by dint of resolution, and without spontaneous flow of spirits, they invariably expiate by a fit of sickness (brute force of duty).

Everybody knows people who appear bedridden,[1] . . .

Lovejoy, the preacher, came to Concord, and hoped Henry Thoreau would go to hear him. "I have got a sermon on purpose for him."

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Beauty" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 288).

"No," the aunts said, "we are afraid not." Then he wished to be introduced to him at the house. So he was confronted. Then he put his hand from behind on Henry, tapping his back, and said, "Here's the chap who camped in the woods." Henry looked round, and said, "And here's the chap who camps in a pulpit." Lovejoy looked disconcerted, and said no more.

Margaret Swan.[1] "The thoughts that rushed upon me were unutterable: they seemed like the sound — I say sound — of a cataract of light. Ask me not what they were; I should perish in trying to give language to them," said this new Pythoness. "Thoughts that fill my mind are like consuming flames, and I am obliged to interpose a strong human will between myself and them, to sheathe my mind, as it were, against them, and admit them slowly, little by little." "Words," she added, "are the embroidered curtain which then veils for me the Holy of Holies. . . . After the burning thoughts not to be uttered" (again an awe-struck look), "my mind seems a *shower* of words in all languages: they sail through it like little boats of light."

1 A clairvoyant, of Medford, said these things to Miss Osgood.

The two Newmans in England are distinguished, one as Papist, and one, extreme liberalist. The two junior Quincys in Boston are, one, Hunker, and the other, Abolitionist. These cases remind me of two brothers, one of whom, being a gardener, and suffering every year from the bugs, the other resolved to be entomologist, so that, the worse the case was for the garden, the better might his museum thrive.

July 18.

Henry Thoreau makes himself characteristically the admirer of the common weeds which have been hoed at by a million farmers all spring and summer and yet have prevailed, and just now come out triumphant over all lands, lanes, pastures, fields, and gardens, such is their pluck and vigor. We have insulted them with low names, too, pig-weed, smart-weed, red-root, lousewort, chickweed. He says that they have fine names, — amaranth, ambrosia.

Mr. Winthrop is a strong example of the insufficiency of any and all outward advantages to resist public opinion in this country. He has good birth, rare as a gem with us, and his face still presents a striking resemblance to the pic-

ture of his ancestor, the first governor of Massachusetts, in the Historical Society's chambers. His name has been well marked by public esteem, by some scientific and other reputation, by wealth and fashion, ever since the Pilgrim era. He has himself had the best education and the best introduction to public life. Of blameless morals, elegant tastes, popular manners, he came early into distinction, the popular representative of Boston in Congress. He has enjoyed the rare honour, for a Northern man, of being elected Speaker of the House. He has added the complimentary distinction of being himself the head of one section of the Whig party in this state, — not merely the permanent inferiority of Mr. Choate's position. One would say, if ability and position availed, Mr. Winthrop, of all men, would be justified in a manly independence. But such saying betrays a beautiful ignorance of the habits and exigencies of our happy land. The handsome oration pronounced to the Alumni of the College, on Thursday, will dissipate to the discerning this romancing.

Mr. Winthrop introduced his discourse with much ease and beauty, and the audience had a moment's leave to indulge the hope that states-

men and senators were as glad as others to throw off the harness and treat themselves to a pure dipping or two in the Castalian pools. But if audiences forget themselves, statesmen do not. We were presently offered the old, well-known paragraph about religion, in which Mr. Webster, Mr. Choate, and other eminent moralists have so successfully employed their histrionic eloquence.

Boston immediately took out its handkerchief to the accustomed tenderness. The power of the written and spoken letter and the immense advantage the orator enjoys in the reporting and publication over empires were well stated: then the power of private as the source of public opinion was seriously indicated. Here, it may be said, Mr. Winthrop not said, but allowed to transpire, the only serious thing in his oration to this effect, —

I am, as you see, a man virtuously inclined, and only corrupted by my profession of politics.[1] . . .

Having made this manifesto, Mr. Winthrop proceeded with his work much in the tone and

1 For the rest of this long paragraph, see "The Fugitive Slave Law," delivered in New York, March 7, 1854 (*Miscellanies*, pp. 242, 243).

spirit with which Lord Bacon prosecuted his benefactor, the Earl of Essex. The whole of the discourse was therefore a profusion of bows to Boston, to the supposed Boston, though now and then a slight mistake we noticed in the guess of the orator as to what the true Boston believed. Of course not one clear statement of opinion, but every statement qualified with a considered recommendation to mercy,—death, with recommendation to mercy.

Kossuth was praised because he was eloquent, and blamed because he was eloquent, and blamed because he meant sincerely.... The newspapers were roasted for their sectionalism and slander, and applauded for their patriotism and power. Mr. Clay was safely praised; all literary men, if we rightly understood, were soundly whipped as very naughty; Mr. Webster properly praised, and Mr. Everett.

"The purified soul will fear nothing," said Plotinus.

Saadi says, The trees were in blossom when he begun his *Gulistan;* before the fruit was ripe on them, he had ended.

Whiggery has found for itself a new formula

in Boston, this, namely, that, when we go to drive, the breeching is as indispensable as the traces. Its claim is that it blocks the wheels; that the Democratic party goes with a rush for Cuban Invasion, Mexico, Canada, and all: that the Whig party resists these; assuming, however, that the total population is bad, and means badly. . . . But all this despair comes of incapacity; their eyes being only on money, they do not conceive hope or faith. They are the shop-till party.

Souls with a certain quantity of light are in excess, and irrevocably belong to the moral class,—what animal force they may retain, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Souls with less light, it is chemically impossible that they be moral,—what talent or good they have, to the contrary, notwithstanding; and these belong to the world of Fate, or animal good: the youth of the universe; not yet twenty-one; not yet voter; not yet robed in the *toga virilis*.

Nor is it permitted to any soul, of the free or of the apprentice class, that is, to the free, or to the fated, to cast a vote for the other. The world wants so much alum, and so much saccharine; so much iron, and so much hemp; so

much paper, and so much mahogany: nor could any rebellion or arbitrament be suffered in its atoms, without chaos: if a particle of lead were to prefer to mask its properties, and exert the energies of cork or of vitriol; if coal should undertake to be a lemon; or feathers, turpentine; we should have a pretty ruin, to be sure.

But the laws use azote, oxygen, carbon, lime, magnesia, and so forth, as their means; and these very excesses and defects in you, these determinations to the moral or the animal, are the very means by which high Nature works, and cannot afford to want. Be her footmen, her Fates, her couriers, muses, and angels.

Statesmen are the superficiality of surface.

For, if slavery is a good, then is lying, theft, arson, incest, homicide, each and all goods, and to be maintained by Union Societies.

Why did all manly gifts in Webster fail?
He wrote on nature's grandest brow, *For Sale.*

August 1.

Nobody knows what he shall see by going to a brookside or to a ball. At the Saw-mill-Brook he might see to-day, as I saw, a profusion of handsome flowers, among which the *Or-*

chis fimbriata, the stately stemmed *Eupatorium* and the perfoliate, the *Noli-me-tangere*, the *Mimulus*, the *Thalictrum*, the *Lobelia cardinalis*, the *Lysimachia*, and some of the mints are conspicuous. The oldest naturalist sees something new in every walk.

It is the praise of Burns that he made a language classical.

Eloquence. Who could convince X[1] of any truth which he does not see (and what truth does he see?) must be a master of his art. And eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the persons to whom you speak. Is this a vulgar power? Declamation is common; but such possession of thought as is here required, such practical chemistry as the conversion of a truth written in God's language, into a truth in X's language, is one of the most beautiful and cogent weapons ever forged in the shop of the Divine artificer.

The charm of the conversation of the old man (who is Odin disguised), who talks with King Olaf in his bed, is well described. — THORPE, vol. i, p. 160.

1 A Unitarian clergyman.

How delicate, difficult, unattainable the golden mean which Nature yet knows how to attain of temperament and culture in a young girl's carriage and manners. Here are girls beautiful without beauty, and ugly with it. . . . Birth has much to do with it and condition much, and society very much; and wealth, and beauty, and tradition, and connection, are all elements; but no rules can be given, and the hazards are so great that the *status* and *métier* of a young girl, from fourteen to twenty-five, are beforehand pathetically perilous.[1] . . .

On her theory of the authorship of the "plays," my correspondent, Miss Bacon, says, and says excellently well, "You see yourself how much this idea of the authorship controls our appreciation of the works themselves; and what new worlds *such* an authorship would enable us to see in them."[2]

"What, in such a tide of time as that, could

1 The omitted sentences are found in "Behaviour" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 197).

2 Compare, in "Quotation and Originality," the passage beginning, "The bold theory of Delia Bacon that Shakspeare's plays were written by a society of wits," etc. (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 197, 198.)

Bacon do? He had made one attempt to be noble to himself, and the consequence was, that, without gaining anything for himself or others, he had brought, for a time, into mortal peril the life hopes so infinitely sweet to him. And thenceforth he took to himself other weapons than truth and eloquence: uncompromising submission, indefatigable perseverance, patience that knew no limit, sycophancy, or rather, a secret mockery of it, smiling to itself, sacrifices of all kinds, were henceforth the instruments of this lifelong warfare. . . .

"In all this there was a perpetual mental reservation, and according to my theory, by means of his 'ingenious instrument,' a solemn protest also perpetually set down by shining Ariels on margins that will yet give out their colours. Through all this, there was something that still sat within, in purple, crowned, unbending, that never stooped or wavered, smiling to see its 'high charms work.'"

Good Neighborhood. Neighborhood is of great importance, and you buy much with given prices that is not rightly rendered in the bill. You pay nominally for one thing. You buy really something worth incomparably more.

Also, every man who plants an estate must buy good tenants, as well as good land; buy a tutor, or other respectability, to dine with; buy companions for his children, and avoid misfits.

I waked at night, and bemoaned myself, because I had not thrown myself into this deplorable question of Slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then, in hours of sanity, I recover myself, and say, "God must govern his own world, and knows his way out of this pit, without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man, — far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of Man, have no watchman, or lover, or defender, but I."

In July, Mr. Alcott went to Connecticut to his native town of Wolcott; found his father's farm in possession of a stranger; found many of his cousins still poor farmers in the town; the town itself unchanged since his childhood, whilst all the country round has been changed by manufactures and railroads: Wolcott, which

is a mountain, remains as it was, or with a still less population (ten thousand dollars, he said, would buy the whole town, and all the men in it) and now tributary entirely to the neighboring town of Waterbury, which is a thriving factory village. Alcott went about and invited all the people, his relatives and friends, to meet him at five o'clock at the school-house, where he had once learned, on Sunday evening. Thither they all came, and he sat at the desk, and gave them the story of his life. Some of the audience went away discontented, because they had not heard a sermon, as they hoped.

I read *England as it Is*, by Johnston, with interest. It is acute, learned, informed. What is said of England,—every particular,—we Americans read with a secret interest, even when Americans are expressly and, it may seem, on good grounds, affronted and disparaged; for we know that we are the heir, that not he who is meant to be praised is the Englishman; but we, we are the Englishman, by gravitation, by destiny, and laws of the universe. The good he praises is devolving to us, and our keen sympathy in every trait he draws is the best certificate that we are the lawful son: —

"Percy is but the factor, good my lord."

Yet, I think, the final lesson taught by the book is, that, outside of all the plausibilities collected by the writer and Wordsworth and Coleridge and Burke and the total Aristippism of the world in behalf of the Church and State of England, we must rally to the stoical banner, to the geometric, astronomic morals.

August 18.

Horatio Greenough,[1] lately returned from Italy, came here and spent the day, — an extraordinary man, a man of sense, of virtue, and of rare elevation of thought and carriage. One thought of heroes, — of Alfieri, of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo da Vinci. How old? "Forty-seven years of joy I have lived" was his answer. He makes many of my accustomed stars pale by his clear light. His magnanimity, his idea of a great man, his courage, and cheer, and self-reliance, and depth, and self-derived knowledge, charmed and invigorated me, as none has, who has gone by, these many months. I told him I would fife in his regiment. The grandest of democrats. His democracy is very deep, and

1 The following is a composite from two accounts of this visit, written by Mr. Emerson.

for the most part free from crotchets, — not quite, — and philosophical. He finds everybody believer in two gods, believer in the devil: he is not.

Again, everything is generative, and everything connected. If you take chastity apart, and make chastity a virtue, you create that sink of obscenity, a monk. The old ages, seeing that circumstances pinched them, and they got no divine man, tried to lift up one of their number out of the press, and so gain a right man. But it turned out that the new development really obtained was abnormal; they got a bloated belly. Then they tried to take twenty or fifty out, and, see if they could do better so. But no, instead of one huge kingly paunch, they got twenty or fifty with a round belly.

The whole theory has been — out of a prostrate humanity, as out of a bank and magazine — to draw the materials for culture to a class. All a lie, and had the effect of a lie. Take religion out, and make religion separate. Still a lie and ruin. 'T is all experimenting on nature.

Whenever there is a wrong, the response is pain. The rowdy eyes that glare on you from the mob say plainly that they feel that you are doing them to death; you, you, have got the

chain somewhere round their limbs, and, though they know not how, — War, internecine war, to the knife, is between us and you. Your six per cent is as deadly a weapon as the old knife and tomahawk.

In the old Egyptian, and in the middle age architecture, he sees only "cost to the constituency," prodigious toil of prostrate humanity. In the Greek alone, beauty.

His idea of beauty is, (1) the true prophet of function, and, just as far as function is preparing, beauty will appear; then, (2) in action, the preserved function, the whole is resolved, into (3) character, the record of function. But everything of beauty for beauty's sake is embellishment, non-functional embellishment: that is false, childless, and moribund.

He complains of England, that it never did or can look at Art otherwise than as a commodity it can buy. Of England, he thinks ill, — its tactics is to live *au jour à la journée*, — perpetual makeshifts.

"(From DO)

August.

Our four powerful men in the virtuous class in this country are Horace Greeley, Theodore

Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Mann. We have our three of four Horatii,—Horace Greeley, Horace Mann, Horace Bushnell, Horatio Greenough.

The English nation never flowered into their own religion, but borrowed this Hebraism. They don't know where he got it, but [the] King set it finely into them and they are as happy as [sentence unfinished]. English transitional; Greek, Oriental, full of fate.

I find that the Americans have no passions, they have appetites.

Poetry is the only verity. Wordsworth said of his Ode it was poetry, but he did not know it was the only truth.

Poet sees the stars, because he makes them. Perception makes. We can only see what we make, all our desires are procreant. Perception has a destiny. I notice that all poetry comes, or all becomes poetry, when we look from within and are using all as if the mind made it.

It is cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl, buoyant with

fine purposes of duty, in all this street of rosy faces, but a cynic can dull and dishearten.'[1] . . .

(From GO)

In Sir Philip Sidney's time, it was held as great a disgrace for a young gentleman to be seen riding in the streets in a coach as it would now to be seen in a petticoat.—AUBREY, iii, 554.

Modern criticism is plainly coming to look on literature and arts as parts of history, that is, as growths. But Hume looked steadily at the chronicle of the reigning family, and called it the History of England: did not look at the British mythology, poetry, philosophy; did not see what was agreeable to the British mind, and what was disgusting to it.

But now calico has come to be an element of English history, calico; when the elder Peel spoke in Parliament they considered, this man employs 15,000 men, and pays £40,000 to the excise, on printed goods. The life of Peel contains very appropriately, in the first pages, a picture of the spinning-jenny, as a life of a Plantagenet would a battleaxe, or Downing's, a loaded pear tree.

1 The whole passage is printed in "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 310, 311).

In Peel's life the trait is dulness, and the result is that England resolves itself best nowadays into a dull man. Good man, rich man, creditable speaker, well-educated, — all these indispensable, but no genius. I believe, a double-first at Oxford?

"Aliens in language, religion, and blood," was Lord Lyndhurst's unfortunate phrase concerning the Irish, which made the strength of the Repeal Association.

Pedantry. Don't ride because Montaigne rode; nor fish because Walton fished; nor build because Ward told you how fine it was; nor collect books after reading Dibdin, nor coins and antiques after Winckelmann, nor let your gardening grow from Evelyn's *Acetaria.*[1]

Let your elevation make you courteous, else your courtesy is paint and varnish. The Democrats are good-humoured; the Whigs are angry; because the Democrat has really the safe and broad ground. Let your zeal for freedom proceed from grounds of character and insight, and you can afford a courtesy which Webster cannot afford.

1 *Acetaria, or Discourse on Sallets,* Miscellaneous Writings.

Say nothing, and your greeting and shaking of hands impress your occurrent with just your weight and quality. But what you say, if artificially got up for the moment, weakens your impression.

Let the superlative come from depth of thought, and all is right. Material greatness captivates the vulgar; and egotists live in nervous exaggeration; as when a man sits under the dentist, he fancies his teeth have some acres of extent. But to show, in that thing he happens to be doing, grandeur, by acting simply, newly, and beautifully, and setting that act high in men's imaginations, is the right superlative.

"Molière, the implacable enemy of all exaggeration." — COUSIN.

Club. Of Thomas Hobbes, Aubrey says: "I have heard him say that, in my lord's house in Derbyshire, there was a good library, and books enough for him, and his lordship stored the library with what books he thought fit to be bought: but, he said, the want of good conversation was a very great inconvenience, and that, though he conceived he could order his thinking as well as another, yet he found a great de-

fect. Methinks, in the country, in long time, for want of good conversation, one's understanding and invention grow mouldy." Vol. iii, p. 610.

If you take in a lie, you must take in all that belongs to it. England takes in this neat national Church, and it glazes their eyes, and bloats the flesh, and deforms and debilitates, and translates the nervous young England so far into false, magisterial old Polonius.

My Westminster man on Hakluyt thinks the English of Elizabeth's time were truly represented in the noble portraits of Shakspeare. The silence on Shakspeare of the same community that was so marked in its admiring reception of Bacon is unexplained, except by the English idolatry of rank.

[Here follow many interesting quotations from Fuller's *Worthies of England.*]

Truth of English names. Buckingham, from Buccen (Saxon for beeches); Exeter, *Ex castra*; Wilton, Willey River; Ashwell, a fountain among the trees.

Trade. "A lapidary to be rich must buy of those who go to be executed, and sell to those who go to be married."

October.

Mr. S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, first established a new doctrine in Western courts, this, namely, that the party attacked, in a personal conflict, only knows how formidable the assault is, and what extreme means he is justified in using. Also (if I rightly understood Mr. Williams, of St. Louis), even before any blow has been struck, and whilst the assaulting party is only uttering injurious words.

English brag. I have found that Englishmen have such a good opinion of England that the ordinary phrases of postponing or disparaging one's own things, in talking to a stranger, are quite seriously mistaken by them for the inevitable praise of their country. In compliment to them the other day, I spoke of Baring as a great merchant; they answered, "O yes, Bates was nobody"; and of Russell Sturgis, when I spoke, they said, "What a lucky thing for him the going to London," etc. Use such words as "not such as England," "in our young country," "poor country," or the like,—'tis all lost

on them, they hear it all as homage to England, and sympathize with you as really unhappy about it.

The laws find their root in the credence of the people. A two-foot stone wall guards my fine pears and melons, all summer long, from droves of hungry boys and poor men and women. If one of these people should question my right and pluck my fruit, I should set the cumbrous machinery of the law slowly in motion, and by good luck of evidence and counsel, I might get my right asserted, and that particular offender daunted. But if every passenger should make the like attempt, though the law were perfect, my house would not be worth living in, nor my fields worth planting. It is the education of these people into the ideas and laws of property, and their loyalty, that makes those stones in the low wall so virtuous.

October.

As sings the pine tree in the wind
So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine;
The strength and joy of laughing France
Are shed into its wine.[1]

1 "Nature in Leasts" (*Poems*, p. 297). This quatrain evidently written in later.

Wealth and Labour. What earldoms of Guienne, Champagne, Bourgogne, in a grapestone! What populations, cities, states, arts, arms, colleges, patriotisms, wars, laws, treaties; what haughty manners, tragedies, pride, and poetry! What not less in a cotton-seed for Carolina; and a sugar-cane for Mississippi; tobacco for Virginia; rice-grain for Georgia; peachstone for Jersey. In Massachusetts, every twelfth man is a shoemaker; tea-plant for China; oranges for Spain; coal for England; wheat for Canada. What in the unctuous quadruped that drags his larded sides like modest prosperity through the city of Cincinnati!

Then the equalizations. Fate which appears in statistics exalts races by a cellule in their brain, that makes certain families miners, and others hunters, and levies her own tariffs by making dreadful boundaries of her own. To these families, forts and violence and hatred of foreigners, inborn dislike of other families white, red, and olive. Others need no weapon but the sword of their climate, to drive off competitors. Others have magnificent fields and watercourses, and sunshine, but a limit in the limestone in the waters, which kills every fourth man with ague, cholera, or the stone.

We tell our children and ourselves not to regard other people's opinion, but to respect themselves, and we send them to school or to company, and they meet (as we have so often met) some *animosus infans*, some companion rammed with life, whose manners tyrannize over them. They have no weapon of defence against this weapon. A pound will weigh down an ounce in spite of all precepts. A quality of a different kind is yet a counterpoise.

"Pantheism," to be sure! Do you suppose the pale scholar who says, "You do not know causes, or the cause of causes, any better for often repeating your stupid noun," deceives himself about his own powers? Does not he live in care, and suffer by trifles? . . . Has he not notes to pay?—and is he likely to overestimate his powers of getting johnnycake for his breakfast, because he perceives that you use words without meaning?

A Mr. Schaud, who printed an orthodox pamphlet lately at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, says that "Mr. Emerson is a pantheist by intuition, rather than by argument." So it seems our *intuitions* are mistaken. Who, then, can get us right?

Samuel Hoar

With beams December planets dart,
His cold eyes truth and conduct scanned;
July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hand.

The shoemakers and fishermen say in their shops, "Damn learning! it spoils the boy; as soon as he gets a little, he won't work." "Yes," answers Lemuel, "but there is learning somewhere, and somebody will have it, and who has it will have the power, and will rule you: knowledge is power. Why not, then, let your son get it, as well as another?"

If I have a message to send, I prefer the telegraph to the wheelbarrow.

Certain doctrines appear to be offensive to men, in every age, the metamorphosis or passage of souls. Englishmen hate it. It vexes the common sense: gross materialism not nearly so much.

"Nescio quid, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum."[1] — PERSIUS.

1 Some star, I know not which, surely softens me towards thee.

October 25.

At Plymouth. I saw the beach under a fine splashing surf. A boy told me he shot all kinds of fowl there, and last night "old squaws," but there was such a sea on that he could not, half the time, see the birds.

Each of the fishing boats is about seventy tons and worth five or six thousand dollars, and is manned by eight men. Seventy-four of these vessels go out from Plymouth. Once they went out, every man on his own hook, carrying his own provisions, a little flour, pork, molasses and rum, and living on fish, and having three fourths of all he caught,—one fourth being for the ship. Now they are paid from twelve to thirty dollars a month, and manned every year by young men coming down from New Hampshire and Vermont for the green hands, and, for the old ones, by men that make shoes all winter, and want to recruit, by going to sea in the spring.

[Here follow several pages which would seem to be mostly notes of Horatio Greenough's conversation with Mr. Emerson, of which only a few sentences are here given.]

In England, they will not let science be free,

— not geology, without bringing its nose down to their church.

The Puritans would not allow anything histrionic, but the light would come into their square houses. The modern England has nothing else but vice, but the light has got excluded.

Obedience is worship. . . .

As soon as a deviation for the sake of a variety, for a luxurious variety, is allowed, it is easy to see that the whole race of depravation will be run. Therefore Greenough will not allow so much as a supporter to a porch to be varied by a parabola instead of a straight line.

The adherence of the Greeks to the osseous fabric and to all the geometric necessities enabled them, as soon as plastic ornament was to be attempted, to do it, and to carry into that also geometric truth.

In the Elgin marbles, by representing a procession of horsemen, in which, though each part is fixed, yet all the attitudes of the horse are given, the one figure supplies the defects of the other, and you have seen a horse put through all his motions, so that motion is enjoyed and you can almost see the dust. There is no surface finish.

The duties of man are to be measured by the powers of the instrument.

Greenough would stop commerce, if he could; would insulate the American, to stop the foreign influence, that denationalizes him.

He thought, the old artists taught each other, made each other.

I suppose that genius always has humility in the presence of genius,[1] but as Mrs. Lowell said to me of her girls of fashion, "those who give themselves airs on no grounds whatever cannot be taught."

Fate. Politics. It is easy to see that what is done in this country in state and in trade is the result of the character and condition of the people, and that the difference of the two parties, Whig and Democrat, on the matter, is trifling; one party pushing forward, and the other holding back,—but both irresistibly carried on, as by the planet itself. It is the difference of two

1 Here Mr. Emerson begins again. Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell (Anna Jackson), a woman of nobility and refinement, had a private school in Cambridge. She was mother of General Charles Russell Lowell and Lieutenant James Lowell, both killed in battle during the Civil War.

runners in the same course, one of whom affects to hold his head back, and the other affects to throw his head forward, whilst both are at their speed.

On European influence, we might treat the evil of expensiveness. A man values himself on what he can buy, and, if you have a house, he buys two, three; if you have a horse, he buys ten; dogs, deer, preserves, liveries; and will not speak to you, because you have only one horse. His expense is not his own, but a far-off copy.[1] . . .

The church is there for check of trade. But on examination all the deacons, ministers, and saints of this church are steering with all their sermons and prayers in the direction of the Trade. If the city says, "Freedom and no tax," they say so, and hunt up plenty of texts. But if the city says, "Freedom is a humbug. We prefer a strong government," the pulpit says the same, and finds a new set of applicable texts. But presently Trade says, "Slavery too has been misunderstood: it is not so bad; nay, it is good; on the whole, it is the best possible thing." The

1 The rest of the passage is found in "Fortune of the Republic" (*Miscellanies*, p. 534).

dear pulpit and deacons must turn over a new leaf, and find a new string of texts, which they are forward to do. And S—— R——, and O—— D——, and M—— S——, and Park Street, and Andover, will get up the new march of the Hypocrites to pudding for the occasion.

Giants — Napoleons, Cannings, Websters, Kossuths, Burkes — are the inevitable patriots until they too wane and their defects and gout and palsy and money warp their politics.

Last Sunday I was at Plymouth on the beach, and looked across the hazy water — whose spray was blowing on to the hills and orchards — to Marshfield. I supposed Webster must have passed, as indeed he had died at three in the morning. The sea, the rocks, the woods, gave no sign that America and the world had lost the completest man. Nature had not in our days, or not since Napoleon, cut out such a masterpiece. He brought the strength of a savage into the height of culture. He was a man *in equilibrio;* a man within and without, the strong and perfect body of the first ages, with the civility and thought of the last. "*Os, oculosque Jovi par.*" And what he brought, he kept. Cities had not hurt him; he held undiminished the power and

terror of his strength, the majesty of his demeanour.

He had a counsel in his breast. He was a statesman, and not the semblance of one. Most of our statesmen are in their places by luck and vulpine skill, not by any fitness. Webster was there for cause: the reality; the final person, who had to answer the questions of all the *fainéants*, and who had an answer.

But alas! he was the victim of his ambition; to please the South betrayed the North, and was thrown out by both.

Webster has been the teacher of the legislators of the country in style and eloquence. Webster, Clay, Everett were imitable models, and have been chosen respectively by each young adventurer according to his own quality. We are under great obligations to Webster for raising the tone of popular addresses out of rant and out of declamation to history and good sense.

Mr. Foster[1] says that Mr. Borden, of Fall River, told him, that Mr. Fowler quoted

1 Daniel Foster, for a short time a preacher in the Universalist Church in Concord, was a brave anti-slavery speaker who had suffered for his convictions. The Editors have heard that he was captain of a company during the Civil War.

J. C. Calhoun as saying, that "Mr. Webster's Seventh of March Speech was perfectly satisfactory, only that it was too late." Mr. Calhoun had taken the *Liberator* for eighteen years.

England cannot receive Oken, but nibbles, gnaws, accommodates, by Owen and Chambers; cannot receive Goethe's botany; cannot receive geology without bringing down its nose to their church. What mean criticism they brought to bear on Goethe in *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood*; could not heartily receive Wordsworth or Coleridge; England has no music; England has no art, but buys for pride; England cannot make a pattern for a pitcher.

Previous Question. "Now you may just as well know what 'the previous question' means. It is, that the whole House says, 'All these things are very true, and we have no answer to make, and therefore the less that 's said about the matter the better.'" — Mr. Creevey.

Abolition. The argument of the slave-holder is one and simple: he pleads Fate; here is an inferior race requiring wardship, — it is sentimentality to deny it. The argument of the

Abolitionist is, It is inhuman to treat a man thus.

Then, for the Fugitive Slave Bill, we say: I do not wish to hold, nor to help you to hold them. If you cannot keep them without my help, let them go.

Such provisions as you find in the Constitution for your behoof, make the most of. You could not recover a load of hay, a barrel of potatoes, by such law. The Constitution has expressly guaranteed your barrel of potatoes. No, the Courts would say, it has not named them. If it especially and signally wished by compromise to protect your potato crop, it would have said so. Laws are to be strictly interpreted, and laws of all things are understood to say exactly what they mean. But how, then, can you maintain such an incredible and damnable pretension as to steal a man on these loose innuendoes of the law that would not allow you to steal his shoes? How, but that all our Northern Judges have made a cowardly interpretation of the law, in favor of the crime, and not of the right. The leaning should be, should it not? to the right against the crime. The leaning has been invariably against the slave for the master.

But Thoreau remarks that the cause of Freedom advances, for all the able debaters now are freesoilers, Sumner, Mann, Giddings, Hale, Seward, Burlingame.

The power of generalizing differences men, and it shows the rudeness of our Metaphysics, that this is not down in the books. The number of successive saltations this nimble thought can make measures the difference between the highest and the lowest of mankind.

To write a history of Massachusetts, I confess, is not inviting to an expansive thinker. . . . Since, from 1790 to 1820, there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought, in the State. About 1820, the Channing, Webster, and Everett era begun, and we have been bookish and poetical and cogitative since.

Edwards on the Will was printed in 1754.

Omen and coincidence only show the symmetry or rhythmical structure of the man; just as his eye and hand work exactly together, and, to hit the mark with a stone, he has only to fasten his eye firmly on the mark, and his arm will swing true;—so the main ambition and

genius being bestowed in one direction, many lesser spirits and involuntary aids within his sphere will follow.

I do not think the fame of Pitt very honourable to English mind; neither Pitt nor Peel. Pitt is a mediocre man, is only explained by the commanding superiority which a good debater in a town meeting has, and there is not a quotable phrase or word from him, or measure. Nothing for man. Mere parliamentary plausibility and dexterity, and the right external conditions, namely, of name, birth, breeding, and relation to persons and parties. Pitt is nothing without his victory. Burke, on the other side, who had no victory, and nothing but defeat and disparagement, is an ornament of the human race; and Fox had essential manliness. His speeches show a man, brave, generous, and sufficient, always on the right side.

Virility. Agassiz. The Democrats carry the country, because they have more virility: just as certain of my neighbors rule our little town, quite legitimately, by having more courage and animal force than those whom they overbear. It is a kind of victory like that of gravitation over

all upraised bodies, sure, though it lie in wait for ages for them.

I saw in the cars a broad-featured, unctuous man, fat and plenteous as some successful politician, and pretty soon divined it must be the foreign Professor, who has had so marked a success in all our scientific and social circles, having established unquestionable leadership in them all; — and it was Agassiz.

Uriah Boyden[1] obtains, by his hydraulic inventions, ninety-six per cent of the power of a waterfall. The French had only obtained seventy per cent, the English, before that, only sixty. Lowell mills at one time paid him thirty thousand dollars for the use of his turbines. America exceeds all nations in hydraulic improvements. Ingenuity against cheap labor is our reliance. America lives by its wits. Englishman cannot travel out of his road. Erastus B. Bigelow is paid by Crossley of Halifax, England, four (?) cents on every yard of carpet woven on his looms and in this country Clinton Company draws one cent, and Bigelow three cents on every yard woven on his looms throughout America.

1 The introducer of the turbine wheel into the United States, with improvements.

There is no literature — none in England, none in America — which serves us. The "Diffusion" literature describes the habits of kangaroos, and the English writes novels of society, and plenty of critical journals; but who gives high counsels to these twin nations? Who points their duties, admonishes, animates, and holds them up to their highest aim? Wordsworth spoke, Milton-like, to their soul. Carlyle by jerks and screams scolded, and sneered. But what high, equal, calm soul held them to their aim?

We entreat you not to believe that anything is yet attained. All is in the gristle and preparation. Your commerce is but a costly comfort, — ease of life, — no more; it belts the world for raisins, and oranges, and oil and wine, and gums, and drugs, and hides, and silk; but what for thought? and what for humanity? Out of five hundred ships, perhaps Herschel, or a botanist, or a philologist buys or begs a cheap charitable passage in one, which goes for quite other designs, and he is reckoned a loafer, perhaps a Jonah.

And, as we do not want a sentimental or King René era, perhaps it is safest so. But is science and the heart always to be merely endured, and

tolerated and never to walk to the quarterdeck and take the command? Are the politics better? And are these legislatures convened, with the upheaving of all the peace of nations, in the canvass and fury of elections, to any noble, humane purpose? No, but to the most frivolous and selfish and paltry.

Will not nations one day soberly insist that justice shall be done,—justice, which satisfies everybody,—and that grave and adequate ends be prosecuted by their money and their talent?

Are we always to be the victims of the meanest of mankind, who kill off as sentimental and visionary every generous and just design?

England never stands for the cause of freedom on the Continent, but always for her trade. . . . Few and poor chances for European emancipation: the disarming, the army, and the army of office-holders are the triple wall of monarchy. Then consider that the people don't want liberty,—they want bread; and, though republicanism would give them more bread after a year or two, it would not until then, and they want bread every day. Louis Napoleon says, "I will give you work," and they believed him. In America, we hold out the same bribe, "roast beef, and two dollars a day." And our people

will not go for liberty of other people, no, nor for their own, but for annexation of territory, or a tariff, or whatever promises new chances for young men, more money to men, of business.

In either country, they want great men, and the cause of right can only succeed against all this gravitation or materialism by means of immense personalities. But Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton are not found to be philanthropists, but attorneys of great and gross interests.

November.

The Saxons good combiners; and, though an idealist always prefers to trace a discovery or a success home to one mind, yet we must acquiesce in Nineteenth Century civilization, and accept the age of combined working, or joint-stock companies. I liked to hear that Mr. Samuel Lawrence invented the Bay State shawl, which saved the so-called mills when all other manufacturing companies failed. But no, Mr. Lawrence gave the grand project — we must make a shawl — and even brought a pattern shawl to his designer. The designer, named Edward Everett, not of Cambridge, but of Lowell, prepared designs. They had an excellent dyer, who could give them fast colors and rich. They

had looms, which they could and did adapt to this fabric. But the twisting the fringes would cost thirty cents a shawl:—'t is too much. So Mr. —— invented a machine to twist fringes; and putting all these advantages together, they succeeded.

Sphinx. 'T is said that the age ends with the poet or successful man who knots up into himself the genius or idea of his nation; and that when the Jews have at last flowered perfectly into Jesus, there is the end of the nation. When Greece is complete in Plato, Phidias, Pericles, the race is spent and rapidly takes itself away. When Rome has arrived at Cæsar and Cicero, it has no more that it can do, and retreats. When Italy has got out Dante, all the rest will be rubbish. So that we ought rather to be thankful that our hero or poet does not hasten to be born in America, but still allows us others to live a little and warm ourselves at the fire of the sun, for, when he comes, we others must pack our petty trunks and be gone.

But I say Saxondom is tough and many-headed, and does not so readily admit of absorption and being sucked and vampyrized by a Representative as fluider races. For have not

the English stood Chaucer? stood Shakspeare? and Milton? and Newton? and survived unto this day with more diffusion of ability, with a larger number of able gentlemen in all departments of work than any nation ever had? Sam Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Nelson, Wellington had high abilities, and even Byron and Scott showed vivacity. They made these masculine locomotives and spinning-mules; or will you say that the old poets were Norman and Catholic; and that Watt, Fulton, Arkwright, Stephenson, Brunel, Chadwick, and Paxton were the flowering of the Saxon section of this double-headed race?

England and America. The English and the Americans cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that nonsense to them.

"The only way to deal with a humbugger is to humbug him."— MOORE'S *Diary.*

It is the distinction of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that it is read equally in the parlour and the kitchen and the nursery of every house. What the lady read in the drawing-room in a few hours is retailed to her in the kitchen by the cook and

the chambermaid, week by week; they master one scene and character after another.[1]

A crown once worn cleareth all defects of title. Napoleon III is bent on his pleasures, and scorneth the opinion of the people. The formula of society is, that you shall respect the decencies; but he knows they respect self-will more than they do decencies, and he outrages these last. The Compiègne story gives reality, at least, to this fellow, and really brings him nearer to Roman and Plutarchian characters. He has taste for realities.

[Here follow many anecdotes taken from Arsène Houssaye, of which but a few are here given.]

Rivarol said, "This Mirabeau is capable of anything for money, — even of a good action."

Boucher found Raphael insipid, Michel Angelo an artist of deformity, and Nature wanting in harmony and attractiveness, — "too green, badly managed as to light." He threw the Academy into the shade, he resigned him-

1 Printed in "Success," but the book and authoress are not named there. (*Society and Solitude*, p. 286.)

self to marriage, though he said, "marriage was not habitual to him."

"If the soul is immortal," Lantara must have thought, "mine cannot run any risk of being in a worse place. The taverns and landscapes of the other world will be curious to examine."

Fontenelle said, "There are three things in the world which I have loved very much, without knowing anything about them, music, painting, and women."

December (?).

You cannot well know the genius, unless you also know the fool of the family. For the last possesses the dregs of that very quality, by the elixir of which the first achieved his success. Many successes are won by help of insanities. Politicians note this. I remember Tracy told me he had known men obtain a great career in politics by some foible or insanity they had. And Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, said to me that, if a man knew anything, he would go hide his head in a corner: but, as he does not, he blusters about, and thinks he can move the world, and really manages to do wonders.[1]

1 The substance of the two last sentences is used in *English Traits* (p. 148), but without the names.

Feats. Sydney Smith really did the feat of causing the State of Pennsylvania to pay its bonds. He flooded the State with his ridicule. Nobody could dodge it. His letters were reprinted all over the state. The jokes were in everybody's mouth. The stiffest repudiators laughed till they split, and, at last, no man dared to go to the legislature until he was prepared to provide for the payment.

We must measure England, not by its census or money, but by its ability to stand the glance of a wise man, such as passes by perhaps only once in two ages. In one age, it might have satisfied Lycurgus; in another age, Franklin. Would it at any time have contented Socrates? No; but the right measures are the men it actually yielded. Roger Bacon was its monk, sumptuous as the monastic piles that grew with him: but he was born in them, as the weevil is born in the wheat, to destroy them, and bring in a higher era. Wykeham was an English Pericles. Chaucer was the fruit of the soil. Nothing more genuine in flavor, more sound in health, did it ever bear. The note of each bird is not more proper to its kind than the genius of Chaucer is the right music of Britain. Could its church

stand the glances of the realist? Could its science have satisfied him with some admirable benefit? Did they then, as now, blunder into the admirable inventions? Could the social arts and customs have invited him to leave his solitude without self-reproach? Were the Californias of that age found by fugitives or by geologists?

There was never anything more excellent came from a human brain than the plays of Shakspeare; bating only that they were plays. The Greek has a real advantage of them, in the degree in which his dramas had a religious office.

Could the priest look him in the face without blenching? Oh, yes, the fagot was lighted. Yes, the priest translated the Vulgate and translated the sanctities of old hagiology into English virtues on English ground. George Fox and Anthony Parsons and John Bunyan and Prynne.

Dr. Kirkland and Professor Brazer[1] mutually resolved one day to break off smoking for six months. Soon after they met at a dinner party at Colonel P.'s, where all the appointments were excellent. Cigars were offered, and Brazer de-

1 Respectively the President of Harvard College, 1810–1828, and the Latin Professor, and later, Overseer.

clined them. Dr. Kirkland lighted one, and after smoking with much content for a time, he said to nobody in particular, as he puffed away the smoke, — "It is doubtful whether we show more want of self-control in breaking good resolutions, or self-conceit in keeping them."

Dr. Channing asked Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, why he did not go to church. "Because," answered the Doctor, "the ministers take too much for granted."

Philadelphia boys. Mr. William Wistar met a youth at a dinner party, who took a cigar. "How old are you?" said Mr. W. "Sixteen years." "You are at school, are you not?" "I am at the university." "You are just about as old as my boy; — do you know him?" "Yes," answered the youth, "and I am damned glad to find the breed has improved."

Fate. "The classes and the races too weak to master the new conditions of life must give way."[1] — KARL MARX.

1 See Mr. Emerson's use of this in the *Poems* (Appendix, p. 357).

> With the key of the secret he marches faster
> From strength to strength, and for night brings day;
> While classes or tribes too weak to master
> The flowing conditions of life give way.

Walk with Ellery to Lincoln. Benzoin laurus, rich, beautiful shrub on this dried-up country; parti-coloured warbler. Ellery laughed at Nuttall's description of birds, "On the top of a high tree the bird pours all day the lays of affection," etc. Affection! Why, what is it? A few feathers, with a hole at one end, and a point at the other, and a pair of wings: affection! why, just as much affection as there is in that lump of peat. Thoreau at home; why, he has got to maximize the minimum; that will take him some days.

We went to Bear Hill and had a fine outlook. Descending, Ellery got sight of some labourers in the field below. "Look at them," he said, "those four! four demoniacs scratching in their cell of pain! Live for the hour. Just as much as any man has done, or laid up, in any way, unfits him for conversation. He has done something, makes him good for boys, but spoils him for the hour. That's the good of Thoreau, that he puts his whole sublunary capital into the last quarter of an hour; carries his whole stock under his arm."

At home, I found Henry himself, who complained of Clough or somebody that he or they recited to every one at table the paragraph just

read by him and by them in the last newspaper and studiously avoided everything private. I should think he was complaining of one H. D. T.

(From DO)

The Countess of Pembroke "had forecast and aftercast," said Bishop Rainbow.

The high poetry is the subduing men to order and virtue. He is the right Orpheus who writes his poetry not with syllables but with men; and Shakspeare's poetry must suffer that deduction that it is an exhibition and amusement, and is not expected to be eaten and drunk as the bread of life by the people. But Ossian's and Taliessin's and Regnar's and Isaiah's is.

John Quincy Adams was asked the results of his experience for the preservation of his health and faculties in old age. He said he owed everything to three rules,— (1) Regularity; (2) Regularity; (3) Regularity.

English University men are thoroughbred scholars, full readers, by no means idlers: hypercritical, no error can pass under their notice. Learning — accurate, armed good sense — is

cheap. Hence the excellence of their paragraphs, leaders, and review articles, and the no-wonder that follows.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Carlyle, and Macaulay cannot be matched in America. Judge of the splendor of a nation by the insignificance of great individuals in it; and see what culture [appears in] the article on architecture in North British (Edinburgh) Review and the Garbett book.

"The heavy blue chain (of the sea) didst thou, O just man, endure."—TALIESSIN.

At St. Louis they say that there is no difference between a boy and a man. As soon as a boy is "that high," high as the table, he contradicts his father. At Oxford they lock up the young men every night.

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JOURNAL

WESTERN LECTURES

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

NEW YORK

LENOX AND CAPE COD

HORATIO GREENOUGH'S DEATH

NOTES ON ENGLISH
AND FRENCH

MADAM EMERSON'S DEATH

JOURNAL XLIV

1853

(From Journals VS, DO, and HO)

[During the first week in January Mr. Emerson gave a course on the *Conduct of Life* before the Mercantile Library Association in New York, then lectured in the leading cities of Ohio and Illinois, and gave a course in St. Louis. "The Anglo-American" was one of the lectures. The rest of January was occupied with lectures in Philadelphia and in western towns; — see an amusing account of these experiences in his letter to Carlyle (*Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 218).]

(From VS)

"Puisque je suis laid, je veux être bien hardi," said Duguesclin.

January.

English Poetry. Yet it is fair (is it not?) to say that the ideal of any people is in their best writers, sculptors, painters, and builders, in their greatest heroes and creators in any and every kind. In Hamlet, in Othello, in Coriolanus, in

Troilus and Cressida, we shall pick up the scattered bones of the English Osiris, as they haunted the mind of the greatest poet of the world; and he was English. But we pause expectant before the genius of Shakspeare as if his biography were not yet written and cannot be written until the problem of the whole English race is solved.

The English genius never parts with its materialistic tendency, and even in its inspirations is materialistic. Milton, Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Herbert, who have carried it to its greatest height, are bound to satisfy the senses and the understanding, as well as the Reason. If the question is asked whether the English repudiate thought, we remember there is always a minority in England who entertain whatever speculations the highest muse has attempted. No brain has dallied with finer imaginings than Shakspeare (yet with mathematical accuracy), no richer thoughted man than Bacon, no holier than Milton or Herbert. We have found English for Behmen,—and English for Swedenborg and readers for both.

Yet when I think of the robust Greek mythology and what a cosmic imagination — I wish to say astronomic imagination — they had, a power,

I mean, of expressing in graceful fable the laws of the world, so that the mythology is beautiful poetry on one side, at any moment convertible into severe science on the other,—then, the English verse looks poor and purposeless, as if written for hire, and not obeying the grandeur of Ideas.

I find or fancy more true poetry, the love of the vast in the Welsh and Bardic fragments of Taliessin and his school, than in a good many volumes of British Classics.

It is curious that Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, is really a better man of imagination, a better poet, than any writer between Milton and Wordsworth. He was a poet with a poet's life and aims.

For poetry, Ossian had superiorities over Dryden and Pope, but though seizing the poetry of storms and of the rude British landscape and the sentiment as they had never seen it, yet wanting every other gift, wanting their knowledge of the world, their understanding, their wit, their literature, he made no figure but a ridiculous one in the hands of men of letters.

Results. If, at this moment, a question is asked, who answers it? *England.* If telegraphs,

if trade, if geology, if mesmeric rappings, if sea-serpents, if Paine's light, if Ericsson's caloric engine, if the balloon, if a Pauper System, if gold and silver currency must have their question answered, which way do men look,—to Paris, to New York, or to London, for the final reply? Where is Faraday? Where is Owen? Where is Hume? Where is Stephenson? and Brunel, and Wheatstone, and Gray, and Ricardo, and Paxton? Where are the Barings and Rothschild?

Stand by your order. We must sympathize, over all our cavils at their faults or vices, with Jeffrey, with Macaulay, with Dickens, and the whole class of wits. We understand their means and success; they are the same with our own. Their cause is ours: and, from Plato, Shakspeare, and Bacon, down to the last writer of a leader in the London *Times*, whenever the intellect tells on the public and is recognized as a power in the world, all the scholars in the world share the benefit.

It is a bitter satire on our social order, just at present, . . . for example the plight of Mr. Alcott, the most refined and the most advanced

soul we have had in New England, who makes all other souls appear slow and cheap and mechanical; a man of such a courtesy and greatness, that (in conversation) all others, even the intellectual, seem sharp and fighting for victory, and angry; — he has the unalterable sweetness of a muse, — yet because he cannot earn money by his pen or his talk, or by school-keeping or book-keeping or editing or any kind of meanness, — nay, for this very cause, that he is ahead of his contemporaries, — is higher than they, — and keeps himself out of the shop-condescensions and smug arts which they stoop to, or, unhappily, need not stoop to, but find themselves, as it were, born to, — therefore, it is the unanimous opinion of New England judges that this man must die, — we shall all hear of his death with pleasure, and feel relieved that his board and clothes are saved! We do not adjudge him to hemlock, or to garroting, — we are much too hypocritical for that, — but we not the less surely doom him, by refusing to protect against this doom, or combine to save him, and to set him on employments fit for him and salutary to the State, or to the Senate of fine Souls, which is the heart of the state.

In Boston is no company for a fine wit.

There is a certain *poor-smell* in all the streets, in Beacon Street and Park and Mt. Vernon, as well as in the lawyers' offices, and the wharves, the same meanness and sterility, and *leave-all-hope-behind*, as one finds in a boot manufacturer's premises, or a bonnet-factory; vamps, pasteboard, millinette, and an eye to profit.

The want of elevation, the absence of ideas, the sovereignty of the abdomen, reduces all to the same poorness. One fancies that in the houses of the rich, as the temptation to servility is removed, there may chance to be generosity and elevation; but no; we send them to Congress, and they originate nothing and, on whatever question, they instantly exhibit the vulgarity of the lowest populace, an absence of all perception and natural equity. They have no opinions, and cringe to their own attorney, when he tells the opinion of the Insurance offices.

But you can never have high aristocracy, without real elevation of ideas somewhere; otherwise, as in Boston, it turns out punk and cheat at last.

I wrote that England goes for trade, not for liberty: — goes against Hungary, against Schleswig-Holstein, against French Republic.

Yes, that is the stern Edict of Providence, that liberty shall be no hasty fruit.[1] . . .

Certainly I go for culture, and not for multitudes. . . .

'T is very costly this thinking for the market in books or lectures: as soon as any one turns the conversation on my "Representative Men," for instance, I am instantly sensible that there is nothing there for conversation, that the argument is all pinched and illiberal and popular.

Only what is private, and yours, and essential, should ever be printed or spoken. I will buy the suppressed part of the author's mind, — you are welcome to all he published.

England yields men and opportunities of grandeur. The tone of Napoleons, of Charlemagne, of Charles V, of absolute power reaching to interests of vast masses of men, when it falls into the hands of good sense and good will, is eminently humane. And the English system, which forces great merit up into great place, and relieves it of all nonsense on the way, by searching

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "The Fugitive Slave Law" delivered the next year in New York on the 7th of March.

school of parliament and parties and armed interests that will not be trifled with, when it meets with a good natural statesman, enables him easily to take this right royal tone. Both the Pitts were of an imperial nature; Fox and Burke had severally great abilities. Mr. Canning is on the whole the best example of manly attitude, or of a nearly absolute power wielded by hands able to hold it.

Peel, again, of heavy parts, by slow growth and with the mediocrity of a dull boy reached at last a certain grandeur by honesty, courage, and industry. And Wellington by his native sagacity, and the unwearied application of his logic alike to large and small things, and his veracity and honour, came to be the pillar on which for the time English institutions rested.

[Here follow quotations from Canning and Lord Brougham and from Napoleon.]

The sea-serpent may have an instinct to retire into the depths of the sea when about to die, and so leave no bones on the shore for naturalists. The sea-serpent is afraid of Mr. Owen; but his heart sunk within him when, at last, he heard that Barnum was born.

The Saxon and Norse poetry are warm with the faith and sentiment of the time; and the verbs are solid as church-walls. The religion, to be sure, wrote the Chronicles, but the people believed the religion, which was alive, and served them, freed the serf, defended women, and allowed a mediation and poor-man's-friend in the ecclesiastic power. The poetry is imaginative, and the churches are great and poetic. Look at theirs, and look at ours.

"God himself cannot procure good for the wicked." — *Welsh Triad*, DAVIES.

Troilus and Cressida contains many of those sentences which have procured a fame for Shakspeare quite independent of his dramatic genius: and which, in their clear and disengaged sentences, their universal aptness, imply the widest knowledge of men, and one would say such experience and such easy command as only courts and intimate knowledge of affairs and habits of command could bestow. It requires the habits of Leicester and Essex, of Burleigh and Buckingham, to speak the expressed essence of life in so large and so easy a phrase.

It is Wellington's merit that he feels his personal superiority from the first; sees good-humouredly and patiently all the attacks and even the victories of the enemy, in the firm assurance, that the enemy proceeds on a lower principle than himself. He sees the French military science to be vain and ostentatious, sees their object to be egotistic, and therefore their whole tactic unsteady and heartless, and sure to fall into some error somewhere, by which they will certainly become his prey.

Wellington traces his success at Assaye to his perception, in spite of the assertions of his guides, that, where two towns lay exactly opposite each other, on a river, there must be a ferry or a ford, probably the ford. He pushed for the river, and found one, and marched his army across.

[*February?*]

The merit claimed for the Anglican Church is, that if you let it alone, it will let you alone. It moves through a Zodiack of feasts, and has dearly coupled itself with the almanac.

At Candlemas Day
Half your roots and half your hay.

Hence its strength in the agricultural districts.

"The Established Clergy have long been as they contrive to be the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasants with the intellectual advancement of the age." — WORDSWORTH.

The power of the Established Church consists in its disconnexion from all other countries.

'T is said that the discovery of Milton's Arianism in this rigid generation has already impaired the sale of *Paradise Lost* — HALLAM.

"This sea is so slow that it is almost immoveable, and thought of many to be the bounds which compass in the whole world, because the sun continueth so clear and bright from the setting unto the rising, that it darkeneth the stars: and some are persuaded that the sound of the sun is there heard, as he riseth out of the sea, and that the beams of his head are there seen; as also, many shapes of Gods; and that there was the end of nature and the world." — VERSTEGAN, p. 34, translation from Tacitus, *De Moribus Germaniae.*

"Noah begat Japhet; Japhet begat Gomer; Gomer begat Assenez or Ascena; Ascena begat

Tuisco, the father and conductor of the Tuytsh or Germans out of Asia into Europe."—VERSTEGAN, p. 9.

The English have always been rich, but their immense power is recent. It is only just now that the old oak has blossomed out into such immoderate growth as we see. It is one of the maxims of political economy that all the wealth that exists was created within the last twelve months. But England, working long on the problem of her mines and her textile arts, at length produced her Marquis of Worcester, her Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, and by means of steam gave the immense expansion to her arts. 'T is wonderful how new all is. The iron plough was new in the eighteenth century; the cast iron plough in the nineteenth. Two centuries ago, all sawing of timber was done by hand, and hence the extreme cost of building with wood. Steam gave the whole value to the force pumps and the power looms.

America. One of the East India Company's vessels is a year and a half in making the voyage out to Calcutta and home, which an American performs in nine months . . . and it costs

the company just twice as much to export a cargo of coffee from Mocha to the Mediterranean as it does an American merchant, — namely, £30,000 *vs.* £15,000. — SPENCE.

[*End of May?*]

Yesterday a ride to Bedford with Ellery, along the "Bedford Levels" and walked all over the premises of the Old Mill, — King Philip's Mill, — on the Shawsheen River; — old mill, with sundry nondescript wooden antiquities, — Boys with bare legs were fishing on the little islet in the stream; we crossed and recrossed, saw the fine stumps of trees, rocks, and grove, and many Callot[1] views of the bare legs. Beautiful pastoral country, but needs sunshine. There were millions of light today, — so all went well, — (all but the dismal tidings which knelled a funeral-bell through the whole afternoon, in the death of Susan Sturgis.)

Rich democratic land of Massachusetts; in every house well-dressed women with air of town-ladies: in every house a *clavecin* and a copy of the *Spectator;* and some young lady a

1 Jacques Callot, the admirable French engraver of the early 17th century. He did figures with much spirit and in skilful grouping.

reader of Willis. Lantara[1] did not like the landscape; too many leaves, — one leaf is like another leaf, — and apt to be agitated by east wind.

On the other hand, "Professor" (Ellery's dog) did; he strode gravely as a bear, through all the sentimental parts, and fitted equally well the grave and the gay scenes. He has a stroke of humour in his eye, as if he enjoyed his master's jokes.

Ellery thinks "England a flash in the pan"; as English people, in 1848, had agreed that "Egypt was humbug." I am to put down among the monomaniacs the English agriculturist who only knows one revolution in political history, the rape-culture. But, as we rode, one thing was clear, as oft before, that it is favorable to sanity, — the occasional change of landscape. If a girl is mad to marry, let her take a ride of ten miles, and see meadows and mountains she never saw before; two villages, and an old mansion house; and the odds are, it will change all her resolutions. World is full

1 Simon Mathurin Lantara, a gifted but eccentric French landscape painter, born in 1729. What is said of him and much that follows is evidently a fragmentary report of Channing's whimsical conversation.

of fools who get a-going and never stop: set them off on another tack, and they are half cured. From Shawsheen we went to Burlington; and Ellery reiterated his conviction, that the only art in the world is landscape-painting. The boys held up their fish to us from far; a broad new placard on the walls announced to us that the Shawsheen Mill was for sale: but we bought neither the fish nor the mill.

Channing told Mr. Edmund Hosmer "that he did not see but trouble was as good as anything else, if you only have enough of it."

Swedenborg taught "that the evil spirits in the hells have all the enjoyment of which they are capable."

Sea. Alcuin called the sea, the road of the bold; the hostelry of the rivers; and the source of the rains.

> The sea was the road of the bold;
> Frontier of the wheat-sown plains;
> The pit wherein all rivers rolled,
> And fountain of the rains.

Of the ship. She looked into a port, and seeing nothing there, went on.

June 14.

I went to McKay's shipyard, and saw the *King of the Clippers* on the stocks: length of the keel, 285 feet, breadth of the beam 50 feet, carries 1500 tons more than the *Sovereign of the Seas.* Will be finished in August.

In political economy, all capital is new, the fruit of the last year or two. Waste England, waste France, Belgium; raze every city and town; in a year or two, there is just as much wheat and hay, as many animals, tools, barns, cloths, coaches, palaces, and ice-cream, as much revenue as before.

Counterpart of statement above; three or four days of rain reduce hundreds to starvation in London.

English race must be a mean or mixture, for everything in that island is. And this result which constitutes so much of the joy of life of agreeable relief or contrast in the colors, sounds, savors, and forms, is never so magnificent in effect, as in the marriage of complementary qualities of mind and character in individuals, wherein the powers of one family are reinforced by the addition of a new class of powers from

another. Nature has a chemistry of her own, by which she can mix as well as make.

Henry[1] is military. He seemed stubborn and implacable; always manly and wise, but rarely sweet. One would say that, as Webster could never speak without an antagonist, so Henry does not feel himself except in opposition. He wants a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, requires a little sense of victory, a roll of the drums, to call his powers into full exercise.[2]

[Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet and scholar, probably encouraged by Mr. Emerson in his purpose of finding a field for his proper work, and

1 Thoreau.

2 This was the way he appeared to his friend, older than he by fourteen years, for whom he had a high regard and reverence, as appears in his letters, in which, however, he allowed himself to be more human than in face to face speech. It is possible that he was on his guard not to be over-influenced.

Women found Thoreau courteous and kind, and to children he was a delightful friend and companion, yet always with a sincere directness. Farmers, mechanics, and labourers found him manly, simple and companionable if they were upright and direct. To all of this, from personal acquaintance for twenty-one years and much talk with Thoreau's acquaintances in all walks of life, I unhesitatingly testify.

E. W. E.

even a home, here, landed in America in the late autumn of 1852. He was cordially welcomed in Concord, in Boston, and in Cambridge where he went into lodgings, and tutored youth, lectured, or wrote for the *North American* and *Putnam's Magazine*, as opportunity offered. A few days after landing he wrote, "Emerson carries me off to Concord," and next day (Sunday, Nov. 14), — "Loads of talk with Emerson all morning . . . walk with him to a wood with a prettyish pool [Walden]. . . 6.30, tea and Mr. Thoreau; and presently Mrs. Ellery Channing [sister of Margaret Fuller] and others. . . . I had Abolition pretty well out with Emerson, with whom one can talk with pleasure on the subject. His view is in the direction of purchasing emancipation." Again, November 21, "Emerson gave a grand dinner in honour of my poor self apparently, at the Tremont House, where were Longfellow, Hawthorne, Greenough the Sculptor, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Ellery Channing, Lowell, and five others — a very swell dinner, I assure you." [1]]

1 See *Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough*, edited by his wife, vol. 1.

The editors desire to express here their obligation to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for their courtesy in allowing them to quote a few passages from the above work.

Clough thinks that there is a stream of tradition in families and in men in England, that you can draw more from than from people in a new country. It does not come out at once. They are slow to speak, and when they speak, it means something, stands for a great deal that has been done. When you talk with people in this country, the climate stimulates them to talk, but you soon come to the end of all they know.

In Belgium and other countries, I have seen reports of model farms; they begun with downs or running sands,—it makes no difference what bottom, mere land to lay their basket of loam down upon;—then, they proceed from beach grass, or whatever, and rye and clover, manuring all the time, until they formed a soil fourteen inches deep. Well, so I conceive, it is in national genericulture, as in agriculture. You must manage to set up a national will . . . you must find a land like England, where temperate and sharp northern breezes blow, to keep that will alive and alert; markets on every possible side, because it is an island; the people tasked and kept at the top of their condition by the continual activity of seafaring and the exciting nature of sea-risks, and the deep stimulus of gain: the

land not large enough, the population not large enough, to glut the market and depress one another; but so proportioned is it to the size of Europe and of the world, that it keeps itself healthy and bright, and, like an immense manufactory, it yields, with perfect security and ease, incredible results.

Many things conduce to this. Over them all works a sort of *Anima mundi* or soul of the island, — the aggregation by time, experience, and demand and supply, of a great many personalities, — which fits them to each other, and enables them to keep step and time, coöperate as harmoniously and punctually as the parts of a human body.

Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest* is written, I suspect, for the sake of blazoning its motto; and, in some manner, avenging the field of Waterloo, and the other humblings of France before England. The conclusion of the book certainly warrants this suspicion; and, I observe, that, in the chapter referring to Henry V's wars, Poitiers and Agincourt are not even named; whilst the battle of Castillon is exactly specified (p. 257).

The motto with which the book begins and

ends is from Robert of Gloucester, as follows:—

". . . the folc of Normandie,
That among us woneth yet and schulleth evermo!
Of the Normannes beth thys hey men, that beth of thys lond,
And the lowe men of Saxons. . . ."

He delighted in finding the Normans called *Franci* in old documents "Sworn to by all the French and all the English called *villains*, *villani*,—"

Sylvan could go wherever woods and waters were, and no man was asked for leave — once or twice the farmer withstood, but it was to no purpose,— he could as easily prevent the sparrows or tortoises. It was their land before it was his, and their title was precedent. Sylvan knew what was on their land, and they did not; and he sometimes brought them ostentatious gifts of flowers or fruits or shrubs which they would gladly have paid great prices for, and did not tell them that he took them from their own woods.

Moreover the very time at which he used their land and water (for his boat glided like a trout everywhere unseen,) was in hours when

they were sound asleep. Long before they were awake he went up and down to survey like a sovereign his possessions, and he passed onward, and left them before the farmer came out of doors. Indeed, it was the common opinion of the day that Mr. Thoreau made Concord.[1]

Ellery affirms that Adams, the cabinet-maker, has a true artistic eye; for he is always measuring with his eye the man he talks with for his coffin.

At Nahant, the eternal play of the sea seems the anti-clock, or destroyer of the memory of time, and reminds me of what I have once heard, that the sea perpetually invading inch by inch the continents, rising, say, on the eastern shore of each continent, an inch in a century, wears off and consumes all the monuments of civility and of man.

> All day the waves assailed the rock,
> I heard no church bells chime;
> The sea-beat scorns the minster clock
> And breaks the glass of Time.[2]

Magnae virtutes nec minora vitia. I knew

1 The last sentence takes off Sylvan's mask.

2 *Poems*, Appendix, p. 345.

well the indigence of Nature, which usually starves one faculty, when another is to be enriched. It is the too well known poesy of the best natures, these compensatory glories.

Alfred. There is a passage in Asser's *Life* [p. 76] giving a certain emphasis to a single sentence which was read or said to Alfred by Asser, and this sentence and others like it were to be written, — which exhibits the right instinct of education; the feeling of joy and hope that in certain moments enshrines a thought and draws a whole Pantheon out of it.

English talent is working talent: it is like oak and pine among fancy trees; and like iron among the metals bismuth, nickel, iridium, seen only in laboratories.

A better model of a steamboat or a clipper, a new channel of trade, a new engine, a bounty to fish, a law that abolishes tolls and fees at a port, changes the navigation of the world, and upsets a nobility and a nation. A new article of commerce like guano, a ship canal, leaves Amsterdams and Londons to rot with the Tyres and Sidons and Venices of the past.

I admire answers to which no answer can be made.

"The masters of slaves seem generally anxious to prove that they are not of a race superior in any noble quality to the meanest of their bondmen." — MACKINTOSH, *History of England*, i, p. 321.

Conduct of Intellect. Archimedes and Newton and other stark thinkers stretched and breathed themselves by a matchless feat of thinking, now and then, and left it so. They did not go repeating the particular problem they had solved, and applying it to everything, but went on to something else.

The game of intellect seems the perception in lucid moments that whatever befalls or can be stated is a universal proposition; and, contrariwise, that every general statement is poetical again by being particularized or impersonated.

Freedom, yes, but that is a thing of degrees. Is one of the slaveholders free? Not one. See the snakes wriggle and wind. Is a man free whose conscience accuses him of thefts and lies

and indulgences without number? No. Is he free whom I see, when my eyes are anointed, to be always egotistical, and blinded by his preference of himself? A humble man can see, but a proud man and a vain man are patients for the oculist.

England. The English government is gentlemanlike. If any national benefit has been rendered, if the arts have been advanced, if science has been served, the government may be relied on to be just and generous to the man who has served them, as Paxton, Fellowes, Stephenson, Franklin, Rowland Hill. I believe that it is far better than the American government, in this point, where the venality of Congress [sentence unfinished].

The English are like a family to which a promise has been given that a male heir shall never be wanting. They have always a wealth of men to fill important posts, and the concentrated attention on such posts ensures the selection of a competent person. The public service must not suffer. Too much property is at stake. The younger Pitt was a jockey to hold the reins of power, neither stiff nor slack; otherwise not a

man of notable ability. Thurlows and Cannings and Foxes and Grenvilles abound in London.

The whole civility and polity are rude and initial. It is only custom and ignorance which flatter it with superlatives. The giddy absurdity of tying up a nation and untying a badly educated, stubborn boy, because disqualified by his education as a prince; letting loose his folly and passion (which should be confined to a penitentiary) on the interests of a nation of men; and padlock progress and keep at a standstill all that has been gained, shows the extreme rudeness of Europe.

Whiggery. The insufferable folly of keeping the weal of millions at risk and every interest of science, of charity, of morals, and of humanity, at a halt, on so despicable a chance as the will of a single Russian gentleman, will not long impose on the common sense of mankind. Some third way will be thought of between anarchy and this puerile makeshift of an irresponsible rogue. Monarchy stands on the timidity of property: property must not be disturbed. It can better pay blackmail to one king than run the risk of revolution.

"Lord Thurlow, when chancellor, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in chancery?" — ELDON, i, p. 167.

Agricultural. Cattle-show.[1]

The Newtown Pippins, gentlemen, are they not the *Newton* Pippins or, is not this the very pippin that demonstrated to Sir Isaac Newton the fall of the world, not the fall of Adam, but of the moon to the earth, and universal gravity? Well, here they are, a barrel of them; every one of them good to show gravitation, and good to

1 Such, at first, was the title of the County Fairs established about the middle of the 19th century under the auspices of the Agricultural Societies in Massachusetts and held in the fine September days. Horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry were shown, and the whole countryside came and had a delightful holiday. In the building was a beautiful and varied exhibition. The farmer brought his corn, vegetables, and fruit; from the orchards and gardens of the town came wonderful apples, pears, plums, quinces and melons; the farmer's wife showed her bread, butter, cheese, and quilts; her daughters their sewing, flowers, and even drawings. Small boys could get in free by bringing some crook-neck squashes of their own raising. There were ploughing and spading matches. Finally came the dinner and address. Mr. Emerson's essay "Farming" was given as such in 1858.

eat; every one as sound as the moon. What will you give me for a barrel of moons?

July.

Short way with slaveholders. I read last night a letter from L—— T—— to L—— F——, stating that he had learned from a scientific person that sulphate of copper, commonly called blue vitriol, used in small quantities in the manufacture of wheat flour, had important effects in increasing the docility of the people who eat it; and he proposed to introduce such manufacture on a large scale into the Southern States, with a view to reduce the stubbornness of the population, to the end of an easier removal of Slavery. He therefore asks Mr. F—— at what price he can supply him with 240 tons of this article, in the autumn, with a prospect of a much larger purchase hereafter. He proceeds to say that great caution must be used in the introduction of this article, and that a number of bakers must be sent with instructions to use it, and that the project should be confidential. Would like also to have Mr. F—— take the opinions of Abbott Lawrence, and Senator Everett, and others, who may have information as to the use of this article in Europe.

Mr. F—— sent the letter to Dr. Charles T.

Jackson,[1] who replied, that the use of the article is an outrageous fraud, and is forbidden on high penalties in England and France, as it is rank poison.

July.

It is a great loss to lose the confidence of a class; yet the scholar, the thinker goes on losing the ear and love of class after class who once sustained him.

The scholar isolates himself by the sweet opium which he has learned to chew, and which he calls Muses, and memory, and philosophy. Now and then, he meets another scholar, and then says, "See, I am rewarded for my truth to myself and calling, by the perfect sympathy I here find." But, meantime, he is left out more and more, and at last utterly, by society, and his faculties languish for want of invitation, and objective work; until he becomes that very thing which they taunt him with being, a self-indulgent dreamer. In an intellectual community, he would be steeled and sharpened and burnished to a strong Archimedes or Newton. Society makes him the imbecile it accuses him of being.

1 The eminent chemist and geologist, Mrs. Emerson's brother.

On the rocks of Nahant the chemical texture of the world appeared, and statistics is also a rock-of-Nahant to show that the world is a crystal and God a chemist.

[To the regret of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Norton, and his many friends in New England, Clough had suddenly returned to England in July, having been offered a place in the Education Office, which, with its assured salary, would allow of his marriage.

He had frequently spent Sundays in Mr. Emerson's home, where he was most welcome to the elders and the children.

Carlyle, writing to Mr. Emerson in early autumn, said,—"Clough is settled in his office . . . I think he is now likely to continue here; and here, too, he may do us some good. Of America, at least of New England, I can perceive he has brought away an altogether kindly, almost filial impression, especially of a certain man who lives in that section of the Earth. More power to his elbow!"]

England. My belief is that nobody landed on this island with impunity; that the popular fable of spellbound homes of enchanters was fact in

England; the climate and conditions, labor and rough weather, transformed every adventurer into a laborer, and each vagabond that arrived submitted his neck to the yoke of avarice and ambition, or found the air too tense for him to exist in.

The race avails much, but the genius of the place also is despotic and will not have any frivolous person.

Malthus is the right organ of English proprietors. But we shall never understand political economy until we get Béranger or Burns or some poet to teach it in songs; and they won't teach Malthuism.

And there is no subject that does not belong to the Poet; manufactures and stock brokerage, as much as sunsets and souls; only the things placed in their true order are poetry; but displaced, or put in kitchen-order, they are unpoetic.

(From DO)

'T is curious that Christianity, which is idealism, is sturdily defended by the brokers, and steadily attacked by the idealists.

Horatio Greenough. [Greenough had been cut off in his prime by brain fever, December

18, 1852. At the time he was delivering a course of lectures on Art in Boston. It is said that he left sketches for the work of the next twenty years. A "Memorial" of him containing his papers on Art and other subjects, and preceded by a life of the artist by H. T. Tuckerman, was published in 1853.

In a letter to Carlyle Mr. Emerson said, — "Our few fine persons are apt to die. Horatio Greenough, a sculptor, but whose tongue was far cunninger in talk than his chisel to carve, and who inspired great hopes, died two months ago at forty-seven years" (*Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 219).]

(From VS)

I do not think of any American in the century who would make so good a subject for a lecture as Greenough. But oh to hear again his own eloquent and abounding discourse! — but he passed away suddenly like the brightest of mornings.

I account that man, one product of American soil (born in Boston), as one of the best proofs of the capability of this country —

We have one memorial of him always before us. He gave the model of the Bunker Hill

Monument. He said, "An obelisk says but one word, *Here!* but it speaks very loud."

There is a kind of retardation in the English youth. Every man is a possible lord. But they have so many men that they are obliged to keep back the vast majority by checking, and in the state of neuters, as candidates for place as soon as any accident happens to the queen or great officers.

"*Par une conséquence nécessaire de sa forte nature, le peuple Anglais est incompatible avec tout ce qui n'est pas lui. Son génie est exclusif. Il ne comprend pas qu'on puisse vivre, penser, et agir autrement que luimême.*" — LÉONCE DE LAVERGNE.

(From DO)

July 21.

Fate and Instinct. Fatalism the right formula to be holden: but by a clever person who knows to allow the living instinct. For, though that force be infinitely small, infinitesimal against the Universal Chemistry, it is of that subtlety that it homœopathically doses the system.

All Hanover Street was abroad; mountains of ordinary women; firm bounds of brass and

puddingstone set to every one of them; and liquidity or flowing power nowhere.

Abolition. If you can get Russian tactics into your political representation, so as to ensure the fidelity of your representative to the sentiment of the constituency, by making him more afraid of his constituents than he is of his opponents, you will get your will done.

August.

At Lenox,[1] Miss —— congratulated herself that —— had settled down into sensible opinions and practices, like her neighbors. I asked her if she thought her two sisters, who had complied with sensible notions and practices, had quite succeeded; that I perhaps did not think quite as respectfully as she did of Boston and New York; that what she called a success seemed to me a poor thing, and, as those examples betrayed, a mere fetch, or a dose of brandy to drown thought; but only the more degrading those who succeeded. Had New York succeeded? Were the gentlemen of New York en-

1 Mr. Emerson was visiting valued friends, the Tappans and Sedgwicks, in Lenox, when during this year his eldest daughter, Ellen, had been attending the excellent school of Mrs. Sedgwick.

tirely satisfied with their manly performance? As far as I am informed, they are ruled by some rowdy aldermen who are notorious rogues and blacklegs. They must feel very clean in going down Wall Street, whilst Mr. Rhynders cows them. Is their political conscience sweet and serene, as they find themselves represented at Albany and at Washington? As for these people, they have miserably failed, and 't is very fine for them to put on airs. The veriest monk in a college is better than they. As to —— I was far from thinking she had ended her experiments. It is her glory that she takes her life in her hand, and is ready for a new world.

In New York, Henry James quoted Thackeray's speeches in society, "He liked to go to Westminster Abbey to say his prayers," etc. "It gave him the comfort, — blest feeling." . . . He thought Thackeray could not see beyond his eyes, and has no ideas, and merely is a sounding-board against which his experiences thump and resound: he is the merest boy.[1]

1 In a letter to Carlyle written August 10, Mr. Emerson says, "I was in New York lately for a few days, and fell into some traces of Thackeray, who has made a good mark in this country by a certain manly blurting out of his opinion in va-

These New Yorkers and Lenox people think much of New York; little of Boston. The Bostonians are stiff, dress badly, never can speak French with good accent: the New Yorkers have exquisite millinery, *tournure*, great expense, and, on being presented, the men look at you, and instantly see whether your dress and style is up to their mark; if not (and expense is great part of the thing) they never notice you. "These girls — any one of them" (said Thackeray at a party, to a German prince in New York) "has more diamonds on her back than are in all your principality." And C. said, that it was difficult to go into any society in New York — without you were in condition to give parties too. The artists, she said, were very worldly, and will not go anywhere unless they are to have suppers and champagne. She told H—— she had heard more about money from him and them than ever before.

Henry James found all these artists poor things, vain, conceited nobodies; and E. H. finds in Boston the question of society is that of who gives dinners?

rious companies where so much honesty was rare and useful. I am sorry never to have been in the same town with him while he was here."

The Boston women spend a great deal of money on rich and rare dresses, and have no milliner of taste who can say, "This stuff, this color, this trimming, this *ensemble* does not suit you." In New York the milliners have this skill. Mrs. Perkins, at the Opera, heard a dressmaker say, "How dowdy all the Boston ladies are! Mrs. Perkins is dowdy."

Cheering amidst all this trifle was the reading of Charles Newcomb's letters: the golden age came again, the true youth, the true heroism, the future, the ideal. I could hardly sit to read them out. I was penitent for having ever mistrusted him, for having chided his impatience; and resolved at once to write him, and assure him of my loyalty. Swedenborg rose too, and all the gods out of earth and air and ocean, — if only they would reconcile the two worlds, and make us fit for and contented with either. Only of Charles I would give much to know how it all lies in his mind; I would know his inmost sincerity; know what reserves he makes when he talks divinely. I would rather know his real mind than any other person's I have ever met. For it is still true that each makes one immense exception in his love and homage to the canon of nature,

— one reserve, — namely, of all his own rights and possibilities.

I told Alcott that I should describe him as a man with a divination or good instinct for the quality and character of wholes: as a man who looked at things in a little larger angle than most other persons; and as one who had a certain power of transition from thought to thought, as by secret passages, which it would tax the celerity and subtlety of good metaphysicians to follow. But he has the least shop value of any man. He were a very bad Englishman. He has no wares, he has not wrought his fine clay into vases, nor his gold dust into ingots. All the great masters finish their works to the eye and hand, as well as to the Divine Reason: to the shop, as well as to the gods.

But he is an inestimable companion, because he has no obligations to old or new; but is free as if new born. But he is not careful to understand you. If he get a half meaning that serves his purpose, 't is enough.

Henry Thoreau[1] sturdily pushes his economy

1 Thoreau was then living at Staten Island as private tutor to the eldest son of Mr. Emerson's brother William.

CHARLES KING NEWCOMB

into houses and thinks it the false mark of the gentleman that he is to pay much for his food. He ought to pay little for his food. Ice,— he must have ice! And it is true, that, for each artificial want that can be invented and added to the ponderous expense, there is new clapping of hands of newspaper editors and the donkey public. To put one more rock to be lifted betwixt a man and his true ends. If Socrates were here, we could go and talk with him; but Longfellow, we cannot go and talk with; there is a palace, and servants, and a row of bottles of different coloured wines, and wine glasses, and fine coats.

Thought is nothing but the circulations made luminous. There's no solitary flower, and no solitary thought.

Send your girls to boarding-schools, to Madame Hicks, or to French ladies in New York, to learn address; that they may surmount the platform of these female bullies who make the women of fashion, and be quite able to confront them ever after, as possessed of their secret also. It will save an impressionable child many mortifications, and need not make a fashionist of her.[1]

1 This advice in somewhat differing form is found in "Behavior" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 170, 171).

The Americans have the underdose. I find them not spiced with a quality. What poor *mots*, — what poor speeches, they make! 'T is all like Miss Joanna's stories, wherein all the meaning has to be imputed. "O, if you could only have heard him say it!" — "Say what?" — "Why, he said '*Yes*,' but with so much intelligence!" Well, John Adams said, "Independence forever!" and Sam Adams said, "O, what a glorious morning is this!" and Daniel Webster said, "I still live," and Edward Everett will say, when he comes to die, "O dear!" and General Cushing will say, "O my!" (And General Butler will say, "Damn!"),[1] and however brilliant, in the first and second telling, these speeches may be, they somehow lack the Plutarch virility.

[Mr. Emerson was glad to take excursions from home during the months of August and September, for, with his growing family and frequent guests, the time had come to enlarge the upper storey of his house by building a spacious chamber for his wife and himself over the parlor, sunny and with pleasant outlooks towards the village and Walden woods; also he had a

1 This was an interpolation of many years later.

concealed "den" in the garret to secure absolute privacy for himself in stress of writing, or perhaps afford refuge to a fugitive slave.]

CAPE COD, *September* 5.

Went to Yarmouth Sunday, 5th; to Orleans Monday, 6th; to Nauset Light on the back side of Cape Cod. Collins, the keeper, told us he found obstinate resistance on Cape Cod to the project of building a lighthouse on this coast, as it would injure the wrecking business. He had to go to Boston, and obtain the strong recommendation of the Port Society. From the high hill in the rear of Higgins's, in Orleans, I had a good view of the whole Cape and the sea on both sides. The Cape looks like one of the Newfoundland Banks just emerged, a huge tract of sand, half-covered with poverty grass and beach grass, and for trees, abele and locust and plantations of pitch pine. Some good oak, and in Dennis and Brewster were lately good trees for ship lumber, and they still are well wooded on the east side. But the view I speak of looked like emaciated Orkneys, — Mull, Islay, and so forth,—made of salt dust, gravel, and fish bones. They say the wind makes the roads, and, as at Nantucket, a large part of the real estate was

freely moving back and forth in the air. I heard much of the coming railroad which is about to reach Yarmouth and Hyannis, and they hope will come to Provincetown. I fancied the people were only waiting for the railroad to reach them in order to evacuate the country. For the stark nakedness of the country could not be exaggerated. But no; nothing was less true. They are all attached to what they call *the soil.* Mr. Collins had been as far as Indiana; but, he said, hill on hill,— he felt stifled, and "longed for the Cape, where he could see out." And whilst I was fancying that they would gladly give away land to anybody that would come and live there, and be a neighbor: no, they said, all real estate had risen, all over the Cape, and you could not buy land at less than fifty dollars per acre. And, in Provincetown, a lot on the Front Street of forty feet square would cost five or six hundred dollars.

Still, I saw at the Cape, as at Nantucket, they are a little tender about your good opinion: for if a gentleman at breakfast says he don't like Yarmouth, all real estate seems to them at once depreciated two or three per cent.

They are very careful to give you directions what road you shall take from town to town;

but, as the country has the shape of a piece of tape, it is not easy to lose your way. For the same reason it behooves everybody who goes on to the Cape to behave well, as he must stop on his return at all the same houses, unless he takes the packet at Provincetown for Boston, six hours in good weather, and a week in bad.

The sand grinds the glass at Nauset Light, and soon makes it unfit for use. The sand grinds the tires of the wheels of the stage-coach. I found at Yarmouth the Deerberry, *Vaccinium stamineum;* and at Dennis, the *Chrysopsis.*

The Arabs say that the lion's roar says, *I, and the son of the woman, — Ahna, ou el ben mera.*

"Nature, which could not foresee our civil arrangements, contented herself with making women *aimables et légères*, but with a certain facility, and lighthearted, because that sufficed to her views. The same interest which has wished that there should be a constant association between the sexes has also exacted of them sentiments more stable than those which Nature had given them. Be it as it may, it is on this tottering base that the edifice of society reposes; and it is not doubtful that we ought to give them

credit for the virtue or the address with which they sustain it." — Roussel, *apud* Grimm, part 3, vol. i.

The one thing not to be forgiven to intellectual persons is that they believe in the ideas of others.[1] . . .

"*On ne se dégage pas des voies où les siècles vous ont engagés.*" (De Noailles.) You cannot free yourself from your times.

"*Pendant que l'Angleterre passait à la liberté avec un front sévère, la France courait au despotisme en riant.*" — Chateaubriand.

People value thoughts, not truths; truth, not until it has passed through the mould of some man's mind, and so is a curiosity, and an individualism! But ideas as powers, they are not up to valuing.

It occurred in the crowd of beauties on the *pavé* of Broadway that we grow so experienced that we are dreadfully quick-sighted, and in the youngest face detect the wrinkles that shall be,

1 See "Fugitive Slave Law," Concord Address (*Miscellanies*, p. 217).

and the grey that hastens to discolour these meteor tresses. We cannot afford, then, to live long, or Nature, which lives by illusions, will have disenchanted us too far for happiness.

(From HO)

[Here follow many quotations from Toussenel's *Passional Zoölogy*, of which a few are given.]

September 8.

"The Rhodian (the double) rose solved Malthus's problem, — since it had said that a flower which becomes double is a flower that transforms its stamens into petals, and which, consequently, becomes barren by exuberance of sap and richness."

"Fecundity is curbed by surrounding all women with the delights of luxury, comprising the incentives to attractive labor."

"No public establishment in Paris possesses a hall vast enough to contain the crowds of both sexes that would be drawn by the mere announcement of a course of passional chemistry, physics, or astronomy. I ask only Lamartine's gift of speech, with the right of opening a course on passional botany. They would come from Naples and Stockholm to hear me."

Nature is a mistress of conversation. She does not preach through pumpkin stalks discourses on the value of clothing, but contents herself with sending a cold day, and putting down a buffalo or an angola goat, a few sheep, and a few cotton plants, within sight.

Horses. Bayard, horse of Renaud de Montauban, which Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, tried to obtain, understood his master's speech as if he had been his son, — beat the earth with his forefeet as if it had been a harp; ran away from Charlemagne, and still in the forest of Ardennes neighs loud and clear, to be heard all over France on St. John's Day. How Bayard mystified the Emperor Charlemagne, see *Revue des Deux Mondes* (tome v, p. 312).

Arnaud de Gascoigne's horse could at the age of one hundred years make one hundred leagues in a day without stopping and without blowing. On the whole, in the stories of the Round Table, the horses show rather more good sense and conduct than their riders.

The horse *Marco Polo*, of Raphael Fabretti, the antiquary, stood still and pointed when he came near an antiquity.[1] See his master's life by

1 In the *Life of Meissonier* is given a story, vouched for by

Visconti, in *Biographie Universelle.* Hallam, iv, 69.

Being once present at the Creation, I saw that, from each man as he was formed, a piece of the clay of which he was made was taken, and set apart for him as goods or property; and it was allowed him to receive this in whatever form he desired, whether as wife, friend, son, daughter, or as house, land, warehouses, merchandizes, horses, libraries, gardens, ships. Also he might have it now in one of these forms, and at his will it was converted into another. But because it was one and the same lump out of which all these were fashioned, and as that was the clay of his own body, all these things had one and the same taste and quality to him, and he died at last of ennui.

What a rich and extraordinary genius is Lord Clarendon, the historian, yet he is obscure in the crowd of English writers.

What Englishman has idealism enough to lift the horizon of brass which shuts down like

the painter himself, of his horse's recognizing the picturesque in places.

an umbrella close around his body.[1] When did he ever pierce his fogs to see the awful spinners and weavers that spin and weave and cut so short his web of rank and money and politics, and interrogate the vital powers that make him man. Since Shakspeare, never one; and Shakspeare only for amusement of the playhouse.

The power of Fate, the dynastic oppression of Submind.

Nature shows everything once without need of microscope or anatomical dissection. It does not need barometer to find the height of mountains. The line of snow is surer than the barometer; and the zones of plants, as the savin, the pine, the *laureole odorante*, vernal gentian, *aconitum napellus*, *geum*, *Linnæa borealis*, and the various lichens and grasses, are all thermometers which cannot be deceived, and will not lie. They are instruments by the best maker. She shows the pila in mullein; the spirals in hyacinth; the vesicles in a *chara;* chromate in the "splendid sage." She shows every function once in great bodies.[2]

1 A similar sentence and several that are here omitted are found in the chapter "Literature" in *English Traits* (pp. 254, 255).

2 A passage to the same purpose as the above is in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 160).

Once I wished I might rehearse
Freedom's pæan in my verse,
That the slave who caught the strain
Should throb until he snapt his chain.
But the *Spirit* said, Not so;[1] . . .

The English mind flowered in every faculty. In the age when Europe awoke like a giant refreshed by sleep, when the Gothic nations brought the robust brain of unsunned barbarism into the warm regions of the vine and olive of Roman method and rule, the two forces of Judaism and of Greek genius were poured like sunlight and heat into it.[2] The tables of their brain were like plates of iodine long kept in the dark [several pages torn out].

Nature is admirable, and exists for the present hour, as well as for the immense cycle; and, whilst man is for eternity, for poetry, for love,

1 In the Journal the first trials for the poem "Freedom" and its final form are given at this place and fix its date. It should be said, however, that the two lines preceding the last line in the *Poems* are not found here, and that the last line differs thus: —

Right thou feelest, rashly do.

2 Compare a passage to the same purpose, but less picturesquely expressed, in *English Traits* (p. 235).

yet he has a Greek, an English, an American career, which masks effectually the ulterior purpose from ordinary eyes.

All the authors are enchanted men; intoxicated, plainly, with that stray drop of nectar of idealism they have imbibed; Bacon, rich with lustres and powers stolen somehow from the upper world, and inevitably wonderful to men; but he has this plunder of ideas, or this degree of fine madness, to no purpose: he does nothing with it: it leads him nowhere; he is a poor mean fellow all the while; and in fine examples, — in Milton, — it is not much better. It is not yet blood, — this drop of ichor that tingles in them, and cannot lift the whole man to the digestion and function of ichor, — that is, of godlike action.[1] . . .

If a divine physician could come and say, "Ah, you are hurt, — you are bleeding to death, — not out of your body, but, far worse, out of your mind. You that are reckoned the pink of amiable and discreet men, — you are in a raging typhoid, already comatose, blind, and deaf.

1 This sentence and the rest of the paragraph are essentially given in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 73, 74).

All the worse that you do not know it. Men run away from the smallpox. But see the smallpox of small society, — the vermin, the tapeworm of politics, and of trifling city life, is eating your vitals. — Save yourself. I call you to renunciation of trifles, of display, of custom. I lead you to an upright and simple friend who knows what truth means. See that one noble person dwarfs a nation of underlings, makes the day beautiful, and himself venerable, and you shall not fear to wake in the morning."

Men have a greater range than we think; if a man knows a hundred men, he treats each according to each's nature, and renders dust to dust, and miracle to miracle. Ebba Hubbard is as sensible of the difference between Wheeler and Channing, as of the difference between apple and turnip, and this quite irrespective of their clothes or money.

We want a higher logic to put us in training for the laws of creation. How does the step forward from one species to a higher species of an existing genus take place? The ass is not the parent of the horse; no fish begets a bird. But the concurrence of new conditions necessitates

a new object in which those conditions meet and flower. When the hour is struck in onward nature, announcing that all is ready for the birth of higher form and nobler function, not one pair of parents, but the whole consenting system thrills, yearns, and produces. It is a favorable aspect of planets and of elements.

I think it wonderful, the beauty of the Greeks as contrasted with the unbeautiful English nursery-stories, which, though now and then rarely admitting in their fable a natural fact, as of frost, or effects of spring, to gleam through, yet in the main are childish and insignificant, like Blue Beard or Jack Giant-killer, whilst every word of the Greek is at once beautiful and also science.

I think no man is insensible to the figures that adorn the pages of the Almanac, — Aries, Taurus, Gemini, etc., from the Greek mythology.

Rest on your humanity, and it will supply you with strength and hope and vision for the day. Solitude and the country, books, and openness, will feed you ; but go into the city — I am afraid there is no morning in Chestnut Street, it is full of rememberers, they shun each

other's eyes, they are all wrinkled with memory of the tricks they have played, or mean to play, each other, of petty arts and aims all contracting and lowering their aspect and character. They have great need of fine clothes. I advise they must buy richer laces yet, if they wish to hide their deformities. Don't spare money.

Cæsar offered to Venus on his return to Rome a corslet of British pearls. The Romans sent to England no mean man, but him in whom the power of that empire culminated, — and he found in Britain a man in natural power as good as himself, though not so well equipped and seconded.

The Britons of that day ran with painted bodies into swamps up to their necks, and had a receipt of temperance, long since lost in the island, of holding a morsel in their teeth for days, to resist hunger, no bigger than a bean.

Daguesseau was reading one day with the learned Boivin I know not what Greek poem; "*Hâtons nous*," he cried, — "*si nous allions mourir avant d'avoir achevé!*"

Power, new power, is the talisman and loadstone which only a soul seeks. It cares not if

it do not yet appear in a talent, or it likes it better if it have no talent. New power suggests vast hopes native to the mind. It sets it on experimenting, it brings it into creative moods. It does not promise to pay bills or build my house or barn, but it assures new expansions to Religion, Philosophy, Science, and Poetry.

The university wholly retrospective. Milton, Juvenal, Homer and the rest are old cups of which one cannot drink without some loss and degradation. The happy youth drinks at the Fountain.

A creator Columbus is, and Newton, and the astronomers, and McKay with his clipper. So is Bull[1] with his new grape, and Shakspeare. But now seldom or never it comes of good college education or having the grammar at the tongue's end.

Nature made nothing in vain, neither poisons nor passions; and crimes are not absolute, but circumstantial and related to a higher harmony.

1 Ephraim Bull, a neighbor of Mr. Emerson's, who by his intelligent efforts developed the Concord grape from the wild (*Labrusca*) species in a few generations, — a great gift to the nation, but he died poor.

Alcott was here, a baker who bakes a half a dozen worlds as easily as the cook so many loaves: the most obstinate unitarian that ever existed. He only believes in unity. Plato is dualist to him. Preëxistence is as familiar and essential in his mind as hydrogen or sulphur in a chemist's laboratory. *Metachemistry*, his philosophy might be called with some show of truth. He believes in cause and effect and comes out of such vast caverns up to the surface of conversation that he has to rub his eyes and look about him not to break the proprieties of this trifling world.

He relies on Nature forever — wise, omnific, thousand-handed Nature, equal to every emergency, which can do very well without colleges, and if the Latin and Greek and Algebra and Art were in the parents, is sure it will be in the children without being pasted on the outside.[1]

1 Mr. Emerson, through the long years of their acquaintance, always said that he found more stimulus and elevation in private talk with Mr. Alcott than with any other man. In his public "Conversations" — mainly monologue — Mr. Alcott was less surely at his best, especially if a disputatious and unsympathetic person were present, for he was a seer and not a dialectician. This paragraph, without reference to Alcott, however, is printed in "Celebration of Intellect" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 128).

Superlative. A head or face magnified loses its expression.

Alcott tells me that Mr. Hedge is to write an essay on the importance of a liturgy — I propose to add an essay on the importance of a rattle in the throat.

Women. How difficult to deal with them. You must interfere continually to steer their talk or they will be sure, if they meet a button or a thimble, to run against it and forget all in the too powerful associations of the work-table and the pantry. Can't keep it impersonal. Can't keep it afloat in the stream.

Mother wit. Dr. Johnson, Milton, Chaucer, and Burns had it. Unless we had Boswell, we should hardly know how to account for Johnson's fame, his wit is so muffled and choked in his scholastic style. Yet it animates that, and makes his opinions real.

Aunt Mary has it, and can write scrap letters. Who has it, need never write anything but scraps.

Henry Thoreau has it.

In this kingdom of illusion life is a dream, in

the language of the ancient, — we change only from bed to bed.[1] . . .

Henry Thoreau says he values only the man who goes directly to his needs; who, wanting wood, goes to the woods and brings it home; or to the river, and collects the drift, and brings it in his boat to his door, and burns it: not him who keeps shop, that he may buy wood. One is pleasing to reason and imagination; the other not.

[Here follows much that is printed in "Quotation and Originality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 197).]

Quotation. Admirable mimicks have nothing of their own. And in every kind of parasite, when Nature has finished an excellent sucking-pipe to tap another animal, the self-supplying organs wither and dwindle as being superfluous: "*et quand ils cessent d'être le personnage qu'ils ont choisi, et qui vous amuse tant, ils deviennent insipides et tristes, parce qu'ils ne sont plus qu'eux.*" — GRIMM, part 2, vol. i, p. 434.

I often need the device of ascribing my sentence to another, in order to give it weight. Carlyle does so with Teufelsdröckh.

1 See "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 322).

"'God save the King,' it seems, has been, at last, ascertained to have been composed by a man of the name of John Bull in the time of James I." — Moore's *Diary*, vol. iv, p. 148.

The English despair of the heart; Thackeray does; seems to think God has made no allowance for it in his universe; so he renounces ideals and accepts London;—so thought Elizabeth Hoar, or the like of this.

But I thought, how these antagonistic, *bornés*, japanning English, as they build Birmingham everywhere, as they trample on nationalities to reproduce London and the Londoner in Europe, in Asia, in America, so they feel and resent the hostility of ideas, of poetry, of religion,[1] . . .

The Englishman sits there full of his own affairs. He has an oppressive personality and with the best faith in the world, speaking or silent, puts upon the company with the importance of his things. If you could open his eyes to the insignificance of Oxford and London, Peel and Paxton, Rothschild and Manchester, on any true scale, you would shock him to the point of jeopardizing his human spirits and efficiency.

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see *English Traits* (p. 160).

English personality. I wonder what is that chemical element which so differences the Englishman from the Yankee. It sculptures his large head and bust, and gives the firm lines of strength. and the repose of felt superiority.

But the triumph of culture is to overpower nationality, by importing the flower of each country's genius into the humanity of a gentleman.

Poetry. What is called the Revival of Letters, or the letting-in of Hebrew and of Greek mind on the Gothic brain, wrought this miracle, and produced the English inspiration, which culminated in Shakspeare. For two centuries England was philosophic, religious, poetic: as that influence declined, it cooled common sense into materialism again, and lost the fine power of transition, of imagination, and unity; lost profoundness and connection. And a mind with this endowment, like Coleridge, Wordsworth, Swedenborg, is not only ungenial, but unintelligible. Shakspeare's transcendences are only pardoned for his perfect objectiveness.

The English mind now is superstitious before facts, facts, they make a great ado about a truth. The oldest, mustiest formularies we expect from them, and find; no deep *aperçu*, no all-binding

theory, no glimpse of distant relations, and the *quoddam vinculum*. There is poor-smell, and learned trifling, and Locke instead of Berkeley.[1]

Books. Resources for a rainy day. Read Dryden's *Aurungzebe* (see Moore, *Diary*, iv, 306). Sir Fulke Greville's *Life of Sir P. Sidney*. President Hénault, *Abrégé chronologique de l'histoire de France*. Galiani: *Dialogues sur le commerce des blés*.

The meaning of the famous saying of Jacobi[2] (and of Mr. Dean) is the fact that the poet sprains or strains himself by attempting too much; he tries to reach the people, instead of contenting himself with the temperate expression of what he knows. Sing he must and should, but not ballads; sing, but for gods or demigods. He need not transform himself into Punch and Judy. A man must not be a proletary or breeder, but only by mere superfluity of his strength he begets Messiahs. He relieves himself, and makes a world.

1 Some sentences of the above entry are found in a different connection in *English Traits* (p. 235).

2 "When a man has fully expressed his thought he has somewhat less possession of it."—Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi.

Solitude of mind endangered in America by too much demonstration.

Look at the sunset when you are distant half a mile from the village, and I fear you will forget your engagement to the tea-party. That tint has a dispersive power not only of memory, but of duty. But the city lives by remembering.

The main question of any person whatever is, Does he respect himself? Then I have no option. The Universe will respect him. Mirabeau said of Robespierre, "That man will go far, he believes what he says."

A hypothesis, or algebraic x, or unknown quantity, must be signified until the truth can be arrived at. We are made logical, and are sure the missing link is there, though latent. We use semblances of logic,[1] . . . Expansion, warmth, power, belong to every truth. The poet knows the missing link at once, as the lapidary knows the true stone from glass and paste.

I call those persons who can make a general remark, provided also they have an equal spirit,

1 See "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 10).

aristocrats. All the rest, in palaces or in lanes, are snobs, to use the vulgar phrase.

Thus Picard, who knows how to measure a degree on the earth's surface; Vauban, who knows how to make a river and the rain avail to make fountains at Versailles; Cuvier, who sees his thought classify the creation anew; Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Laplace, Napoleon, I call nobles. All the *grands seigneurs* who prate after them are rabble. I call these fellows nobles because they know something originally of the world. If the sun were extinguished and the solar system deranged, they could begin to replace it.

The town is the unit of the Republic. The New England States found their constitutions on towns, and not on committees, which districting leads to and is. And thus are politics the school of the people, the game which every one of them learns to play. And therefore they are all skilful in California, or on Robinson Crusoe's Island, instantly to erect a working government, as French and Germans are not. In the Western States and in New York and Pennsylvania, the town system is not the base, and therefore the expenditure of the legislature is not economical, but prodigal. By district, or whatever throws

the election into hands of committees, men are elected, who could not get the votes of those to whom they are best known.

I neglected to set down among the antagonisms of England, that of the Language, which composes out of its Saxon and Latin threads a perpetual harmony. In all English rhetoric we use alternately a Saxon and a Roman word; often, two Saxon, but never willingly or wisely two Roman: e.g. "A popular body of four hundred men." "A correct and manly debater."[1]

Mystic or theist never scared by any startling materialism. He knows the laws of gravitation and of repulsion are deaf to French talkers, be they never so witty. And it is characteristic of the Teutonic mind to prefer the idea to the phenomenon, and of the Celtic, to prefer the phenomenon to the idea.

Higher yet, shall I say, is it to prefer the idea or power to the thought — that is, to the

1 Because this love of Saxon words was so strong in Mr. Emerson this passage is given, although the substance, quite differently expressed, is printed. He would never allow his children to use the word "commence" which they brought home from school. (See *English Traits*, p. 235.)

idea once individualized or domesticated in one man's mind, as Shakspeare or Plato.

Malthus existed to say, Population outruns food: Owen existed to say, "Given the circumstance, the man is given. I can educate a tiger": Swedenborg, that inner and outer correspond: Fourier, that the destinies are proportioned to the attractions; Bentham, The greatest good of the greatest number. But what do you exist to say?

We can do nothing without the shadow. The sun were insipid if the universe was not opaque.[1] . . .

There's more memory in the world than we allow for; other things remember, as well as you. Gold always remembers how it was got, and curses or blesses according to the manner of its coming.

I like to hear of any strength, and, as soon as they speak of the malignity of Swift, we prick up our ears. I fear there is not strength enough in America that any body can be qualified as

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 255).

malignant. *Pâles filles du nord, vous n'êtes pas mes sœurs.*[1] Seems to me, the plant man has more vigor, more means, in Europe, and permits more absolute action.

Excellent X, if I could write a comedy, should be the hero. He came with German enthusiasm sparkling out of his black eyes, and Miss Somewhat of Georgia wrote that, if ever angel spoke in man, it was he. He came up country and Mrs. S. and Miss W. were at his feet. J. was so affected by his eloquence that she could not speak to him. He complained and scolded to Mrs. S. that J. would not be acquainted with him, that he could not be acquainted with her. Well, at last they got acquainted, and he told J. that she was his ideal of woman, and came daily there. She made him cakes and dinners and warmed his feet, and sat up nights, and stayed at home Sundays to make his shirts, and make him fine. One day he came home to Concord, delighted with the notice of his lecture in the *Transcript*, showing it to all; fancied

1 It does not appear whence comes this line, but it is evidently the source, in "The Romany Girl," of

Pale Northern girls, you scorn our race.

(*Poems*, p. 227.)

that Mr. R. or Miss P. or even L. [in Boston or Cambridge] might have done it. Could J. have any possible idea who had written it? "Why, yes," said the happy J., "I have some idea,—for I wrote it myself." X was aghast. "Never breathe that you wrote it," he gasped out with passionate solemnity, being infinitely mortified that no distinguished town-body had been found to trumpet his fame.

Wendell Holmes, when I offered to go to his lecture on Wordsworth, said, "I entreat you not to go. I am forced to study effects. You and others may be able to combine popular effect with the exhibition of truths. I cannot. I am compelled to study effects." The other day, Henry Thoreau was speaking to me about my lecture on the Anglo-American, and regretting that whatever was written for a lecture, or whatever succeeded with the audience was bad, etc. I said, I am ambitious to write something which all can read, like *Robinson Crusoe.* And when I have written a paper or a book, I see with regret that it is not solid, with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody. Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better lectures which only reached a few persons. Well,

yesterday, he came here, and at supper Edith, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him, "Whether his lecture would be a nice interesting story, such as she wanted to hear, or whether it was of those old philosophical things that she did not care about?" Henry instantly turned to her, and bethought himself, and I saw was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit Edith and Edward, who were to sit up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

When some one offered Agassiz a glass of water, he said that he did not know whether he had ever drank a glass of that liquid before he came to this country.

Women teach us how much! We wish to please them, and say something they will like to hear, and not weary them: and by often meeting them we gain practice and skill in this.

"Such is the nature of modern governments that money is at once the most dangerous weapon and the strongest curb of despotism. The expenses of States exceeding always their reve-

nues, they have a constant need of credit, which, subject itself to opinion, puts the potentate into dependence on those whom he rules. When money is wanted, it must be borrowed. But it is confidence which lends; force can do nothing, for money can hide: thus credit favors disorder; disorder kills credit; the same causes operate to make the people never so happy nor so unhappy as they should be."—Friedrich Melchior Grimm.

The sciolist oration. The young sciolist learns to say, What is true in this is not new, and what is new is not true; and of Spanish literature, that the only good book is that which shows the worthlessness of all the rest.

English results. England an island famous for immortal laws and for sentiments of freedom which none can forget.

"Hume's History could be entitled, The History of English Passions, By the Human Reason."—Cerutti.

"The poet wounded," says Firdousi, "writes a satire, and it remains to the day of the Resurrection."

Fate makes, say the Turks, that a man should not believe his own eyes.

[On the 16th of November, Mr. Emerson's mother — Madam Emerson, as she was usually called — died; a lady of character and dignity, combined with sweetness and piety. She had been forty-two years a widow, and had brought up her five sons who survived their infancy in such a manner as always to keep their devoted love and reverence.

In a letter to Rev. William H. Furness, dated December 18, 1853, Mr. Emerson wrote: —

You speak of my Mother. I cannot tell you how much my house has suffered by the loss of that one more room, one more home in it for me and each of us. Mamma was made to live, and her death at eighty-five years took us by surprise, and my wife mourns so many undone things. There was something majestic in one of those old strong frames built to live so tranquilly, usefully, and kindly. The later generation seem to me to spend faster. But one of these days we too shall be better than now. Then, now, and ever,

Your affectionate

WALDO EMERSON.

To Carlyle he wrote: "My Mother died in my house, in November, who had lived with me all my life and kept her heart and mind clear, and her own until the end. It is very necessary that we should have Mothers, — we that read and write, — to keep us from becoming paper. I had found that age did not make that she should die without causing me pain. In my journeying lately, when I think of home my heart is taken out."]

(From DO)

Elizabeth Hoar said, the reason why Mother's chamber was always radiant was that the pure in heart shall see God: and she wished so much to show this fact to the frivolous little woman who pretended sympathy when she died.

Dr. Frothingham told me that the Latin verse which he appended to his obituary notice of my mother was one which he had read on the tomb of the wife of Charlemagne, in a chapel at Mayence, and it struck him as very tender. He had never seen it elsewhere: —

Spiritus hæres sit patriæ quæ tristia nescit.[1]

The poet cannot make his thought available

1 May her soul inherit the land which knows no sorrow.

for a law in the statute-book, much less for a practical end in farming or trading. What then? —every thought is practical at last. Let him comfort himself that this respects a larger legislation and larger economy than now obtain, and that, if he is faithful to it, it will introduce him to that better world of which it is the sure announcement.

The Majority. Alas for the majority! that old inevitable dupe and victim. What a dreary Iliad of woes it goes wailing and mad withal. Some dog of a Cleon or Robespierre or Douglas or Butler[1] is always riding it to ruin.

(From HO)

[Mr. Emerson was writing for his course of the next winter a lecture called "France, or Urbanity." A great many quotations from French statesmen or authors follow, but a few of which are given.]

[*December.*]

France. God will have life to be real, we will be damned but it shall be theatrical.

Mirabeau wrote to Lafayette, "*Vos grandes qualités ont besoin de mon impulsion; mon im-*

1 This last name is pencilled in later.

pulsion a besoin de vos grandes qualités . . . et vous ne voyez pas qu'il faut que vous m'épousiez, et me croyiez en raison de ce que vos stupides partisans m'ont plus décrié. Ah! vous forfaites à votre destinée."

At court, said Mirabeau, they wish to find for their service, "*des êtres amphibies, qui, avec le talent d'un homme, eussent l'âme d'un laquais. Ce qui les perdra irrémédiablement, c'est d'avoir peur des hommes, et de transporter toujours les petites repugnances et les frêles attraits d'un autre ordre des choses dans celui où ce qu'il y a de plus fort ne l'est pas encore assez.*"

Mirabeau's father described him as having derived from his fathers the gift of command, and of adding to it that terrible gift of familiarity.

"*Eh quoi!*" said Mirabeau, "*en nul pays du monde la balle ne viendra-t-elle donc au joueur!*"

The last billet of Mirabeau to the Comte de la Marche, nine days before his death, ends with these words, "*O légère et trois fois légère nation!*"

Notes for French Lecture.

Nationality.

True respect for learning and talent.

Napoleon inexhaustible as Plutarch's heroes. Every new book or trait or *mot* interesting.

French inconsequent, English logical.

I find a secondary tone in everything written in the French journals. The national vanity appears. England is never out of mind.

Napoleon's devouring eye, before which nothing but reality could stand.

French have gained so much. Before the revolution women were harnessed in the team with animals, and felt the whip. (Dumont *apud* De Quincey.)

The hopeless exclusion of the lower class, permitted only to offer their money on their knees, permitted only to die in the army; had no law, but chicane. Now they have a code, and a French lawyer can tell what the statute is.

Rien en relief, was Madame de Geoffrin's motto. *Voilà qui est bien.*

Grimm "*déteste la méthode. C'est la pédanterie des lettres; ceux qui ne savent qu'arranger feraient aussi bien de rester en repos*," etc.

"It is natural, the language of the most social people in the world; the language of the nation which speaks more than it thinks; a nation which needs to speak in order to think, and which thinks only to speak, ought to be the most dialoguing language. . . .

"I observe that the dominant character of

the French still pierces. They are talkers, reasoners, jokers, by essence; a bad picture gives rise to a good pamphlet. Thus you shall speak better of the arts than you shall ever do in them. It will be found, at the end of the reckoning in some ages, that you will have reasoned best and best discussed what all other nations shall have best done. Cherish, then, printing; it is your lot in the world." — Galiani.

All Europe was like a park to Balzac where to meet his friends and admirers, — Poland, Bohemia, Russia, Italy, Spain, Sweden.

"*Il y a dans la puissance des Français, il y a dans leur caractère, il y a dans leur langue surtout, une certaine force, prosélytique, qui passe l'imagination. La nation entière n'est qu'une vaste propagande.*" — De Maistre.

France. Rabelais, Montaigne, Pascal, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Molière, Montesquieu, Sand, Béranger, De Staël.

"*Tout est spectacle pour une telle ville, — même sa propre humiliation.*" — Lamartine, Paris, 31 Mars, 1814.

"*Une question d'égalité, en un mot: c'est sur ce conflit infiniment plus que sur la liberté à ja-*

mais inintelligible pour les Français, qu'a porté et que reposera jusqu'à la fin, la révolution." — MALLET DU PAN.

Would you send a youth to learn Christianity or ethics or heroism in France?

In England, they spend for comfort; in France, for pleasure; and the lighter-minded English go to France, or establish a little France in England; and the soberer French, the Huguenot or Huguenotish, make a little England around them in France.

I find the French awakening to alarm on the manifest decay of the Latin nations, before the prodigious growth of the Saxon race. Bonaparte said, "In twenty-five years the United States will write the treaties of Europe"; and Xavier Raimond, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, tries to rouse his countrymen to the fact that they have lost the world.

Of Phillips, Garrison, and others I have always the feeling that they may wake up some morning and find that they have made a capital mistake, and are not the persons they took themselves for. Very dangerous is this thor-

oughly social and related life, whether antagonistic or coöperative. In a lonely world, or a world with half a dozen inhabitants, these would find nothing to do.

The first discovery I made of Phillips was, that while I admired his eloquence, I had not the faintest wish to meet the man. He had only a *platform*-existence, and no personality. Mere mouthpieces of a party; take away the party and they shrivel and vanish.

They are inestimable for workers on audiences; but for a private conversation, one to one, I much prefer to take my chance with that boy in the corner.

The *Liberator* is a scold. A sibyl is quite another thing.

The age has an engine, but no engineer.

[Lecturing meantime on "the Anglo-Saxon" and "the Anglo-American," Mr. Emerson was, as time served, preparing his *English Traits*, which, however, was not published until 1856. A great part of the Journals VS and HO have been omitted as consisting of matter there printed.]

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rich Melchior Grimm, *Correspondance littéraire*, etc.; William Gilpin, *Forest Scenery* and *Western Tour;* Mallet, *Northern Antiquities;* Cerutti, *Mémoire pour le peuple français;* Sir Philip Francis (Junius?); Paley; Mirabeau, *Correspondence with La Marck;* Abbé Galiani; Laplace;

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Dr. Charles T. Jackson; Wendell Phillips; A. J. Downing, *On Gardening*; Toussenel, *Passional Zoölogy*; Clough; Seaman, *Progress of Nations*; Ernest Renan.

JOURNAL

LECTURES FAR AND NEAR

SEVENTH OF MARCH

ADDRESS ON FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

NEOPLATONISTS

ENGLAND, HER WRITERS, JUDGES AND STATESMEN

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JOURNAL XLV

1854

(From Journals HO, DO and IO)

[MR. EMERSON seems to have given no course of lectures in Boston in this year, but in January gave five lectures in Philadelphia; I, "Norseman, or English Influence in Civilization"; II (?); III, "Poetry and English Poetry" (much of this printed later as "Poetry and Imagination" in *Letters and Social Aims*); IV, "Manners" (?) or "Behavior"; V, "France, or Urbanity." An abstract of the last is given by Mr. Cabot in his *Memoir*, vol. ii, Appendix F, pp. 755–757. In the same month he lectured in New York City and in many towns in that state and in New Jersey, and last in Detroit. February 1st found him in Michigan, whence he went to lecture in Chicago and its neighborhood, also in Milwaukee and Beloit, and, on his homeward way, in towns in New York.]

(From HO)

January, 1854.

At Jackson, Michigan, Mr. Davis, I believe, a lawyer of Detroit, said to me, on coming out

of the lecture-room, "Mr. Emerson, I see that you never learned to write from any book."

Mem. In autobiography, to write Dr. Gamaliel Bradford's lines written at the bottom of my school-boy poem on "Solitude," Dr. Bradford being then usher in the Latin School.[1]

There is nobody in Washington who can explain this Nebraska business [2] to the people, —

1 Mr. Emerson set down in a special notebook the dates of the leading events of his life and that of his family, and also copied into it entries made during the years in the Journals (most of them included in these volumes) that bore on his character and life's experiences. These were usually from his own point of view, sometimes from that of others. The passage he alludes to is as follows: "When I had written my poem on 'Solitude' for the annual Exhibition at the Boston Latin School, in August, 1816 or 1817, Dr. Gamaliel Bradford, who was usher in the school, asked me to show it to him. He wrote in pencil at the bottom these lines: —

> Welcome to our sacred hill,
> Drink freely of Apollo's rill,
> And claim the right the god to Genius gave
> To sip divine Castalia's consecrated wave."

2 In this month Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee on territories, reported a bill for the organization of two new territories, Kansas and Nebraska. By this bill the Missouri Compromise Bill prohibiting slavery north of latitude 36° 30′ was repealed, and the people of these new territories were free to determine whether or not slavery should

nobody of weight. And nobody of any importance on the bad side. It is only done by Douglas and his accomplices by calculation on the brutal ignorance of the people, upon the wretched masses of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and so on, people who can't read or know anything beyond what the village democrat tells them. But what effrontery it required to fly in the face of what was supposed settled law, and how it shows that we have no guards whatever, that there is no proposition whatever, that is too audacious to be offered us by the Southerner.

I found, in Wisconsin, that the world was laid down in large lots. The member of Congress there said that, up in the pine country, the trees were so large, and so many of them, that a man could not walk in the forest, and it was necessary to wade up the streams. Dr. Welsh at La Salle told me that the prairie grass there was over the tops of carriages, or higher than

be permitted there. Great excitement prevailed during this year on this subject and the bill was finally passed. Of this measure Mr. Emerson, writing to Carlyle, said, "America is growing furiously, town and state; new Kansas, new Nebraska looming up in these days, vicious politicians seething a wretched destiny for them already at Washington. The politicians shall be sodden, the States escape, please God!"

the head of a man riding on horseback, so that really a man not accustomed to the prairie could easily get lost in the grass!

[Of this trip Mr. Emerson, in a letter to Carlyle, said, "I went out Northwest to great countries which I had not visited before; rode one day — fault of broken railroads — in a sleigh, sixty-five miles through the snow, by Lake Michigan (seeing how prairies and oak-openings look in winter) to reach Milwaukee. 'The world there was done up in larger lots,' as a settler told me. The farmer, as he is now a colonist and has drawn from his local necessities great stores of energy, is interesting and makes the heroic age for Wisconsin. He lives on venison and quails. I was made much of as the only man of the pen within five hundred miles, and by rarity worth more than venison and quails."]

Metres. I amuse myself often, as I walk, with humming the rhythm of the decasyllabic quatrain, . . . or other rhythms,[1] . . . I find a wonderful charm, heroic, and especially deeply pathetic or plaintive in cadences, and say to myself, Ah,

1 See "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 46).

happy! if one could fill these small measures with words approaching to the power of these beats!

The man thinks he can know this or that, by words and writing. It can only be known or done organically. He must plunge into the universe, and live in its forms, — sink to rise.

> None any work can frame
> Unless himself become the same.

The first men saw heavens and earths, saw noble instruments of noble souls; we see railroads, banks, and mills. And we pity their poverty. There was as much creative force then as now, but it made globes instead of waterclosets. Each sees what he makes.

Realism. We shall pass for what we are. Do not fear to die because you have not done your task. Whenever a noble soul comes, the audience awaits. And he is not judged by his performance, but by the spirit of his performance. . . .

When you hide something we see that you hide something and usually see what you hide.

There is always admittance for you to the great, whispered the Muse, for the nobles wish to be more noble.

There are no finalities in Nature. Everything is streaming. The Torricellian tube was thought to have made a vacuum; but no; over the mercury is the vapor of mercury, and the mysterious ether too enters as readily through the pores of glass as through chimney of a volcano.[1]

If I come to stoppages, it is I that am wanting. To the wise navigator, beyond even the polar ice is the Polynia, or open water, — a vast expanse.

Realism in literature. I have no fear but that the reality I love will yet exist in literature. I do not go to any pope or president for my list of books. I read what I like. I learn what I do not already know. Only those above me can give me this. They also do as I, — read only such as know more than they: Thus we all depend at last on the few heads or the one head that is nearest to the stars, nearest to the fountains of all science, and knowledge runs steadily down from class to class down to the lowest people, from the highest, as water does.

The simplest forms of botany, as the lichens, are alike all over the globe: the lichens of Sweden and Brazil and Massachusetts are the same. So

1 Compare "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 320).

is it with the simple and grand characters among men, they do not hold of climate: and so of the grand ideas of religion and morals; Viasa and Swedenborg and Pythagoras see the same thing.

Would you know a man's thoughts,— look at the circle of his friends, and you know all he likes to think of. Well, is the life of the Boston patrician so desirable, when you see the graceful fools who make all his company?

'T is certain, as so many writers agree, there are two nations in England, but it is not the Poor and the Rich, as Disraeli the Jew very nationally thinks; nor Normans and Saxons, as Turner believes. These are each always becoming the other; but there the two complexions or two styles of mind, one, the practical finality class; and the other, the perceptive class with minds open as the sea, apprehensive, faithful, and always gathering and transmitting down to the whole chain of inferior intelligences the heavenly fluid.

[Mr. Emerson, at the call of the Anti-Slavery Society of New York, made an address there on the anniversary of Webster's Seventh of March Speech in Congress in 1850 (in which he aban-

doned the Wilmot Proviso against the encroachment of Slavery and justified the Fugitive Slave Law), his "fall," as the friends of Freedom in their bitter sorrow called it. (See *Miscellanies*, p. 215, and Whittier's poem "Ichabod.") After his return to Concord he wrote to a friend, —

March 14th.

I came home near three weeks ago, with good hope to write a plea for Freedom addressed *to my set;* which, of course, like a Divinity Collegian's first sermon, was to exhaust the subject and moral science generally; but I fared much as these young gentlemen do, got no answer to my passionate queries — nothing but the echo of my own cries, and had to carry to New York a makeshift instead of an oracle. Yet I am still so foolish as to believe again that the thing I wished can be done, and I shall not cease to try —after a time.]

(From DO)

At New York Tabernacle, on the 7th March, I saw the great audience with dismay, and told the bragging secretary that I was most thankful to those who stayed at home; every auditor was a new affliction, and if all had stayed away,

by rain, or preoccupation, I had been best pleased.

Majority. Alas for the majority, that old, inevitable dupe and victim. What a dreary Iliad of woes it goes wailing and mad withal. Some dog of a Cleon or Robespierre or Douglas is always riding it to ruin.

Culture teaches to omit the unnecessary word and to say the greatest things in the simplest way. "*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*"

The lesson of these days is the vulgarity of wealth. We know that wealth will vote for the same thing which the worst and meanest of the people vote for. Wealth will vote for rum, will vote for tyranny, will vote for slavery, will vote against the ballot, will vote against international copyright, will vote against schools, colleges, or any high direction of public money.

Plainly Boston does not wish liberty, and can only be pushed and tricked into a rescue of a slave. Its attitude as loving liberty is affected and theatrical. Do not then force it to assume a false position which it will not maintain. Rather let the facts appear, and leave it to the natural

aggressions and familiarities of the beast it loves, until it gets well bitten and torn by the dear wolf; perchance it may not be too late to turn and kill its deceiver.

The invisible gas that we breathe in this room we know, if pent, has an elasticity that will lift the Appalachian Range as easily as a scrap of down; and a thought carries nations of men and ages of time on its shoulders.

Henry Thoreau charged Blake, if he could not do hard tasks, to take the soft ones, and when he liked anything, if it was only a picture or a tune, to stay by it, find out what he liked, and draw that sense or meaning out of it, and do *that:* harden it, somehow, and make it his own. Blake thought and thought on this, and wrote afterwards to Henry, that he had got his first glimpse of heaven. Henry was a good physician.

(From IO)

Ah yet, though all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood,

There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

This whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out a perfect round.

TENNYSON.

Science. "In the government of states the power of science makes part of the science of power." — NAPOLEON.

Plotinus did not hastily disclose to every one the syllogistic necessities which were latent in his discourse.

"I endeavored to show," says Porphyry, "that intellections are external to intellect."

[The following sentences are all from Plotinus.]

"All the gods are venerable and beautiful, and their beauty is immense."

"Nothing that is truly beautiful externally, is internally deformed."

Of Intellect. "It is ours when we use it, but not ours when we do not use it."

"Necessity is in intellect, but persuasion in soul."

"Intellect is not at all in want of another life, or of other things."

"God is not external to any one, but is present with all things, though they are ignorant that he is so."

The existence of evil and malignant men does not depend on themselves or on men; it indicates the virulence that still remains uncured in the universe, uncured and corrupting, and hurling out these pestilent rats and tigers, and men rat-like and wolf-like.

Synesius said, "The calamities of nations are the banquets of evil dæmons." They hurl out, now a soldier, now a jesuit, and now an editor, a glozing democrat, as an instrument of the evil which they inflict on mankind.

To the rapping tables, I say, as Percy to his Kate, —

I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle (wood).

The human race are a near-sighted people. We can see well into the past; we can see well

into the Dark Ages; we can guess shrewdly into the future. Every man forms some probable sketch of the politics and mechanics and morals to which men tend. But that which is rolled up and muffled in impenetrable folds is To-day.

See in Evelyn's *Diary* (vol. i, p. 147) the story of the unquenchable lamp found in a sepulchre in the time of Paul III.

"The true and mature spirit of the age always elects an advocate who does not look backward with longing eyes, and who always, as the world thinks, arises an hour too soon." — WALL.[1]

"Nature herself is to be imitated, not an artist," said Eupompus to Lysippus. "Excellence is thy aim." (Quoted by Mr. Wall from Vasari.)

Ut pictura, poesis. "Painting is silent poetry; poetry, speaking painting," is ascribed to Simonides.

1 William Wall, of New Bedford, an artist often referred to in Mr. Emerson's Journal of 1833 as a helpful friend in Italy. He painted the copy of the Three Fates (then ascribed to Michael Angelo) which hangs in Mr. Emerson's study.

Hallam. Hallam leaves out all those writers I read. His Latimer is not the good bishop, but I know not what writer of Latin. Giordano Bruno, Behmen, Van Helmont, Digby, Lord Herbert, George Herbert, Henry More, Swedenborg, — in vain you look in his pages for adequate mention of these men, for whose sake I want a history of literature: all these he passes, or names them for something else than their real merit, namely, their originality and faithful striving to write a line of the real history of the world.[1]

The Englishman is with difficulty ideal.[2] . . . Shakspeare even is so exact, and surrendered on the whole to the tastes of an audience, and so far from the world-building freedom and simplicity of the Oriental sages. William Law deals with English method, tries to make the wild inspirations of Behmen grind a barrel organ. Thomas Taylor masquerades as Alexandrian Greek. Greaves and Lane[3] tried hard to be spir-

1 A few pages later there is a more favorable account of Hallam. Compare also what is said of him in *English Traits*, p. 245.

2 Compare *English Traits*, p. 252.

3 Mr. Alcott's admirers and friends, referred to in earlier Journals.

itualists, but the English coat was too strait for them.

Browning is ingenious. Tennyson is the more public soul, walks on the ecliptic road, the path of gods and souls, and what he says is the expression of his contemporaries. Like Burke, or Mirabeau, he says better than all men think. Like these men, he is content to think and speak a sort of King's speech, embodying the sense of well-bred successful men, and by no means of the best and highest men: he speaks the sense of the day, and not the sense of grand men, the sense of the first class, identical in all ages. But for poetic expression, it is plain that now and then a man hits, by the health of his sensibility, the right key, and so speaks that everybody around him or after him, aiming to talk of and to the times, is forced to quote him, or falls inevitably into his manner and phrase. It is like Mr. Whitworth's famous dividing-machine, which can divide or mark off a metallic bar with mathematical precision to the millionth of an inch.

Sir Christopher Wren said, "Bernini showed me on five little pieces of paper his façade of the Louvre. I would have given my skin for a

copy of it." Louis XIV, however, did not build it, but accepted another plan.

Shall we judge the country by the majority or by the minority? Certainly, by the minority. The mass are animal, in state of pupilage, and nearer the chimpanzee. We are used as brute atoms, until we think. Then we instantly use self-control, and control others.

In astronomy, vast distance; but we never go into a foreign system.[1] . . .

Of reading. I once interpreted the law of Adrastia, "that he who had any truth should be safe from harm until another period," as pronounced of originators. But I have discovered that the profound satisfactions — which I take to be the sentence of Adrastia itself, — belong to the truth received from another soul; come to us in reading, as well as in thinking.

'T is curious that one should owe such fine things to Bonaparte. But there has been no better critic — even literary critic — in these days, and Carlyle must measure his pretensions not

1 The passage is printed in *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 7.

by Jeffrey or Mackintosh, not even by Coleridge or Goethe, but by Bonaparte. The best example I think of, at this moment, of Bonaparte's is contained in *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. 8, p. 310.

"*Benjamin Constant a fait une tragédie et une poétique. Ces gens-là veulent écrire, et n'ont pas fait les premières études de littérature. Qu'il lise les poétiques, celle d'Aristote. Ce n'est pas arbitrairement que la tragédie borne l'action à vingt quatre heures; c'est qu'elle prend les passions à leur maximum, à leur plus haut degré d'intensité, à ce point où il ne leur est possible ni de souffrir de distraction, ni de supporter une plus longue durée. Il veut qu'on mange dans l'action: il s'agit bien de pareilles choses: quand l'action commence, les acteurs sont en émoi; au troisième acte, ils sont en sueur, tout en nage au dernier.*"

Man is as his credence. Swedenborg saw gravitation to be only an external of the irresistible attractions of affection and faith.

Realism. I never take them as theists, or as spiritualists, because they say they are; but the frame of their thought is determined by their credence: and, if you listen wisely, you will hear

in their very oration on Deity the confession of a stiff and indigent anthropomorphism. What they say about spiritualism is all copyslip piety.

Those who stay away from the election think that one vote will do no good: 't is but one step more to think one vote will do no harm.[1] . . .

Do you say that to man on horseback it makes no difference whether he believes that body makes soul, or, that soul makes body. O, but the difference is vast: in the better case, he believes that man and horse and nature exist to the highest end, to the highest use only, and not to foppery at all.

The believer always feels himself held up by certain eternal threads which spin and hold from Deity down, whilst the skeptic class is always peeping after his underpinning.

Drink, hear my counsel, my son, that the world fret thee not.
Though the heart bleed, let thy lips laugh, like the wine cup;
Is thy soul hurt, yet dance with the viol-strings:

1 See "Fortune of the Republic" (*Miscellanies*, p. 523).

Thou learnest no secret, until thou knowest friendship,
Since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge comes.
HAFIZ, ii, 71.

What 's the use of telegraph? what of newspapers? (What of waiting to know what the convention in Ohio, what that in Michigan, is ready to do?) To know how men feel in Wisconsin, in Illinois, in Minnesota, I wait for no mails, I read no telegraphs. I ask my own heart. If those men are made as I am, if they breathe the same air, eat the same wheat- or corn-bread, have wives and children, I know their resentment will boil at this legislation. I know it will boil until this wrong is righted. The interest of labor, the self-respect of mankind, that engages man not to be to man a wolf, secures their everlasting hostility to this shame.

"It is one of the traits of a noble citizen, to be able to see one *layer* of public opinion through another; or, if he do not see it, to trust in God that it must be there, and act accordingly." — LIEBER.

England. The women have no vanity.

The English wish that none but opulent men should represent them.

Dumont contrasts the reserve approaching timidity of the Englishman with the self-confidence of the French. If a hundred persons were stopped in the streets at London, and as many at Paris, and each individual invited to undertake the government, ninety-nine would accept the offer at Paris, and ninety-nine refuse it at London.

[Mr. Emerson enjoyed the following anecdote of an encounter between the President of the Fitchburg Railroad and an Irish tracklayer whom he tried to correct.]

Whittemore. You must dig these sleepers out so and so.

Paddy. I shall do no such thing.

Whittemore. But you must and shall.

Paddy. Who the devil are you?

Whittemore. I am Mr. Whittemore, the President of this Road.

Paddy. You Mr. Whittemore! You go to hell!

Whittemore. My friend, that's the last place I wish to go to.

Paddy. And it's the last place you *will* go to.

Hallam is a proof of the English prowess

to-day. A good mathematician, the historian of the Middle Ages, and of English liberty, he has written this History of European Literature for three centuries. A vast performance attempting a judgment of every book. He has not genius, but has a candid mind: the Englishman is too apparent, the judgments are all dated from London, and that expansive element which creates literature is steadily denied. Plato is resisted, and Giordano Bruno, Behmen, Swedenborg, Donne. The Quakers or whosoever contains the seed of liberty, power, and truth is under ban. Yet he lifts himself to own better than almost any the greatness of Shakspeare; and he shows so much more power of appreciating Milton than Johnson, and shows such true gentlemanlike and loving esteem for good books, that I respect him. Shall I say that I often find a nearer coincidence, and find my own opinions and criticisms anticipated?

But at last, "*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses,*" I regret to have all this learning and worth throw a Birmingham ballot, — to see England go as by gravitation in her best and noblest sons always for materialism. Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Southey, Hallam — the last the best — vote inevitably for Church and State.

"Is truth ever barren?" Then do not question the utility of the lovers of ethical or metaphysical laws.

What a notable green-grocer was spoiled to make Macaulay!

Solitude. Now and then a man exquisitely made can and must live alone; but coop up most men, and you undo them. The King lived and eat in hall, with men, and understood men, said Selden.

In democratia, tot possunt esse Nerones quot sunt oratores qui populo adulantur. Simul plures sunt in democratia, et quotidie novi suboriuntur. — Hobbes.

"*Sans la sécurité, il n'y a point de liberté.*"

"*Le Premier Consul n'a en besoin que de ministres qui l'entendissent, jamais de ministres qui le suppléassent.*

"*Il n'est pas un homme de quelque mérite qui ne préférât, près de Bonaparte l'emploi qui occupe sous ces yeux, à la grandeur qui en éloigne; et qui, pour prix d'un long et pénible travail, ne se sentit mieux récompensé par un travail nouveau, que par le plus honorable loisir.*" — Roederer.

Bonaparte said, "*J'ai plus d'esprit. Et que me fait votre esprit? C'est l'esprit de la chose, qu'il me faut. . . .*

"*Moi, je sais toujours ma position. J'ai toujours présents mes états de situation. Je n'ai pas de mémoire pour retenir un vers alexandrin, mais je n'oublie pas une syllable de mes états de situation. Je sais toujours la position de mes troupes.*"

England makes what a step from Dr. Johnson to Carlyle! what wealth of thought and science, what expansion of views and profounder resources does the genius and performance of this last imply! If she can make another step as large, what new ages open!

May.

If Minerva offered me a gift and an option, I would say give me continuity. I am tired of scraps. I do not wish to be a literary or intellectual chiffonier. Away with this Jew's rag-bag of ends and tufts of brocade, velvet, and cloth-of-gold; let me spin some yards or miles of helpful twine, a clew to lead to one kingly truth, a cord to bind wholesome and belonging facts.

> The Asmodæan feat be mine
> To spin my sand heaps into twine.

Change your front. England does not wish revolution or to befriend radicals. Therefore you say, England must fall, because its moderate, mixed aristocratico-liberal or finality politics will put it in antagonism with the republicanism when that comes in. Yes, but England has many moods, a war-class as well as nobles and merchants. It begun with poverty and piracy and trade, and has always those elements latent, as well as gold coaches and heraldry.

It has only to let its fops and bankers succumb for a time, and its sailors, ploughmen, and bullies fall to the front. It will prove a stout buccaneer again, and weather the storm.

England can only fall by suicide. English, the best of actual nations, and so you see the poor best you have yet got.

The reason why you visit England, is, as the epitome of modern times, and the Rome of to-day.

I think the English have a certain solidarity; not an unaccountable sprinkling of great men here in the midst of a population of dunces, not a talent for this or that thing, as an idiot is skilful sometimes in bees or in herbs, but what they

have learned they record and incorporate, and have multitudes sufficiently taught to keep and use it. What Newton knew is now possessed by the corps of astronomers at Greenwich and Slough and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Hutton, Herschel, Harvey, Hooke, Dalton, Hunter, Hobbes, Burke, Berkeley, Bentham were men of ideas.

[Here follow passages on English "Solidarity" printed in *English Traits*, and, as illustrations, anecdotes and sayings of Nelson drawn probably from Southey's biography.]

My Englishman said, "O, it is very healthy there. They have quantities of children, and all that sort of thing."

I read that, in the gardens of heaven, when the children came, the beds of flowers assumed an unusual splendor, — "at their entrance seemed to express joy by their increasing splendor."

[Here follow lines later used in "May-Day" (see *Poems*, pp. 173, 174).]

As if Time brought a new relay
Of shining maidens every May,
And summer came to ripen maids
To a beauty that not fades.

Those who painted angels and nativities and descents from the cross, were also writing biographies and satires, though they knew it not.

We affirm and affirm, but neither you nor I know the value of what we say.

The history of humanity is no hopping squib, but all its discoveries in science, religion, and art are consecutive and correlated, — every discovery leading to a new discovery.

Good out of evil.

He that roars for liberty
Faster binds the tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

Fill the can, and fill the cup,
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

Tennyson.

> The truth that flies the flowing can
> Will haunt the vacant cup.
>
> TENNYSON.

Thoreau thinks 't is immoral to dig gold in California; immoral to leave creating value, and go to augmenting the representative of value, and so altering and diminishing real value, and, that, of course, the fraud will appear.

I conceive that work to be as innocent as any other speculating. Every man should do what he can; and he was created to augment some real value, and not for a speculator. When he leaves or postpones (as most men do) his proper work, and adopts some short or cunning method, as of watching markets, or farming in any manner the ignorance of people, as, in buying by the acre to sell by the foot, he is fraudulent, he is malefactor, so far; and is bringing society to bankruptcy. But Nature watches over all this, too, and turns this malfaisance to some good.[1] . . .

The world is divided on the fame of the Virgin Mary. The Catholics call her "Mother of God," the skeptics think her the natural mother of an

1 The rest of the paragraph is found in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*), pp. 255, 256.

admirable child. But the last agree with the first in hailing the moral perfections of his character, and the immense benefit his life has exerted and exerts.

In England we are treading in the footmarks of Alfred, of Bacon, of Shakspeare, of Newton, of Milton, of Raleigh, of Nelson, of More, of whatever is sublime in thought or in determination.

The credit of all the judges on earth stands on the probity and common sense shown by a few judges in their decisions. Alfred judges wisely; Coke, Bracton, More; Lord Mansfield, Judge Parsons, Judge Marshall, use original sense and mother wit; and all mankind are impressed with the beauty and splendor of this office, and hundreds of mediocre judges who never dare use original power, but govern themselves by precedent, only live in safety and credit on the merits of these few.

Piety and theology too have but few fountains; and all the arts.

Proclus thinks that the Pythian oracle concerning Socrates meant that "not he who pos-

sesses scientific knowledge, but the good alone possesses an exempt transcendency"; that is, he had the sense not to be "*a man of information*," such as Charles Lamb dreaded.

I am here to represent humanity: it is by no means necessary that I should live, but it is by all means necessary that I should act rightly. If there is danger, I must face it. I tremble. What of that? so did he who said, "It is my body trembles, out of knowing into what dangers my spirit will carry it."

Cromwell's English judges sent to Scotland administered justice better than ever before or since. The old Scotch Judge said, "There was no great merit in their impartiality,— they were a kinless pack."

English antagonism, or Two Nations. Side by side, the fierce aristocracy conserves, and the man of equity and mercy reforms; Eldon and Romilly; the King and Clarkson.

Romilly a glorious minority in his age. An example he of the domestic Englishman. He could not sustain the loss of his wife, and killed himself. He gave the real reason when he re-

fused an offered seat in Parliament, or at a public dinner. His religion on the same low footing as the rest, he thanks God for his money and his social position, like Pepys. Dr. Parr is no sentimentalist and knows the full value of the silver he stoutly gives. They are not dodgers nor dough-faces. Yet the votes on Romilly's Bills show strong wickedness. Seven bishops vote the inhumanities, just as the dignified clergy here uniformly cast a dastardly vote.

It does seem as if a vow of silence coupled with systematic lessons might teach women the outline and new direction of the philosopher, but they give themselves no leisure to hear; they are impatient to talk.

[On August 15th Mr. Emerson delivered an Address, at Williams College (Williamstown, Mass.), on the invitation of the Adelphi Union, on his favourite subject for such occasions, the privilege and the duty of the Scholar. Matter was probably drawn from this address for "The Scholar" and "The Man of Letters" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*), and many leaves are torn out of this journal which probably did duty

on that occasion when there was not time to copy them. What follows remained among Mr. Emerson's manuscripts.]

The Scholars are an organic caste or class in the State. Men toil and sweat, earn money, save, consent to servile compliance, all to raise themselves out of the necessity of being menial and overborne. For this they educate their children to expiate their own shortcomings. Art, libraries, colleges, churches, attest the respect to what is ulterior,—to theism, to thought, which superexist by the same elemental necessity as flame above fire. Our Anglo-Saxon society is a great industrial corporation. It sees very well the rules indispensable to success. You must make trade everything. Trade is not to know friends, or wife, or child, or country. But this walking ledger knows that though he, poor fellow, has put off his royal robes, somewhere the noble humanity survives, and this consoles him for the brevity and meanness of his street-life. He has not been able to hide from himself that this devotion to means is an absurdity; is, for a livelihood, to defeat the ends of living. And it is out of the wish to preserve sanity, to establish the minor propositions without throw-

ing overboard the major proposition, how not to lose the troop, in the care for the baggage, that he has said, "Let there be schools, a clergy, art, music, poetry, the college."

But if the youth, looking over the college wall at the houses and the lives of the founders, make the mistake of imitating them, they may well say, "We paid you that you might not be a merchant. We bought and sold that you might not buy and sell, but reveal the reason of trade. We did not want apes of us, but guides and commanders."

This atheism of the priest, this prose in the poet, this cowardice and succumbing before material greatness is a treason one knows not how to excuse. Let the scholar stand by his order. I wish the college not to make you rich or great, but to show you that the material pomps and possessions, that all the feats of our civility, were the thoughts of good heads. The shopkeeper's yardstick is measured from a degree of the meridian. All powers by which a man lays his hand on those advantages are intellectual; it is thoughts that make men great and strong; the material results are bubbles, filled only and coloured by this divine air. But this great ocean which in itself is always equal and full, in regard to men,

ebbs and flows. Now for us it is in ebb. It is the vulgarity of this country — it came to us, with commerce, out of England — to believe that naked wealth, unrelieved by any use or design, is merit. Who is accountable for this materialism? Who but the Scholars? When the poets do not believe in their own poetry, how should the bats and the swine? The world is always as bad as it dares to be, and if the majority are evil it is because the minority are not good. If the heathen rage, it is because the Christians doubt. People wish to be amused, and they summon a lecturer or a poet to read to them for an hour; and so they do with a priest. They want leaders: intellect is the thread on which all their worldly prosperity is strung.

Yet I speak badly for the scholar if I seem to limit myself to secular and outward benefit. All that is urged by the saint for the superiority of faith over works is as truly urged for the highest state of intellectual perception over any performance. I, too, am an American and value practical ability. I delight in people who can do things, I prize talent, — perhaps no man more. But I think of the wind, and not of the weathercocks.

[The following paragraph and others scattered through this part of the journal were very possibly notes from the address.]

Pythagoras deserves his fame with scholars, because we never heard the severity of literary discipline but from him. The severity of military discipline is familiar, and is justified by men's easy belief in the reality of those values it subserves. Severity of mechanical toil we understand,— seven years' apprenticeship, and twelve hours a day. But literary toil — so few men have literary faculty, that these few are not sustained by the expectation and loyalty of the community, and held to the most severe of disciplines proper to the highest of arts. In law is severity of teaching.

Plato, what a school had he! What wealth of perception in Plotinus, Proclus, Jamblichus, Porphyry, Synesius.

There is no meter of mind whereon readily, as on our thermometer, we may say he had 10°, 20°, 100°.

French. Heine thinks the office of the French language to test the sense that is in any philosophy or science. Translate it into French, and

you dispel instantly all the smoke and sorcery, and it passes for what it is.

English whim. I admire as proof of their plenteousness of nature, the perpetual fun of antagonism. They are lions to fight, but it is for some old mummy of obsolete ages. Claverhouse, a smooth fop, slashes like a steam-engine, and Lord Nelson is a little boy captain, of the most absurd appearance. Mr. Woodward, at a loss what to attack, writes against the Lord's Prayer. The most daring dragons in the universe, the island abounds in old women in men's clothes screaming like seasick females in a rough sea.

The fathers made the blunder in the convention in the Ordinance of 10 July, 1787, to adopt population as basis of representation, and count only three fifths of the slaves, and to concede the reclamation of fugitive slaves for the consideration of the prohibition that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said (Northwest) Territory, unless in punishment of crimes." The bed of the Ohio River was the line agreed on east of the Mississippi. In 1820 when new territory west of the Mississippi was to be dealt with, no such natural line offered;

and a parallel of latitude was adopted, and 36°30′ N. was agreed on as equitable.

The fathers made the fatal blunder in agreeing to this false basis of representation, and to this criminal complicity of restoring fugitive slaves: and the splendor of the bribe, namely, the magnificent prosperity of America from 1787, is their excuse before God and men, for the crime. They ought never to have passed the Ordinance. They ought to have refused it at the risk of making no Union; and, if no solution could be had, it would have been better that two nations, one free and one slave-holding, should have started into existence at once. The bribe, if they foresaw the prosperity we have seen, was one to dazzle common men, and I do not wonder that most men now excuse and applaud it. But crime brings punishment, always so much crime, so much ruin: a little crime a minor penalty; a great crime, a great ruin; and now, after sixty years, the poison has crept into every vein and every artery of the State.

Our policy is too low. A high, true, abstract policy, a law of equity resting on love of men, does not provoke blind fury, but respect, and pause, and conviction, and tears of love and gratitude. The narrow, tricksy, time-serving policy

is met by the like trick and cant, and is hated and resisted. William Penn and Clarkson, William Jay and Gerritt Smith, and each partisan abolitionist, as fast as he is seen to be rooted in an idea of the human mind, and to have come into the world pledged to spend and be spent for something not selfish, not geographical, but human and divine, has the respect and tears of gratitude of mankind.

This age is Swedenborg's. I have said the ideas of the age so shine that even the nightmares, as they go, can see them. It is notable that all the Rappers and Mesmerists agree in a subjective religion; all agree that the departing human soul finds such a world as it left; sees and associates and acts according to what it is educated to be: — repudiate the Hebrew ideas, and embrace the subjective philosophy of the Saxons, that the soul makes its own world.

Cant. We only use different names; he calls it attar of rose, and I call it bilgewater.

The English and the Americans cant sadly. They cover over their greediness with a pretended zeal for religion or patriotism, and strew sugar on a bottled spider. Choate's letter to the

New England Society, in 1851, pretending that *the stern old Puritans of 1620 would spurn the rose-pink sentimentalism of resisting the Fugitive Slave Bill*, is an example. . . . Copy-slip morality! They think the Bible a better sort of copal varnish.

The escort of friends with which each spirit walks through time!

Fourier was right in his seventeen hundred and sixty men to make one man. I accept the Quetelet statistics. In a million men, one Homer, and in every million, and Homer requires Homer to read him. The doctrine of Copernicus is not in one man, but in the air, and whenever a man has larger lungs, dilates enough to breathe universal air, he is Copernican. Archimedes, Newton, Euclid, Laplace, Bacon, are ample and think adequately to Nature, which never alters.

Science is not chronological, but according to the health of the inquirer. . . . And so often amid myriads of invalids, fops, dunces, and all kinds of damaged individuals, one sound healthy brain will be turned out, in symmetry, and relation to the system of the world; — eyes that can see, ears that can hear, soul that can feel,

mind that can receive the resultant truth. Then you have the Copernicus without regard to his antecedents or to his geography. This person sees the simple and vast conditions which every law of Nature must fulfil and is prepared to admit the circulation of the blood, the genesis of the planets, universal gravity, the analogy running through all parts of nature, and the correspondence of physics and metaphysics.

Our boys get caught in their own nets, marry the means, and defeat the ends. Churches, colleges, nations, men, do. Thus we get engines but no engineer. Republics exerting their whole power for slavery.

English illogical as others, punishing dissent, punishing education; vast expense for suppression of slave trade and [yet] driving counties of poor children into cruel and demoralizing labor in factory and mines; subsidizing Austria to rob and enslave Poland and Hungary.

The capital example of our day is the reverence of law, because law is the expression of the will of mankind, and the obedience to it when it contravenes the will of all humanity; the obtuseness at seeing that an immoral law is void. All great men, all logical men, all original men,

keep their eye on the major proposition, the object of law, and are keenly and instantly sensible when it is violated.

The generalizing and ascending effort even in chemistry finds not atoms at last, but spherules of force, — *that* makes man not a citizen or a working bee, but a sovereign end to himself; that makes minds differ as they can take strides of advance, one, another, and another; onward there is always a better, a heaven, an inviting infinitude.

Well, this [the originating class] differs in kind from the working class. They live in means; this is contemplative of end; — they are working; this is poetic. They believe [those moved by this spirit] that the ship needed compass, as well as sails and rudder; they wished piety, they wished thought and inspiration, and secured it so by sequestration, leisure, elevation, generalization; laws of thought, they wished to secure; somebody who could climb where they could not; could fly, if it were possible, to heavenly domes; could sing as they had heard of singing — [several pages are torn out]

[*Scholars.*] How sacred, how sweet the function, to which these are reserved! The stars, the wind, the souls in heaven, have nothing

purer or more noble in charge. These are to gather the flowers of the past, to express the essence of old wisdom, to hold the unruly present firm to the sphere. To keep the first Cause in mind, to consecrate all to an aim, to be the engineer of this wonderful engine which the Nineteenth Century in million workshops builds.

But the scholar is to be a new potentate, and must be schooled in the rules of his conduct, like any other king. What he utters is to be true for the instruction of nations, and, that it may be commanding, it must be true. He must be in awe of himself. Why is Socrates invincible? Because Socrates is more afraid of Socrates than of the thirty tyrants.

And what means to do the impossible, to gripe the gliding Proteus, to anchor this floating, escaping Italy? I will tell you: the Affections are the wings by which the intellect launches on the Void, and is borne across it. Great Love is the Inventor and expander of the frozen powers — feathers frozen to our sides.

Heaven takes care to show us that war is a part of our education, as much as milk, or love, and is not to be escaped. We affect to put it all back in history, as the Trojan War, the

Wars of the Roses, the Revolutionary War. Not so; it is *your* war. Has that been declared? has that been fought out? and where did the Victory perch? The wars of other people and of history growl at a distance, but your war comes near, looks into your eyes, in politics, in professional pursuit, in choices in the street, in daily habit, in all the questions of the times, in the keeping or surrendering the control of your day, and your horse, and your opinion; in the terrors of the night; in the frauds and skepticism of the day.

The American independence! that is a legend: *your Independence!* that is the question of all the present. Have you fought out that? and settled it once and again, and once for all in the minds of all persons with whom you have to do, that you and your sense of right and fit and fair are an invincible, indestructible somewhat, which is not to be bought or cajoled or frightened away. That done, and victory inscribed on your eyes and brow and voice, the other American freedom begins instantly to have some meaning and support.

Isaac Hoar, son of old Tim Hoar (who owned large land tracts in Westminster) built the frame

of his house in East Quarter of Concord, over the cellar which he had dug and stoned. Then he thought he would go up to Westminster and look after his land there; so sold the frame to Mr. Minot, who removed it up to its present place, and built the house [at present] George Minot's in 1803, or 4, and lived there till he died.[1] George Minot was fifteen years old when he came to live with his grandfather, and lived with him till he died ten years after. The other house in Hawthorne's place, George Minot was born in. It was an old house, two hundred years old.[2]

Macaulay, the pride of England, the best example of her cleverness, writes elaborately and with talent his essay on Bacon, to prove, not ironically, but in good faith, — in as good faith as he is capable of, — that "solid advantage," as he calls it, a sensual benefit, is the only good.[3] . . .

1 This history is of the picturesque little unpainted house on the side of the hill opposite Mr. Emerson's house and a little nearer town. It was taken down in 1897. An oil painting of it by Mr. Robertson James is in the Concord Library.

2 This house seems to have been the one added by Mr. Alcott as an L to the "Orchard House."

3 The substance of what follows, but more carefully written, is printed in *English Traits*, p. 240.

From this unworthy expositor whom Bacon would disdain we refer to Bacon himself: "If any man thinketh philosophy and universality to be idle studies,"[1] . . .

See [what Bacon] says (vol. i, p. 131), on Rational Philosophy, "the *lumen siccum*,[2] — which doth parch and offend most men's watery and soft natures" who esteemed "those discourses of Socrates which were then termed corrupting of manners, and were after acknowledged for sovereign medicines of the mind and manners, and so have been received ever since until this day."

Bacon,[3] who esteemed it the greatest error of all the rest, the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge as for ornament

1 The rest of the quotation is found in *English Traits*, p. 240.

2 Bacon here quotes Heracleitus's expression (dry light) as he found it in Plutarch's *Morals*, but, according to the late Professor John Wright, of Harvard University, what Heracleitus really said was, "A dry soul is wisest and best," as what is dry is most near to fire, and fire is at the top of Heracleitus's upward way. For a curious account of the corruption of the original Greek see note in *English Traits*, p. 381, Century Edition.

3 Mr. Emerson is still comparing him with his "unworthy expositor."

and reputation for lucre and profession or a shop, etc., who esteemed so highly the effect of learning on moral and private virtue.

Delicious summer stroll through the endless pastures of Barrett, Buttrick, — Estabrook Farms,[1] — yesterday, with Ellery, the glory of summer; what magnificence, yet none to see it. What magnificence, yet one night of frost will kill it all. Ellery was witty on the *Biographie Universelle de soi même.* Henry Thoreau had been made to print his house into his title-page, in order that Alcott might have that to stick into one of the *Biographie Universelle.*[2]

Realism. A Pythagorean discipline would ask, Do you need to succumb? then depart. You have excluded yourself. We have no need of you.

It is the decline of literature and poetry, when the frivolous throngs of gentlemen and ladies,

1 A very attractive region in the northeast part of Concord; seventeenth-century farms long since abandoned as dwelling-places, — though the old orchards of cider apples remained, — and lapsing into forest.

2 Mr. Channing's whimsical joke refers to Thoreau's *Walden,* and Mr. Alcott's love of pictures, which he liked to cut out from books.

without thought or human aims, are suffered to assume a superiority and take it as allowed, that their pomps and palaces are anything but the tribute to wisdom; when they break their loyalty, and scholars court them, 'tis time we went back to the mountains and began our civility anew with the first inventions.

There are more inventions in the thoughts of one happy day than ages could execute.

Hold thought cheap! It is the thread on which are strung the system of Nature and the Heaven of heavens.

A man can only write one book. That is the reason why everybody begs readings and extracts of the young poet until thirty-five. When he is fifty, they still think they value him, and they tell him so; but they scatter like partridges, if he offer to read his paper. They think it is because they have some job to do. But they never allowed a job to stand in the way when he was twenty-five.

Skepticism is unbelief in cause and effect.[1] . . .

1 The rest of the passage is in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 220).

Liebig to Faraday. "What struck me most in England was the perception that only those works that have a practical tendency awake attention and command respect, while the purely scientific, which possess far greater merit, are almost unknown. And yet the latter are the proper and true source from which the others flow. Practice alone can never lead to the discovery of a truth or a principle. In Germany it is quite the contrary. Here, in the eyes of scientific men, no value, or at least but a trifling one, is placed on the practical results. The enrichment of science is alone considered worthy of attention. I do not mean to say it is better: for both nations the golden medium would certainly be a real good fortune."—LIEBIG *ap.* LYELL'S TRAVELS. 1841, vol. I, p. 246.

See, the chymist of love
Will the dust of the body
Convert into gold
Were it never so leaden.
O Hafiz, churls
Know the worth of great pearls.
Give high the prizèd stone
Only to sacred friends alone.

HAFIZ, ii, 91.

[Two versifications by Mr. Emerson follow this mere translation from the German, of which the later and better is given.]

Thou foolish Hafiz, say, do churls
Know the worth of Oman's pearls?
Give the sacred moon-like stone
To the sacred friend alone.

or

Give the gem which dims the moon
To the noblest, or to none.

What said Fontenelle about poetry, women, and the fine arts, three things on which he had written much and knew little? I suppose, every one has favorite topics, which make a sort of museum or privileged closet of whimsies in his mind, and which he thinks is a kind of aristocracy to know about. Thus, I like to know about lions, diamonds, wine, and Beauty; and Martial, and Hafiz.

If you read Cardinal de Retz in a village, you will easily be able to plant his principal characters on various heads who play the like parts in the county which his heroes performed in France. We have our M. de Rohan, whose only talent is to dance, and knows that his element

for rising in the state is at the drop-ins and military balls. We have our old granny of a M. d'Angoulême or M. de Beaufort, who is only a private man, and affects neutrality: our small Mazarin, whose talent is to go about the bush, to give to understand; Mr. E. of Bangor, who never pronounces, never finishes his sentence, but "*you take the idee?*"

The one precept the English have retained of all their Norse traditions is exercise; and it makes the rule of palaces as well as of farms. The roads, the London parks, the country-seats, the game preserves of Scotland, Europe, Asia, and Africa, are the riding-grounds of the English. The boating, yachting, cricket, skittles, shooting, deer-stalking, and every species of equitation are their twelfth commandment, on which national existence hangs: rule of the public schools, rule of the university, rule of every country-seat. At noble houses, even, may be seen an old serjeant kept to drill young ladies in military exercise, — attitude, march, and exercise of the chest and arms to this sacred end of English health.

Le style, c'est l'homme, said Buffon; and Goethe said, that, as for poetry, etc., he had learned to

speak German; and I say of Burrill's fifty languages, that I shall be glad if he knows one; for if I be asked how many masters of English idiom I know, I shall be pestered to count three or four among living men.

A good head cannot read amiss. In every book he finds passages which seem confidences.[1] . . . No book has worth by itself; but by the relation to what you have from many other books, it weighs.

Feats. Cardan's praise of algebra (see Hallam, i, 358) is beautiful; and Newton's and Leibnitz's quarrel about fluxions belongs to this category.

Quotation. It is curious what new interest an old sentence or poem acquires in quotation. Hallam is never deep, but he is a fair mind, able to appreciate poetry, unless it becomes deep, . . . and Hallam cites a sentence from Bacon or Sydney, or distinguishes a lyric of Edwards or Vaux, and straightway it commends itself to me as if it had received the Isthmian crown.

1 See "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 296).

We say the English have a homely taste, a Bible style, from first to last hate euphuism; as, in Alfred, Saxon Chronicles, Chaucer, Ballads, Gammer Gurton, and Ralph Roister, Latimer, Shakspeare, Cotton and other translators, Defoe, Bunyan, Hudibras, Swift, down to Cowper and Burns. Then came the strife between the two principles, — Platonism and materialism.

Bacon represents better than he knew the precise plight of English mind. For he held by divine nature on the divine side, and then by London birth, on the common sense, and commercial. He struggled hard to do justice to the Muse, and prayed to his countrymen to hear *her*; but prayed to them that had no mercy. Well so long as the Muse ruled, so long we had poetry, and the common sense served well. But this rebelled and usurped the lead.[1]

Here are several facts which need notice: —

The plain style indicates that the people had their share in it.

Then I think it [style] is not easy or rightly measured by time, as decades or centuries, as by names of men.

1 Compare what is said of Bacon in the chapters on "Literature" (*English Traits*, pp. 238–241).

Then this pivotal Lord Bacon. His rules or reform or influence is nothing. He is a bubble of a certain stream of thought, which is of great importance. All his importance is the influx of idealism into England. Where that goes is poetry, health, progress. The rules of its genesis or its diffusion are not known. It seems an affair of race or of chemistry. Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition as Bacon and the Platonists of growth.[1] Bacon held of both; of ideas in his genius, — of English trade in his politics.

As to his doctrine of fruit, or to the direction of his centuries of observations on useful science, I think little of that. I suppose his experiments were worth nothing. He had no genius that way. Franklin, or Arkwright, or Davy, or any one with a talent for experiment.

The whole is told in saying Bacon had genius *and* talent. Genius always looks one way, always is ideal, or, as we say, Platonist, and Bacon had genius. But (a common case, too,) he had talents and the common ambition to sell them. Hence his perfidies and sycophancy. His common sense held of his genius. There was

1 A few of the above sentences occur in *English Traits*, but are kept here to keep the sequence.

no treachery to the supreme Reason in wishing the laws of meteorology or of political economy well understood. His treachery to his genius begins as soon as he left the employments he loved, and which ennobled him, for the lucrative jobs which the queen or the favorite imposed.

I should say that all were told if one should trace the degree in which the sense of unity or the instinct of seeking resemblances predominated in the mind of England. For hence all poetry comes; and when a man comes who distrusts theory, discredits analogy, believes men must go on for ages accumulating facts before any sane generalizations can be attempted, it is certain that such an one has no poetic power, and that nothing original or beautiful will be produced by him.[1]

It is droll that whilst men love the fruit, they hate the tree; that the animal instinct loves the music of poets; it hates the tendency of their minds.

September 5.

Is it that wherever the mind takes a step, it is to put itself at one with a larger class discerned

1 The last sentence is found in "Literature" (*English Traits*, p. 239).

beyond the lesser class with which it has been conversing?

There are a few astonishing generalizations which circulate in the world,[1] . . .

If I reckon up my debts by particulars to English books, how fast they reduce themselves to a few authors, and how conspicuous Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton become; Locke a cipher. I put the duty of being read, invariably on the author. If he is not read, whose fault is it? If he is very learned and yet heavy, it is a double-shot which fells both himself and his readers.

Who is Selden? No sensible American, I take it, can spend much time on the subject of tithes. Not because it is old, but because it is trifling. Plutarch is much older, but his topics are interesting.

And the criticism the poets suggest reaches them, too, for we perceive that they kept altogether too fair terms with their own times, and with this dull kind of learning; and that a new and better age will address itself more simply to what is really good.

1 The rest of the passage thus beginning and much that follows are found in *English Traits* (pp. 237 and 239).

All the thoughts of a turtle are turtle. Under-witted persons who live in a perpetual sense of inferiority, if also they have the misfortune to have a bad temper, seek to avenge themselves by contriving little insults, which have the effect of making others momentarily inferior. Somebody said, not ill, of these, that there was a variety of names and persons among them, but it signifies little which of them you meet, you find the same cast of character in all.

See Hooker's paragraph on Music in *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book v, p. 238 fol.

Hooker calls the Imagination "the only storehouse of wit, and the peculiar chair of memory."

History of ecclesiastical councils arraying nations for and against some clause or quibble in a creed, and sucking the blood and treasure of ages to the one or the other part, as in the controversies of Europe on the Nicene and Athanasian, or of the two sects of Mahomet,—or of Catholic and Protestant later, or now of the Mesmerism, etc., are all only valuable after ages have cleared away the smoke with the lives, cities, and institutions of the parties, and disclose the structure of mind which necessitated these heats and rages.

The *White Feather*, a novel, in two volumes.
Who has signed the paper?
What has been the usage?
What does the church say?
What will be worn?

The poor keep perpetual fast, the rich perpetual feast.

A great step (for good and evil) in liberty taken by Nectarius at the advice of Eudæmon, a priest at Constantinople,— to disuse penitentiaries, i.e., public confession of communicants. (See Hooker, Book vi, p. 343.)

[Here follow several extracts from Pepys's *Diary*.]

The perfection of writing is when the animal thinks; and wine, no doubt, and all fine food furnishes some elemental wisdom; and the fire, too, as it burns; for I fancy that my logs, which have grown so long in the sun and wind, are a kind of Muses. A Greek epigram out of the anthology, a verse of Herrick or Dorset, are in harmony both with sense and spirit.

It would seem all legislatures are alike, for Pepys says, his cousin Roger P., member of

Parliament, "tells me that he thanks God, he never knew what it was to be tempted to be a knave in his life, till he did come into the House of Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion and faction and private interest." (Vol. ii, p. 150.)

Transfusion of blood of a sheep into a man, with benefit. (See Pepys, ii, 160, 158.)

Hooker and his coevals show the power of an ideal dogma. Christianity was an idealism which did a world of good in the materialism of old Rome, and of the robbers and pirates of the Middle Age. It was a noble heart-warmer with the range and play it gave to thought and imagination, in opening the doctrine of love. These old fellows ranged like poets in these ethereal fields, and only quoted a text now and then, to give a *quasi*-authority to their fancies. But 't is wonderful the difference between their range, and the strait waistcoat and close corners of our priests. They quote condescendingly, and out of gentleman-like good humour, not needing it out of any poverty, for they have as good of their own; but ours in a cowed and servile way, never matching it by anything as good.

Then I notice the freedom with which they

fill up the faint outline map which the Christian hypothesis affords them with a bold mythology of their own. Thus the Heaven, on the sparsest hint, they populate with angels in rank and degree (borrowed, I believe, out of Dionysius), and exercise their fancy very freely and well in this rhetoric, which, to the next age, or to the next writer, becomes instantly authority, and is repeated over, like Holy Writ, from one to another, till it becomes believed by being often said.

Hooker, however, it must be owned, calls, "this present age, full of tongue and weak of brain."

Elizabeth Hoar. The last night talked with Elizabeth the Wise, who defined Common Sense as the perception of the inevitable laws of existence. The philosophers considered only such laws as could be stated; but sensible men, those also which could not be stated;—a very just distinction, which, I find, with contentment that I had recognized in my paragraph about Dr. Johnson, but had not rightly laid down beforehand. I find also in her a certain forward motion of the mind when at last, through a thousand silences and delays, she begins to speak, which is excellent, as being the mind's own motion, through

beauty and sweetness of the thing perceived, and without any manner of reflection or return on one's self.

Her illustration of the common laws was, "You must count your money. For, if you call it petty, and count it not, 'through greatness of soul,' it will have its revenge on your soul, by coming in thither also, in the sequel, with injurious suspicions of your best friends and other disquietudes."

Izaak Walton and all the writers of his age betray their reading in Greek literature. Plutarch, Plato, and the Greek philosophers, especially of the Stoic sect, nourish them.

Sidney, Sir Philip, is Platonist and stands well for poetry.

Genius. Temperance in love: and the child of the god is the superfluity of strength. Temperance in art: and the poet is never the poorer for his song. The masters painted and carved for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them. Alcott thought the father of the Hebrew Boy must have been superior to his son.

Genius. A few poems appear to have been

written between sleeping and waking; irresponsibly.[1]

Universities are, of course, hostile to geniuses.[2] . . .

Last night, talking with Ellery Channing, it appeared still more clear, — the two nations in England, — one in all time fierce only for mince pie, — the old, granniest, beef-eating solemn trifler, a Cheapside 'prentice, and growing to be a Cheapside lord; — the other a fine, thoughtful, religious, poetical believer, — fit for hero, fit for martyr, deriving in his flights only the solidity, and square elbows, and method, from his Cheapside brother, and rewarding him with puritanism, with drama, with letters and liberty.

It would be well to begin the story[3] with notice of my first visit to England. I was then more ignorant than now. I am ignorant enough now, Heaven knows, — nay, I am of the hopelessly ignorant class, to whom the knowledge of scholars is always a marvel, — fault of some

1 The passage is printed in "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 182).

2 See *English Traits*, p. 212.

3 *English Traits*.

method in my mind. But I was ignorant enough then to wish to go to Europe only to see three of four persons, — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, and Carlyle. I should have wished to see Goethe in Germany, but he was then just dead. After these, there was not in England, excepting — [page torn out].

I praise the expansive, the still generalizing, because it seems as if *transition*, shooting the gulf, were the essential act of life. Nature forever aims and strives at a better, at a new degree, the same nature in and out of man, the same nature in a river-drop and in the soul of a hero.

One class of minds delighting in a bounded fact; and the other class in its relations or correspondency to all other facts.

The art of conversation, or the qualification for a good companion, is a certain self-control, which now holds the subject, now lets it go, with a respect to the emergencies of the moment.

"What a sublime and terrible simplicity there is in our navy. Nothing is admitted but what is absolutely useful. Cannon, decks, sailors, all wore the appearance of stern vigour; no beauti-

ful forms in the gun-carriages; no taste or elegance in the cannon; ports, square and hard, guns, iron; sailors, muscular." — HAYDON.

James Furness said, "There was only one person in the world he envied, and that was his wife."

Franklin, when they questioned as to the utility of something, said, "What is the use of a baby?"

Solitary was he? why, yes, but he comforted himself by thinking that his society was limited only by the amount of brain Nature appropriated in this age to carry on the government of the world.

Dr. Jackson's big crystal of beryl comes from Acworth, New Hampshire. Mr. Francis Alger has one in his yard at South Boston weighing three tons,[1] which was offered to Dr. Jackson for twenty dollars. Mr. Alger was carried thither by Dr. Jackson and bought the mountain. Dr. Jackson said, he did not give more than two hundred dollars for the whole.

1 Probably the block of quartz with three enormous beryls projecting from it (in the Natural History Society's building in Boston) weighed so much, and not the beryl alone.

When I showed Ellery a finest sunset, in the central glory of which a telegraph-pole stood, like the spear of Uriel, he looked and said, "Why, yes, Nature lies like the Irish."

October 11.

Never was a more brilliant show of coloured landscape than yesterday afternoon — incredibly excellent topaz and ruby at four o'clock; cold and shabby at six.

[*Old English Poets.*] The heart of the question is, how came such men as Herbert, Herrick, Donne, Chapman, and Marvell to exist? What made those natures? was that climate? was that race? For 'tis certain there were more where these came from; that the people who lived with them must be like them; the appreciation never lags far after the invention. The hearing ear is close to the speaking tongue, and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.

Sir Philip Sidney says of Pietro Puglione, when he praised horsemen as "the noblest of soldiers, masters of war, and ornaments of peace,

speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts": "Nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman;—skill of government was but a pedanterie in comparison."

Imagination. We live by our imaginations, by our admirations, by our words. A man pays a debt quicker to a rich man than to a poor one; wishes the bow and compliment of a rich man, weighs what he says; he never comes nearer him for all that; but dies at last better contented for this amusement of his eyes and his imagination.

Intellect. I notice that I value nothing so much as the threads that spin from a thought to a fact, and from one fact to another fact, making both experiences valuable and presentable, which were insignificant before, and weaving together into rich webs all solitary observations.

The old men believed in magic.[1] . . .

1 For the rest of the passage see "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 318, 319).

I wish to know the nomenclature of botany and astronomy. But these are soulless both, as we know them; vocabularies both. Add astrology to astronomy, and 't is somewhat. Add medicine and magic to botany, and that is something. But the English believe that by mountains of fact they can climb into the heaven of thought and truth: so the builders of Babel believed. But the method of truth is quite other, and heaven descends, when it will, to the prepared soul. We must hold our science as mere convenience, expectant of a higher method from the mind itself.

Queteletism. The action of the Saxons in America is bad, but has its checks, and though the evil lies nearer the hand than does the good, yet I never fear that people will be able to get away from their brain: the moment they run into extremes, the minority, always ready to become a majority, defeats them; they will not burn their fingers twice.

Success is a measure of brain. It requires one that can carry the conditions in his head, — climate, politics, market, persons, — and enter bodily into the complications of the dance, and by keeping the figure, not jostle any of the partners.

"All Difference is quantitative," said Schelling; and common sense seems a spread of vitality over the whole radiant brain, instead of only at points, so as to apprehend all the conditions of success,—more vitality, like Spallanzani's blinded bat, which yet flitted among stretched cords, in and out without touching one.

"And if one ought to thank God for the joys that do not tend to salvation?" says Mme. de Sablé.

English sense. A piece of ivory was found in an Egyptian tomb four thousand years old. When exposed to the air it rapidly crumbled. Buckland said, "Boil it in gelatine"; and it came out sound as new ivory.

The French before the battle of Alma issued an order of the day about glory and the Emperor. Lord Raglan ordered the commissary to supply the troops with extra allowance of porter.

Nature helps everybody, brings each to higher ground than he was wont to occupy. Nature furnishes the nouns which must be of use whenever and wherever. All the verbs of language

express motion, which must exist wherever we go.

We have reformed our botany, our chemistry, our geology, our anatomy, through the appearance of a several genius; but our metaphysics still awaits its author. A high, analogic mind; a mind, which, with one *aperçu*, penetrates many successive crusts, and strings them as beads on its thread of light, will delight us with mental structure as a naturalist with his architectures. Now, our metaphysics are like Kett and Blair.

English finality. Englishmen think as far as the bishop and the chancellor. So we believe in melioration just as far as it has gone from fossil up to Anglo-Saxon, but we are passing into new heavens (and the earth and the atmosphere have not ended their purging chemistry) and so into new earths.

Swedenborg is the theosophist of the present age. 'T is very fine for England and America, Boston and London, refined circles, to affect a scorn. Some theory must be at the bottom; and these surface-creatures might be shown that they are Swedenborgians, or else skeptics. They hate —all men hate —skepticism, and when shown

what kind of rotten underpinning they are strutting upon, they will kiss the robe of Swedenborg.

An idealist rare. Farmer Hunt doubted whether there really were any tongs, which he seemed to hold in his hand; and Rowse's scene-painter was a root-and-branch doubter: but most men have animal bias or beast bias, and are encumbered by their tools, that is, by matter: only a supreme spirit plays with matter, and sees all history as a fluid ocean wrought up at will into every astonishing variety of form by nimble ideas.

To say, "the majority are wicked," means no malice, nor bad heart in the observer, but simply that the majority are young, are boys, are animals, and have not yet any opinion, but borrow their opinion of the newspaper, and, of course, are not worth considering: they have not yet come to themselves, do not yet know their opinion. *That*, if they knew it, is an oracle of God, and worthy of all curiosity and respect from them, and from all.

Choate said of the testy Chief Justice Shaw, "I perceive that he is ugly, but I know that he is divine."

Judge Shaw said to Mr. William Sturgis, "When the Pacific Road is finished, I am going with you to see your old friends on the north-west coast." Sturgis replied, "If I am only recently dead, I will go with you."

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JOURNAL

A LONG LECTURE SEASON

VERSES

THOUGHTS ON SCIENCE, NATURE AND POETRY

FINISHING ENGLISH TRAITS

LECTURE ON WOMAN

AMHERST ADDRESS

SLEEPY HOLLOW

THE FAR WEST AGAIN

JOURNAL XLVI

1855

(From Journals NO and RO)

[For Journal writing there was scant time when the winter's arduous and exposing work of lecturing began,—"whisked by the stormy wing of Fate out of my chain and whirled like a dry leaf through the State of New York," as Mr. Emerson put it, in a letter to Carlyle. During December he lectured, mostly before Massachusetts Lyceums, almost every other evening; in January thirteen were given, still in New England towns, only two of them in Boston, one of these being his strong protest against advancing Slavery and its demoralization of the North. The same lecture was given in Philadelphia, and seventeen on various themes in the Middle States, one in Hamilton, Ontario, during February. Returning home in March, eleven more were read before New England audiences.]

(From NO)

"Success shall be in thy courser tall,
Success in thyself, which is best of all,
Success in thy hand, success in thy foot,
In struggle with man, in battle with brute,
The holy God and Saint Drotten dear
Shall guide and bless thee through thy career.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved!"

From the Danish; GEORGE BORROW.

February, 1855.

They laughed us down. They treated the rule of right as puerile enthusiasm.

We sacrifice the convenient, the pleasant, the expedient to the Right.

The real struggle of Europe is for two things, 1, Nationality; 2, Morality, as the fundamental guide of statesmanship; republicanism not being the end desired, but is the only means possible.

"*Connais les cérémonies. Si tu en pénètres le sens, tu gouverneras un royaume avec la même facilité que tu regards dans ta main.*"—CONFUCIUS.

Don't attempt too many things. Unlimited activity is bankruptcy.

Against the absurdity of expense, we set up

the beauty of manners. They think it becoming in a gentleman to spend much for his dinner. We think it becoming to spend little for his dinner, much for his brain.

Man feels the antipodes and the pole: they are his, like the drops of his blood.[1]

Revere self. Every thought not only a fount of a man and his career, but will have its glorification in the grand man; its star; and its age. Who are you that you should desert it? It will have its literature and art, yet. Alum is wanted in the strata, and so is marl and phosphorus. Romulus threw his spear into the Palatine Hill. The spear took root, and became a tree.

ROME, N. Y., *February* 18.

What occurred this morning touching the imagination? In meeting a new student, I incline to ask him, Do you know any deep man? Has any one furnished you with a new image? For to see the world representatively, implies high gifts.

1 The rest of the passage thus beginning is found in "Beauty" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 283). Many other sentences for that essay occur in this journal and are here omitted.

[Here first appears the poem "The Romany Girl" almost as in its finished form in the *Poems*.]

The sun goes down and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of gipsy beauty blazes higher, etc.

History is all party pamphlets; Lingard for Catholics, Hume for Tories, Hallam for Whigs, Brodie for radicals. Mitford writes Greek history for monarchists, Grote for Republicans.

Dance. Under the soul of the world, "the bodies are moved in a beautiful manner, as being parts of the whole: but certain things are corrupted, in consequence of not being able to sustain the order of the whole. Just as if, in a great dance, which is conducted in a becoming manner, a tortoise being caught in the middle of the progression, should be trod upon, not being able to escape the order of the dance; though, if the tortoise had arranged itself with the dance, it would not have suffered from those that composed it." — Plotinus.

"Fortune and Hope! I 've made my port,
Farewell, ye twin deceivers;
Ah! many a time I 've been your sport,
Go, cozen new believers."

πάντα ῥεῖ.

UTICA, *February* 11.

Ah! how few things! A warm room, and morning leisure. I sit by the Holy River, and watch the waves. Will it not cease to flow for me? I need not ask for more. Let them ask for results and externals, they who have not this source. *Minima pars sui puella*[1] — they who are not substance have need of the compensation of costume.

I do not know that I am ready, like my Dervish[2] in his more total devotion, to throw my babes into the Stream. No, I am householder, and father, and citizen, far too much for that. But what blazing evidence his vices (so esteemed) afford to the pure beauty that intoxicates him!

How far better his outward shiftlessness and insensibility to what are reckoned the primary claims, than the Bulwer view of intellect, as a sort of bill of exchange easily convertible into fine chambers, wines, and cigars.

Of him, that is, of the Dervish by the River, I think, this morning, most respectfully, when I remember his magnanimity, unparalleled I think among men of his class, — that he truly loves the

1 The girl is the least part of herself. (HORACE?)

2 Alcott?

thought, and wishes its widest publication, and gladly hears his own from the lips of other men.

What a fact, too, that when Higginson went to the Court-House, having made up his mind that he should not return thence, the only man that followed him into it was Alcott![1]

When we read the criticism, — it may be right or wrong, — we side with it; we think the critic may be in the right, but it is quickly forgotten. And long afterward we must still go back to London for the wise remark, imagery, the wit, the indignation that are unforgettable.

The rule of positive and superlative is this: as long as you deal with sensible objects in the sphere of sense, call things by their right names. But every man may be, and some men are, raised to a platform whence he sees beyond sense to

1 Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then a clergyman at Worcester, planned to lead a rush on the United States Court-House in Boston to rescue the fugitive slave Anthony Burns. The assault failed from want of proper support, and Higginson was wounded. Alcott, armed only with his cane, braved the danger with philosophic composure and deliberateness. (For some account of this affair see *Life of Richard H. Dana*, by C. F. Adams, and the *Memoir of Alcott*, by W. E. Harris and F. B. Sanborn.)

moral and spiritual truth; when he no longer sees snow as snow, or horses as horses, but only sees or names them representatively for those interior facts which they signify. This is the way the poets use them. And in that exalted state, the mind deals very easily with great and small material things, and strings worlds like beads upon its thought. The success with which this is done can alone determine how genuine is the inspiration.

France. Alfieri said, the character of the French consists in not having one.

Kossuth's remark contrasts the pound and shilling system of English army promotion with the opportunity of the French soldier, who finds the materials of a marshal's staff in his own knapsack.

A man's manners, to be radiant, must announce his reality. His wealth is inexhaustible only in his proper vein. On every other ground, he soon acquaints you with all his collections. *Tour de force.*

People fatigue us because they are apes and drilled. Make a man happy by gratifying his powers with their legitimate objects and activity, and you make him strong.

Subjectiveness. Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, said, "The people were always right." One said, "But they crucified Our Saviour; were they right then?" The Governor looked about him and then replied, "Yes, they were right then, for if they had not crucified him, he could not have been our Saviour."

This may serve as one out of a thousand examples that every proposition is true, or may be made true by an active wit.

Men ride on a thought, as if each bestrode an invisible horse, which, if it became visible, all their seemingly mad plunging motions would be explained.

England. When my eyes opened I found I was jogging between the narrowest walls and seeing nothing else, and that I had mistaken those walls of the lane for England.

Thus, the religion of England, is it the establishment?[1] . . .

Lord Lyndhurst said, "The man who has nothing must be a radical to get what other people have; he who has something, must be a conservative, to keep it."

1 Here follows the concluding paragraph of the chapter "Religion" in *English Traits.*

I prefer a little integrity to any career. Reality the charm of a good novel like *Villette*.

February 24.

But two good nights in a fortnight: — one at Buffalo; the second at Hamilton (Ontario), in finding myself in England, as it seemed, with English soft coal fire, my fine warm parlor hung round with Wilkie prints, and with Burrage's (?) print of a champion course at Amesbury; with English servant, and the hotel full of solid Englishmen talking London politics in the dear island tones. Hon. Hugh Cameron complimented me on the Essay on Friendship!

Curious to see these men standing there with Bibles open, fiercely defending old Bailey Christianity, with finger on text,[1] — coarse and cruel men, constables and grocers, every feature and tone being only a placard, "Beware of Pickpockets," — and they fancying that we only know them by the texts they quote, and the words they articulate.

1 Mr. Emerson was still engaged in writing *English Traits*, as appears by the passage on "Religion" following in the Journal a little later, and, some crude religious talk, heard at Hamilton, apparently revived impressions of insular narrowness.

"May you lie down in that peace which escapeth explanation, and rise to the duties which go with the peace." — Aunt Mary to Elizabeth Hoar.

"To move the reader deeply, the author must be in perfect repose." — Niebuhr.

Niebuhr lost his divination for some years, and it returned to him.

It is as easy to twist beams of iron as candy braids, if only you take all the steps; as the machine-shop can show you each step is simple and easy; and geology shows it just as easy to bend and twist and braid strata of ores, basalt, porphyry, and granite, as to make anchors: — geology shows the steps.[1]

'T is clear that the European is a better animal than the American. Here you can only have Webster, or Parsons, or Washington, at the first descent from a farmer or people's man. Their sons will be mediocrities; but in England, in Europe, the privileged classes shall continue to furnish the best specimens. The Czars of Russia shall continue to be good stock.

1 A similar sentence occurs in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 276).

I look on the homage paid by men to a great man, as the expression of their hope.[1] . . .

Natural History. Radiation is the lesson of natural history. Every one of these monsters — a lizard, a mouse, a crocodile, a baboon — is only some function of mine magnified. . . . From your centre Nature carries every integral part out to the horizon, and mirrors yourself to you in the universe.

Yet the effect of a museum of Natural History is not to help and inspire us, but rather to mortify, by gigantising these limitations. These are the Titans that warred with Jove, and he only saved himself by the skin of his teeth.

Natural history builds up from oyster and tadpole. Mythology gives us down from the heavens.

Beauty is the quality which makes to endure.[2] . . .

Greeks. 'T is strange what immortality is in

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Progress of Culture" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 226, 227).

2 The paragraph thus beginning is in "Beauty" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 295).

their very rags; so much mentality about the race has made every shred durable.

We run very fast, but here is this horrible Plato, at the end of the course, still abreast of us. Our novelties we can find all in his book. He has anticipated our latest neology.

The history says, the Romans conquered the Greeks: but I analyse the Roman language, I read the Roman books, I behold the Roman buildings, I dig up marbles in the Roman gardens; and I find Greeks everywhere still paramount, in art, in thought;—and in my history, the Greeks conquered Rome.

Landor is a man of wit and versatile powers, who by pure affluence of his own wit creates a Parnassus about him, is independent of his times, and seems like a king on his travels with his court about him. He is the steadfast friend of liberty and honour.

Then what to say of Tennyson? When I read "Maud" then I say, Here is one of those English heads again such as in the Elizabethan days were rammed full of delightful fancies. What colouring like Titian, colour like the dawn.[1] ....

1 The rest of the passage is printed in *English Traits*, p. 257.

Rhyme and Rhetoric. As boys write verses from delight in the music or rhyme, before they learn to delight in the sense, so, when grown older, they write from love of the rhetoric, sooner than for the argument, and, in most instances, a sprightly genius chooses the topic and treatment that gives him room to say fine things, before the sad heroic truth.

Chaucer and Chapman had legs and trunk to their poetry: the poem was a finer man, and had all the parts of a man. But these fine young wits who write exquisite verses now, "the brain of a purple mountain," etc., — their poetry has no legs.

Quotation. What I said in one of my Saadi scraps of verse,[1] I might say in good sooth, that —

> Thus the high Muse treated me
> Directly never greeted me,
> But when she spread her dearest spells
> Feigned to speak of some one else:

1 That is, not quoted from Saadi, but Mr. Emerson used his name or other versions of it, Said or Seyd, when he wished to paint the Poet, his characters and spiritual experiences. (See "Uriel," "Saadi," and also "Fragments" on "The Poet and the Poetic Gift" in the Appendix to the *Poems*.) This passage in full is found on page 324 of the Century Edition of the *Poems*.

I was free to overhear,
Or I might at will forbear;
But that casual word
Thus at random overheard,
Was the symphony of spheres,
And proverb of a thousand years.

My best thought came from others. I heard in their words my own meaning, but a deeper sense than they put on them: and could well and best express myself in other people's phrases, but to finer purpose than they knew.

"He that borrows the aid of an equal understanding," said Burke, "doubles his own: he that uses that of a superior elevates his own to the stature of that he contemplates."

Common Fame. I trust a good deal to common fame, as we all must. If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs, to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods.[1] And if a man knows the law, people

[1] "There has been much inquiry in the newspapers recently as to whether Mr. Emerson wrote a sentence very like the above which has been attributed to him in print. The Editors

find it out, though he live in a pine shanty, and resort to him. And if a man can pipe or sing, so as to wrap the prisoned soul in an elysium; or can paint landscape, and convey into oils and ochres all the enchantments of Spring or Autumn; or can liberate or intoxicate all people who hear him with delicious songs and verses; 'tis certain that the secret cannot be kept: the first witness tells it to a second, and men go by fives and tens and fifties to his door. What a signal convenience is fame.

Well, it is still so with a thinker. If he proposes to show me any high secret, if he profess to have found the profoundly secret pass that leads from Fate to Freedom, all good heads and all mankind aspiringly and religiously wish to know it, and, though it sorely and unusually taxes their poor brain, they find out at last whether they have made the transit or no. If they have, they will know it; and his fame will surely be bruited abroad. If they come away unsatisfied, though it be easy to impute it (even in their belief) to their dulness in not being able

do not find the latter in his works, but there can be little doubt that it was a memory-quotation by some hearer, or, quite probably, correctly reported from one of his lectures, the same image in differing words.

to keep step with his snow-shoes on the icy mountain paths,—I suspect it is because the transit has not been made. 'T is like that crooked hollow log through which the farmer's pig found access to the field; the farmer moved the log so that the pig, in returning to the hole, and passing through, found himself to his astonishment still on the outside of the field: he tried it again, and was still outside; then he fled away, and would never go near it again.

Whatever transcendant abilities Fichte, Kant, Schelling, and Hegel have shown, I think they lack the confirmation of having given piggy a transit to the field. The log is very crooked, but still leaves Grumphy on the same side of the fence he was before. If they had made the transit, common fame would have found it out. So I abide by my rule of not reading the book, until I hear of it through the newspapers.

Our Concord mechanics and farmers are very doubtful on the subject of Culture, and will vote against you: but I notice they will all send their children to the dancing-school. They are rather deaf on the subject of mental superiority; but they value the multiplication-table, and decimal fractions, and theodolites, and survey-

ing and navigation. They value reading and writing.

February.

Philip Randolph[1] was surprised to find me speaking to the politics of anti-slavery, in Philadelphia. I suppose, because he thought me a believer in general laws, and that it was a kind of distrust of my own general teachings to appear in active sympathy with these temporary heats.

He is right so far as that it is becoming in the scholar to insist on central soundness, rather than on superficial applications. I am to give a wise and just ballot, though no man else in the republic doth. I am not to compromise or mix or accommodate. I am to demand the absolute right, affirm that, and do that; but not push Boston into a false, showy, and theatrical attitude, endeavoring to persuade her she is more virtuous than she is. Thereby I am robbing myself, more than I am enriching the public. After twenty, fifty, a hundred years, it will be

1 A valued young friend and correspondent of Mr. Emerson's in Philadelphia, who said in a letter to Carlyle soon after: "One day in Philadelphia you should have heard the wise young Philip Randolph defend you against objections of mine" (*Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 242).

quite easy to discriminate who stood for the right, and who for the expedient.

The vulgar, comprising ranks on ranks of fine gentlemen, clergymen, college presidents and professors, and great Democratic statesmen bellowing for Liberty, will of course go for safe degrees of liberty,— that is, will side with property against the Spirit, subtle and absolute, which keeps no terms.

Munroe seriously asked what I believed of Jesus and prophets. I said, as so often, that it seemed to me an impiety to be listening to one and another, when the pure Heaven was pouring itself into each of us, on the simple condition of obedience. To listen to any second-hand gospel is perdition of the First Gospel. Jesus was Jesus because he refused to listen to another, and listened at home.

August.

Out upon scholars with their pale, sickly, etiolated indoor thoughts. Give me the out-of-door thoughts of sound men,— the thoughts, all fresh, blooming.

For the great poets, like the Greek artists, elaborated their designs, but slighted their finish, and it is the office of poets to suggest a vast

wealth, a background, a divinity, out of which all this and much more readily springs; and if this religion is in the poetry, it raises us to some purpose, and we can well afford some staidness or gravity in the verses.

Prima Philosophia.

"Dissolvers of Fate."—IAMBLICHUS.

"How can the soul be adjacent to the *one*, except by laying asleep the garrulous matter that is in her?"—PROCLUS.

"Eternal beings only have a real existence."—PROCLUS, *Providence and Fate*, ii, 464.

"In last natures, there are representations of such as are first, and all things sympathize with all."—PROCLUS.

"While life everywhere resounds, the most abject beings may be said to retain a faint echo of the melody produced by the mundane lyre."—TAYLOR'S PROCLUS, ii, 395.

"Life is that which holds matter together."—PORPHYRY.

Οἱ ῥεοντες. For flowing is the secret of things and no wonder the children love masks,[1] . . .

1 What follows is printed in *Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 58, 59.

A mythology discerning the eternal from the transitory, called Ideas gods. And availing itself of that oblivion which accompanies any mind raised above the comprehension of his contemporaries (for he speaks as a man among oxen), easily imputed the strange imaginative words he dropped, to oracles and gods. The *Chaldæan Oracles* are plainly all esoteric metaphysics and ethics of a deep thinker speaking after truth, and not after appearance, and using whatever images occurred, to convey his grand perception. Then Proclus says, with perfect *naïveté*, "Hence the gods exhort 'to understand the forerunning form of light,'" etc.,—citing the *Chaldæan Oracles*.

Memory, connecting inconceivable mystery with inconceivable mystery.

In children, thought is slow, therefore time is long. You shall hear, as soon as they are well into frocks and trousers, the young rememberers begin to say, "Don't you *berember* how we used to do this and that," as if recalling great spaces of time, and it was only a few months, or maybe, last year.

These geologies, chemistries, astronomies, leave us where they found us. The invention

is of great use to the inventor, but harms the pupil, whom it hinders from helping himself. The facts that Science collects are of no value to any one but the owner. Mother wit animates mountains of facts by turning them to human use,—milking the cow, suspending the load-stone, pouring human will and human wit through things till the world is a second self,—blushes with shame, laughs with health, is a temple of religion. But the moment these facts fall to dull man, they are like steel-filings when the magnet is withdrawn. 'T is science in England, science in America, very jealous of theory.

A house held up by magnetism,—draw out the magnet, and the house falls and buries the inhabitant.

Percival (transcribed by Robert de Thornton in the fifteenth century).

"Give lythes[1] to me,
Two words or three,
Of one that was fair and free,
And fell in his fight.
His right name was Percivell,
He was fostered in the fell,
He drank water of the well,
And yet he was wight."

[1] ear.

Passion.

When wrath and terror changed Jove's regal port
And the rash-leaping thunderbolt fell short.[1]

Nature, — what we ask of her is only words to clothe our thoughts. The mind is to find the thought. Chemistry, Geology, Hydraulics are secondary. The atomic theory is, of course, only an interior process *produced*, as the geometers say, or the outside effect of a foregone metaphysical theory; hydrostatics only the surcoat of ideal necessities. Yet the thoughts are few, the forms many; the large vocabulary, or many-coloured coat of the indigent Unity. The *savants* are very chatty and vain; but, hold them hard to principle and definition, and they become very mute and near-sighted. What is motion? What is beauty? What is life? What is force? Push them hard, drive them home. They will not be loquacious. I have heard that Peirce, the Cambridge mathematician, had come to Plato at last. 'T is clear that the invisible and imponderable is the sole fact. "Why changes not the violet earth into musk?" asks Hafiz. What is the term of this overflowing metamorphosis? I do not know what are the stoppages,

1 *Poems*, Appendix, "Fragments on Life," p. 358.

but I see that an all-dissolving unity changes all that which changes not.

'Tis a fine fable for the advantage of character over talent, the strife of Jove and Phœbus.[1] . . .

The aim is ever to frame an answer that does not admit of an answer. But there is no such answer framable. "Your cattle have broke into my woodlot, and browsed the trees," says the gentleman. "The cattle must be damned fools," replies the farmer, "to browse on pine-trees, when there's good grass in the road." "Cattle *are* damned fools," returned the gentleman.

The judge said at Salem, "The law is so and so," and ruled the evidence out. Webster asked a rehearing. "If that be law," said Mr. Webster, "then it were better to run a ploughshare under the foundations of this court-house." And Webster got a reversed ruling and Colman's evidence admitted.

"I have great respect for the opinions of Lord Camden. I was bred to a high esteem for

1 For the fable see "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 184, 185).

his learning and wisdom. But, in regard to the point in question, I differ from Lord Camden," said Webster.

"At last Goodrich was put upon the stand. As soon as I looked him in the face, I saw that he had not been robbed. With my first question, I brought him, — and in twenty minutes there was not a person in the Court-House who did not know that no robbery had been committed," said Webster, who had received casually in a stage-coach from Jacob Perkins the opinion that Goodrich had wounded his own hand.

House-hunting. Everything is on the street: highways run through Nature, as, in the human body, the veins percolate to every spot; you cannot prick with the finest needle anywhere but you draw blood. The young people do not like the town, do not like the seashore, they will go inland, find a dear cottage deep in the mountains, secret as their hearts. They set forth on their travels in search of a home.[1] . . .

The youth must leave home; he must hide in the forest; he departs for Katahdin, or Moose-

1 For the rest of this long passage see "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 268, 269).

head Lake: he cannot get enough alone to write to his friend, to worship his beloved. He finds, after much search, the Italy flies faster than he; he chases a rainbow.

Culture is for the results. The best of education, the generalizations we make of our school and manipulating processes. We early find that one thing only translates another; that we draw the same ultimate knowledge from twenty studies, from twenty arts. It needs the apt scholar, capable of the lesson,—and the school, the text, is indifferent.

You must begin at the beginning, and you must take all the steps in order. Only so shall you do the feat, in whichever art you select.[1] . . .

The past is worshipped, and the morrow prized.
To-day,— what doth it to be so despised?
Future or Past no stricter mystery folds,
O friendless Present, than thy bosom holds.[2]

1 The rest of the passage, condensed, is found in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 276).

2 See the perfected form of this quotation, called "Heri, Cras, Hodie" (Yesterday, To-morrow, To-day) in the *Poems* (p. 295).

Milton was abstemious of praise. And how odious are most dedications with their adulatory personalities, in Bacon, in Pliny the Elder, in Martial, in Horace! In Hafiz only, the genial heaven-daring courage with which he sets his Shah beside, and even above, Allah, makes us pardon the flattery, for the poetry. Excellent is the courageous treatment.

The lover delights in the surprise of face and form yet so dearly related to him. The more foreign, the better. The lady's eye seemed always looking at distant lands and distant people: she could never be domesticated. It was like a young deer or a young leopard, or a forest bird, newly caught and brought into your yard. Still descend to him, prefer him, but, for Heaven's sake, do not lose this exotic charm, which fills his imagination.

Far capitals, and marble courts, her eye still seemed to see,
Minstrels, and dames, and high-born men, and of the best that be.

It is on the completeness with which metrical forms have covered the whole circle of routinary experience that improvisation is possible

to a rhymer familiar with this cyclus of forms, and quick and dexterous in combining them. Most poetry — stock poetry we call it, that we see in the magazines — is nothing but this mosaic-work done slowly.

But whether is improvisation of poetry possible, as well as this ballad-mongering?

Yes, no doubt, since geniuses have existed, we will not be disloyal or hopeless. But beside the strange power implied of passing at will into the state of vision and of utterance, is required huge means, vast health and vigor and celerity.

Ellery Channing's poetry has the merit of being genuine, and not the metrical commonplaces of the magazine, but it is painfully incomplete. He has not kept faith with the reader; 't is shamefully indolent and slovenly. He should have lain awake all night to find the true rhyme for a verse, and he has availed himself of the first one that came; so that it is all a babyish incompleteness.

Walter Scott is the best example of this mastery of metrical commonplaces that makes vulgar improvisation.

I am to read Guizot "Love in Marriage" or at least Lady Russell. The song of 1596 says,

The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.
RITSON.

Bring me home no beef, for that is full of bones,
But bring me home good ale enow, 't is bread and milk at once.
RITSON.

Hafiz.

O follow, O see the sonnet's flight!
Thou seest a fleet career,
O child, begot in a night,
That travels a thousand year.

The chief fact in history of the world is the penury with which the stream of thought runs. In five hundred years millions and millions of men, and not a hundred lines of poetry; though almost all of them have some ear and apprehension for poetry, and not a few try to write. Poetical persons hum a verse, and go as far as half a quatrain,—which they cannot complete. Exaggerating people talk of moments when their brain seemed bursting with the multitude of thoughts! I believe they were mistaken; there was no danger. Yet nothing but thought is precious, and we must respect in ourselves this possibility, and abide its time. Jones Very, who

thought it an honour to wash his own face, seems to me less insane than men who hold themselves cheap.

Let us not be such that our thoughts should disdain us. If I could find that a perfect song could form itself in my brain, I should indulge it and pamper it as bees their queen.

Hour follows hour, and eternity eternity, without doubt for the believer.

A man bears Belief as a tree bears apples.

Life expensive, but probably was always, only we forget the shillings as we do the vermin.

The present race are wanted for fifty years; the idealist for always. There is never a fine aspiration but is on its way to its body or institution.

Look up Kant on History.

Bias. The writer who draws on his proper talent can neither be overshadowed nor supplanted. The oak may grow as beautifully and as vastly as it will, it never can take a ray of beauty from the palm; and both of them at their best will only set off the beauty of the pine or the elm.

Opposition is our belt and tonic. No opinion will pass, but must stand the tug of war.

Men wish to pay homage to courage and perseverance, to a man whose steps have no choice, but are planted, each one. We know the austere law of liberty, — that it must be reconquered day by day, that it subsists in a state of war, that it is always slipping away from those who boast it, to those who fight for it.

In race it is not the broad shoulders, or litheness, or stature, that give advantage.[1] . . . I find the writing and speaking of Englishmen in Elizabeth's, James's, and Charles I and II's days, to have a greater breadth, and, at the same time, more delicacy with a negligent greatness than any since George I came in. Americans are hardly bred sufficiently to read and apprehend the sweetness of Mrs. Hutchinson,[2] of Pierrepont, of Lady Russell, of Vane, of Herbert, and of Kenelm Digby.

1 What follows is printed in *English Traits*, pp. 46, 47.

2 The wife of Colonel Thomas Hutchinson (the Governor of Nottingham who defended it for the Parliament) wrote his Memoir; several extracts from which follow (See *Society and Solitude*, p. 273, and *Miscellanies*, p. 407).

The Englishman is wont to esteem his pocket a place of sanctity; a hold which no human hand but his own is allowed to enter. The habit of putting into it increases the passion to fill it, which, day by day, creeps on the man, until I fear at last he comes to value his mind as another pocket, into which no one ever goes but himself, and valuable for that reason; he can put away there what he does not like to have seen, — and it is subservient to the first.

Newton. Dr. Boerhaave said of him, "That man comprehends as much as all mankind besides." Newton told Mr. Machin, "that his head never ached but when he was studying the lunar irregularities." And when Dr. Halley pressed him to complete his theory of the moon, he replied, "that it made his head ache, and kept him awake so often, that he would think of it no more." He afterwards told Conduitt, "that, if he lived till Halley made six years' observations, he would have another stroke at the moon."

Newton composed his chronology at Cambridge, where he was in the habit, he said, "of refreshing himself with history and chronology when weary of other studies."

Leibnitz said, that he had consulted all the

learned in Europe upon some difficult points without having any satisfaction, and that when he applied to Sir Isaac, he wrote him in answer by the first post to do so and so, and then he would find it.

Bishop Burnet valued Newton for having the whitest soul he ever knew.

Nature shows everything once somewhere in large. Your earthquake is the first chemist, goldsmith, and brazier: he wrought to purpose in his craters, before men borrowed the hint in their crucibles. Bayle called the marine remains in mountain and mine the medals of the deluge. Mr. Owen saw the fibrous or tubular structure of the teeth of the mastodon; the microscope showed this to be an universal fact. Hunter saw in the snail that the snail was to its shell as the pulp is to a tooth.

Flamsteed will cause his man to calculate more synopses of the moon's places both from the observations and tables as "soon as observed, whereby it will be soon evident whether the heavens will allow these new equations you introduce."[1]

1 All the above quotations seem to come from Sir David

Identities for intellect. Sallust's complaint that nobody will believe more than he can do himself; which is just.

The universal belief that because you have such a form and organization as mine, — point for point, — you must believe as I do. If you do more than I, the worse for you. And science of to-day is Homologies.

Rig Veda Sanhita. "Who, Agni, among men is thy kinsman?

"Agni! (Fire) bring the gods awaking with the morning, thou accepted messenger of the gods, bearer of oblations, giver of dwellings, beloved of many, the smoke-bannered, the light-shedding. I praise Agni at the break of day, the best and youngest of the gods, the guest of man, exempt from death, preserver, the sacrificer! Juvenile Agni! whose flames delight, wafter of the burnt-offering! Resplendent Agni, visible to all, protector of people in villages, associate of man, lord of red coursers, son of strength. Place upon the grass the morning-moving deities, to drink the soma juice, for it was yesterday expressed.

Brewster's *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, then newly published.

"I invoke the lovely Night and Dawn to sit upon the sacred grass at this our sacrifice.

"Mortals, you owe your daily birth to Indra, who, with the rays of the morning, gives sense to the senseless, and to the formless, form. The shedder of rain, the mighty lord, the always compliant, invests men with his strength, as a bull defends a herd of kine.

"The hymn, the cause of increase, is to be repeated to Indra. . . .

"Maruts (winds?) sportive, without horses, borne by spotted deer (clouds) were born self-radiant, with weapons, war-cries, and decorations. I hear the cracking of the whips in their hands, wonderfully inspiring courage in the fight. Praise the sportive and resistless strength of the Maruts.

"Which is the chief leader among you, agitators of heaven and earth, who shake all around, like the top of a tree? . . . At the roaring of the Maruts, every dwelling of the earth shakes.

"Maruts, with strong hands, come along the beautifully embanked rivers, with unobstructed progress. May the felloes of your wheels be firm!

"Utter the verse that is in your mouths:

spread it out like a cloud spreading rain; chant the measured hymn. . . .

"Aswins (waters?) long-armed, bearers of wealth, guides of men, sit down on the sacred grass. Affluent Aswins! have you not ever drunk the soma juice?[1] Come as a ship to bear us over the ocean of your praises. . . . Ambrosia is in the waters; in the waters are medicinal herbs."

Varuna. "He who knows the path of the birds flying in the air, he abiding in the ocean, knows, also, the course of ships. He who knows the path of the vast, the graceful, and the excellent wind, and who knows those who reside above. Through him the sage beholds all the marvels that have been or will be wrought." . . .

"Vishnu traversed this world; three times he planted his foot, and the whole world was collected in the dust of his footstep."

(The three steps are the Present, the Past, and the Future.)

"For the stars cast or inject their imagination or influence into the air," says Behmen.

1 Mr. Emerson notes that the *Soma* comes from the Acid Milkweed (*Aselepias viminalis*).

In youth, we admire much in ourselves or in others, as high individuality, which turns out later to be merely of temperament, or of sex, and therefore extremely common.

Cants. Another of the cants is the cant about banks. Ours is declared to be, says Sam Hooper,[1] "the most perfect system of currency and banking in the world."

The most audacious cant of Europe was "the Holy Alliance," — and of America, "the extending the area of freedom"; now "manifest destiny"; and "preservation of the Union."

England has Wilkinson, Carlyle, Tennyson, Landor, Dickens, Thackeray, Hallam, Layard, Bulwer, Gladstone, Henry Drummond, Cobden, Chadwick, Stephenson, Owen.

But what stout old fellows were Bede, Camden, Newton, Hooke, Flamsteed, Fuller, Leland, Hearne, Dodsworth (162 volumes); Bayle, Dugdale, Brian, Walton, Coke, Littleton.

An important defect in America, "the absence of a general education of the eye."

1 Senator from Massachusetts.

Jacob Behmen's pictures are in the fine allegory of Book IX, chapter 12, p. 280, and there only pleasing.

I hold that a wise man will write nothing but that which is known only to himself and that he will not produce his truth until it is imperatively demanded by the exigencies of the conversation which has arrived at that point. So is the shrine and pedestal ready, so he produces his statue, and it fills the eye.

The English are stupid because they reserve their strength. The Lowells ripen slowly. Hurrying America makes out of little vanities its great men, as, now, the three leading men in America are of a small sort, who never saw a grander arch than their own eyebrow; never saw the sky of a principle which made them modest and contemners of themselves. Yet Washington, Adams, Quincy, Franklin, I would willingly adorn my hall with, and I will have daguerres of Alcott, Channing, Thoreau.

A man of thought is willing to die, willing to live; I suppose because he has seen the thread on which the beads are strung, and perceived that it reaches up and down, existing quite in-

dependently of the present illusions. A man of affairs is afraid to die, is pestered with terrors, because he has not this vision. Yet the first cannot explain it to the second.

Greenough thinks civility grew fast in East and South Europe because the climate allowed them leisure to occupy themselves about matters of general and lasting import.

"The leisure which Nature gave them we may have, if we belong to our climate, and do not make our civilization merely a colossal one."

"For not only in servitude is man robbed of half his life. Without a state, and an immediate Fatherland, the noblest man is little worth: — with them, even the simple can do much." — Niebuhr, *Letters*, iii, 129.

'T is a measure of culture, the number of things taken for granted.[1] . . .

Saadi.[2] Retzsch is one of those disconsolate

1 The rest of the paragraph may be found in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 56, 57).

2 The explanation of this heading is that the true poet — Saadi as representative — from his insight is always cheerful. Friedrich August Moritz Retzsch illustrated the poems of Goethe, Schiller, Burger, and Shakspeare's plays.

preachers. Please don't put a dismal picture on the wall. David Scott tinged his canvas with sable. But depth of intellect relieves even the ink of crime with a fringe of light, as in Napoleon.

"A Sidney of tranquil principles." — EVELYN.

Mythology is no man's work.[1] . . .

The illusion of a firm earth is more useful and more composing than any narcotic.

Macaulay. No person ever knew so much that was so little to the purpose.

"*Immensi tremor oceani.*" On De Ruyter's monument at Amsterdam.

Books are the destruction of literature. "The golden age of the Greek literature was that in which no book grew under the stylus or the calamus, but these merely served as aids (and not probably until after the lapse of centuries) to the precarious tradition of the nation, and the overladen memory of the poetical singers and narrators." — NIEBUHR, *Letters*, iii, 217.

1 See "Quotations and Originality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 181, 182).

Sleepy Hollow.[1] Ellery Channing says, "They will lay out the grounds in the way of a dentist. A dentist wants a good tooth, but it must be a false tooth."

Trees should be the only ornaments. Let the grounds well alone, or aim only at the purgation of superfluities.

"Kings for such a tomb would wish to die," etc.

Schiller said, "Thoughtest thou that this infinite round is the sepulchre of thine ancestors; that the wind brings thee, that the perfumes of the lindens bring, perhaps, the spent force of Arminius to thy nostril; that thou, in the refreshing fountain, perhaps, tastest the balsamed bones of our great Henry?"

Saadi. Cheerfulness. In every cottage I heard complaint; in every middle class house I heard of bad servants. "Where there is no gaiety and

1 Mr. Emerson had been invited to make the address at the consecration of "Sleepy Hollow" as a cemetery on September 29, and the following notes show that duty was in his mind. His Address is printed in *Miscellanies*, excepting such portions as were later used in the essay "Immortality." Mr. Channing wrote a beautiful poem, and Mr. Sanborn the hymn sung by the people.

no enjoyment of life, there can be no vigor and art in speech or thought," says Niebuhr.

A man is not to aim at innocence, any more than he is to aim at hair; but he is to keep it. It is inestimable as a basis or accompaniment of his ability, but nothing alone.

Niebuhr's Letter to Savigny on his discovery of the survival of the Roman *jugerum* in the Italian *pezze*, is good Queteletism again.[1] "The whole system of the Roman weights and measures exhibits striking indications of a mathematical basis. Their mile of one thousand paces bears an evident relation to a degree of the meridian, and, in all probability, the latter determined the length of the pace and the foot, which again determined, on the one hand, the land measure, and on the other, the measure of capacity; for the *amphora* was a cubic foot." —*Letters*, iii, 165.

Thus here again we have in a census of civil men the fair share of Eulers and Monges and La Granges appearing.[2] 'T is the air, the air

1 Quetelet demonstrated the working of natural laws on men and their institutions.

2 The *Letters to a German Princess*, of Euler, the mathematician, were clear statements of important facts in mechanics,

that is geometrical, and he who breathes it deeply begins at once to compute and measure. So it seems probable that the Phœnicians had the secret of the magnet, which is called *Lapis Heracleus;* and that Hercules's golden cup in which he sailed the sea was a mariner's compass.

"Paris, that mass of iron deposited on the banks of the Seine," says Babinet, complaining of the disturbance of his delicate magnets.

"No two terrestrial meridians can be found alike, any more than two oak leaves," says Babinet.

May 20.

Last week, in the race-ground at Cambridge, a man from New York, named Grindall, ran ten miles in fifty-seven minutes and some odd seconds. His competitor was Stetson, who was only twenty-one seconds behind him.

You may chide sculpture or drawing, if you will, as you may rail at orchards and cornfields; but I find the grand style in sculpture as admonitory and provoking to good life as Marcus Antoninus. I was in the Athenæum, and looked

optics, acoustics, etc. Gaspard Monge, the introducer of "descriptive geometry." The *Mécanique analytique* of La Grange won his great fame and distinction.

at the Apollo, and saw that he did not drink much port wine.

The Cid boasted that he never obtained his swords by barter or trade, but won them in fight. The life is sacred in each house, that did not come into the house by any door, but was born into it.

Series and Degree. Metamorphosis is intelligible only on the doctrine that world repeats world. In swimming world it swims; in creeping world, creeps; in flying world it flies. Come up to higher plane still, act passes into thought, and flies with finer wing.

The Year. There is no flower so sweet as the four-petalled flower, which science much neglects. One grey petal it has, one green, one red, and one white.

(From RO)

June.

A scholar is a man with this inconvenience, that, when you ask him his opinion of any matter, he must go home and look up his manuscripts to know.

How strange, said Choate, all the English to this day love or hate Charles Fox so much, that they cannot understand the history of Greece.

Osmunda regalis.

And chiefly that tall fern
So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named
Plant lovelier in its own retired abode
On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.

WORDSWORTH.

July.

Morals. 'T is wonderful where the moral influences come from, since no man is a moralist. 'T is like the generation of the atmosphere, which is a secret.

Coleridge is one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing in the land the appreciation of what highest wit the land has yielded, as Shakspeare, Spenser, Herbert, etc. But for Coleridge, and a lurking, taciturn, or rarely speaking minority, one would say that in Germany, and in America, is the best mind of England rightly respected.

And that is the sure sign of national decay, when the Bramins can no longer read and understand the Braminical science and philosophy.

Louis Napoleon, the present emperor, is a plucky fellow who writes spirited terms for his General Pelissier to offer the Russians, and bolder far than the English would have dictated. He means to teach them how robbers rob.

Trifles. Lone women, readers, etc., wish to live with good housekeepers, and never learn that good housekeepers cordially hate anybody who does not dine at the family hour.

Woman. I think it impossible to separate their education and interest. The policy of defending their property is good; and if the women demand votes, offices, and political equality, as an Elder and Eldress are of equal power in the Shaker Families, refuse it not. 'T is very cheap wit that finds it so funny. Certainly all my points would be sooner carried in the state if women voted. And the new movement is only a tide shared by the spirits of man and woman, and you may proceed in a faith

that, whatever the woman's heart is prompted to desire, the man's mind is simultaneously prompted to execute.

Women more than all are the element and kingdom of illusion.[1] . . .

There is unbelief in a cigar, in wine, in all luxury. The poet doubts his access to the grand sources of inspiration, doubts the continuance of the supplies, and steals to these shabby pots.

"De Greeks be Godes, de Greeks be godes!" said Fuseli, striding up and down among the Elgin marbles. What adoptive arms their [English] genius has, hospitable to ability from every land. Fuseli, Kneller, Romilly, Ricardo, Schomburgk, Asser, Handel, Herschel.

The church is an institution of God. Yes, but are not wit, and wise men, and good judgment whether a thing be so or no, also institutions of God, and older than the other?

1 Mr. Emerson on the coming 20th September was to deliver the address "Woman" before the Woman's Rights Convention in Boston. (See *Miscellanies*, pp. 493–426.)

Never to assume an obscure cause, when an obvious one exists, is a rule of the mind. It is therefore a little violent — is it not? — to contradict the universal traditions of mankind, in regard to the Eastern origin of nations, by assuming independent creation of a several race for each country.

Sleepy Hollow. The blazing evidence of immortality is our dissatisfaction with any other solution.

All great natures love stability.

Our fear of death is like our fear that summer will be short, but when we have had our swing of pleasure, our fill of fruit, and our swelter of heat, we say we have had our day; and rest of brain and affection please.

"When we pronounce the name of man, we pronounce the belief of immortality." — LIEBER.

"Death takes us away from ill things, not from good."

Superlative. 'T was a great discovery to me, that, when a lady says, "she shall die," she means, take a nap.

I want a horse that will run all day like a wolf.

Aristocracy. First come, first served.

There is no rich man like the self-reliant; this is royalty; he walks in a long street. Once for all he has abdicated second-thoughts, and asks no leave of other's eyes, and makes lanes and alleys palatial.

What talent had this second Charles, that he could hold his place among the Wrens, Hookes, Newtons, Flamsteeds, Halleys, Bentleys, Pettys, Coventrys that clustered in his "Royal Society," and atone for the harpies and dragons and all unclean beasts which masqueraded in titles around him? Manners, the manners of power, sense enough to see his advantage, and manners up to it; that is his cheap secret, and a boundless subserviency corresponding in the people. Just what happens in every two persons who meet on any affair.[1] . . .

Alcott. I was struck with the late superiority he showed. The interlocutors were all better than he; he seemed childish and helpless, not apprehending or answering their remarks aright; they masters of their weapons. But by and by, when he got upon a thought, like an Indian

1 The rest of the passage occurs in "Behavior" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 183, 184).

seizing by the mane and mounting a wild horse of the desert, he overrode them all, and showed such mastery and took up Time and Nature like a boy's marble in his hand, as to vindicate himself.

(From NO)

Thought is identical, the oceanic one, which flows hither and thither, and sees that all are its offspring: it coins itself indifferently into house or inhabitant, into plants, or man, or fish, or oak, or grain of sand. All are re-convertible into it. Every atom is saturated with it, and will celebrate in its destiny the same laws. Everything, by being, comes to see and to know. Work is eyes, and the artist informs himself in efforming matter.

England. I wish they had made no exception to their dislike of adventurers in the recent reception of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The pride and traditions of the aristocracy and of the commons, at the moment when they might have rallied to the side of purest virtue, were ingloriously forgotten. It seems impossible to hold governments to the belief that the use of dishonest partnerships is as ruinous for nations as for private men.

Where were the Viri Romæ? Where was

Cromwell, where the Elizabeth Tudors and Blakes and Sandwiches, Talbots of Shrewsbury; where the Nelsons and Collingwoods and Wellingtons when the haughty aristocracy and the haughty commons of London cringed like a Neapolitan populace before this impudent thief? The capture of London by French cuirassiers, or by Russian Cossacks, had not been such a defeat. Let an English gentleman walk very modestly henceforward.

Nature is a swamp, on whose purlieus we see prismatic dew-drops, but her interiors are terrific.[1] . . .

King Alfred. "Good fortune accompanied him in all things like a gift from God." Good fortune is another name for perception and good will. What fortune can compare with intellect.

Does the early history of each tribe show the permanent bias of the tribe, which is then lost or masked in complex relations, as the tribe spreads and pronounces itself in colonies, commerce, codes, arts, letters; the first simple tendency.

1 See "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 188).

The early history shows it, as the musician plays the air which he proceeds to conceal in a tempest of variations.

Alcott thought he had not a lecture or a book, but was himself an influence. He justified himself by naming or letting you name an ideal assembly, of Socrates, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Behmen, Swedenborg, and, if such were bodily present, he should not be shamed, but would be free of that company. I hinted that all these were exact persons, severe with themselves, and could formulate something. Could he formulate his dogma? I proposed to lock him up in prison, so that he might find out what was memory, what fancy, what instinct, what analysis? A horse doctor could give a prescription to cure a horse's heel. Had he no recipe for a bad memory, or a sick angel? To all which he replied that he must have a scribe to report his thoughts which now escaped him.

I dread autobiography which usurps the largest part, sometimes the whole of the discourse of very worthy persons whom I know.

Science. He erects himself into a barrier. The *savant* is not willing to report Nature,—to stand

by report; but must report Nature Cuvierized, or Blainvillized, Nature Owenized, or Agassizized, etc., which modification diminishes the attraction of the thing in a fatal manner.

Pyramids and catacombs are not built by whim, but by ideas. They grew from the credence of the builder, as our telegraphs and railroads from ours.

A depression of spirits, in a nation as well as in an individual, develops the germs of a plague.

"Poetry (among the Scandinavians) was inscribed on small quadrangular staves, which were conveniently adapted for the reception of a verse or stanza, each face containing a line. Amongst us, therefore, a verse and a stave are still synonymous." — *Edinburgh Review.*

The [Scandinavian?] law said that the unguarded open field "was under God's lock, with heaven for its roof, though but the hedge for its wall."

The wedding formula of the English Liturgy is Saxon.

The Trygdamal, or Assurance of truce, highly poetical.

Henry Thoreau asks, fairly enough, when is it that the man is to begin to provide for himself? Well, yes, of course, to-day, if ever. But I think some men are born Capuchins. Capuchins, too, are in the nature of things, and this is the best, or Abbot of the Order. He should have for his arms the cyclamen, which the Italians call *capuccino*.

I think genius has a preëmption, an antecedent or seignorial right in lands and chattels.

Just as man is conscious of the law of vegetable and animal nature, so he is aware of an Intellect which overhangs his consciousness like a sky; of degree above degree; and heaven within heaven. Number is lost in it. Millions of observers could not suffice to write its first law.

Yet it seemed to him [the ideal man?] as if gladly he would dedicate himself to such a god, be a fakeer of the intellect, fast and pray, spend and be spent, wear its colours, wear the infirmities, were it pallor, sterility, celibacy, poverty, insignificance, were these the livery of its troop, as the smith wears his apron and the collier his smutted face, honest infirmities, honourable scars, so that he be rewarded by conquest of principles; or by being purified and admitted

into the immortalities, mount and ride on the backs of these thoughts, steeds which course forever the ethereal plains.

Time was nothing. He had no hurry. Time was well lavished, were it centuries and cycles, in these surveys. It seemed as if the very sentences he wrote, a few sentences after summers of contemplation, shone again with all the suns which had gone to contribute to his knowing. Few, few were the lords he could reckon: Memory, and Imagination, and Perception: he did not know more for living long. Abandon yourself, he said, to the leading, when the Leader comes; this was the sum of wisdom and duty. Shake off from your shoes the dust of Europe and Asia, the rotten religions and personalities of nations. Act from your heart, where the wise temperate guidance is instantly born.

Perception; Memory; Imagination; Metamorphosis,[1] the flowing and the melioration or ascent. Then, as Dionysius described the orders of celestial angels, so the degrees of Intellect are an organic fact, and indeed it is these which give birth to mythology.

1 After reflection another lord is added to the list in the above paragraph.

It is true — is it not? — that the intellectual man is stronger than the robust animal man; for he husbands his strength, and endures. "Yet the puppies fight well," said Wellington of the overfine cultivated young Londoners.

Henry Thoreau notices that Franklin and Richardson of Arctic expeditions outlived their robuster comrades by more intellect. Frémont did the same. This is the tough tannin that cures the fibre, when Irish and Dutch are killed by fever and toil.

Aunt Mary, if you praised a lady warmly, would stop you short, — "Is it a coloured woman of whom you were speaking?" When Mrs. Brown ran into any enthusiasms on Italian patriots, etc., "Mrs. Brown, how's your cat?" When she had once bowed to Goodnow and his wife at the Lyceum, not quite knowing who they were (Goodnow had offended her when she boarded with them), she afterwards went up to him, and said, "I did not know who you were, or should never have bowed to you."

"The verses I had composed on Lady Valletort, walking home one morning from Lacoch,

remained in my memory floating in indistinct fragments for some weeks, during which time I was too busy about other things to write them down. From time to time I took a look, as it were, into my memory, to see if they were still there: at last I copied them out," etc. — Moore's *Diary.*

Queteletism. If the picture is good, who cares who made it? Better, of course, it should be the work of a man in the next street than of Landseer. And the authorship of a good sentence, whether Vedas or Hermes or Chaldæan oracle, or Jack Straw, is totally a trifle for pedants to discuss. Only imports it that man should be wise, — "apparent images of unapparent gods," — and Montaigne's old remark that if we can fix it on Homer, — but what do you know of Homer? dead man and dead man! is it the letters of one name, and the letters of another name?

The first lesson of history is the good of evil. Good is a good doctor, but Bad is a better.[1]

1 For the rest of the passage see "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 253).

Suggestiveness. Everything has two handles, or, like a seed, two nodes,[1] . . . one of which shoots down as rootlet, and one upward as tree.

Every thought is made poetical by converting it from a particular into a general proposition.

As there is no flower or weed so low or lonely but is strictly related to its botanic family, so no thought is solitary, but will slowly disclose its root in a law of the mind.[2]

Heaven is the exercise of the faculties: the added sense of power:[3] to the architect, it is architecture; to the broker it is money; to the orator it is force of statement, and rule of his audience; to the *savant*, it is discovery of the extension of his principle, a key to new facts, new dominion of nature.

I cannot see the fault of a façade or of a temple, I am so much occupied and pleased with beautiful details. So I cannot remember and require the ideal integrity of man, I am so captivated with my friends.

1 Compare *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 300) and "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 71).

2 Compare *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 21.

3 *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 46.

They told the children that if they count a thousand stars, they would fall down dead;— and you will; but it is because details are fatal to the integral life.

August.

[During August, Mr. Emerson went to Amherst, Massachusetts, on the invitation of the students of the college, to deliver an address. On the following pages of the Journal are many notes of material (much from earlier journals) for this occasion, a few of which are here given.]

For Amherst. Could you show the riches of the poor? Could you shame the vain? Could you make them think common daylight was worth something?

The distinction of thought is an aristocratic distinction. Instead of dealing with raw materials, it deals with methods. And it only obtains real progression. Until we have intellectual property in a thing, we have no right property. As to first coming and finding, there were comers and finders before you, already in occupation when you came. There was the bird, and the beaver, and the buffalo, and the fox. But there were meliorations these could not reach, obstructions they could not surmount.

Second part which Cambridge plays at its own feasts.

Interest of the class of Reform dependent on their representing an unexplained thought; not spent volcanos.

What have we to do with reading that ends in reading?

They [the true philosophers] called ideas gods; they were worshippers. They dared not contravene with knacks and talents the divinity which they recognized in genius. When the Greeks in the Iliad perceived that the Gods mingled in the fray, they drew off.

Moore's book is good reading through all the volumes, for any one who wishes to know English society. Moore himself, on his very conditioned and rather low platform (of perfectly accepting English conventions without one breath of noble rebellion), is manly and resolute; he is sure to face every crisis and opponent, and do what society think the honorable thing. His affections are, however, very pale and permitted, and whatever is said about his father or his mother, or even his wife and child, is said to be overheard. It is a little transparent, through all his account of his high friends,

that he is a kept poet, however they please to phrase it. If he is kept, so also are all the proprieties kept on their part at their peril. But the same web weaves itself in all times and countries, however the fashions and names vary.

The new professions. The phrenologist; the railroad man; the landscape gardener; the lecturer; the sorcerer, rapper, mesmeriser, medium; the daguerreotypist. *Proposed:* The Naturalist, and the Social Undertaker.

Jean Paul asked — did he not? — for a woman who should see Nature as a whole, and not in parts.

Sismondi spent eight hours a day for twenty years on his histories. But somebody, meanwhile, was spending the same time to purpose; the assiduity is the valuable fact. In thought 't is of more note. You laugh at the monotones, at the men of one idea.[1] . . .

But if we look nearly at heroes, we may find the same poverty; and perhaps it is not poverty, but a fruitful law. Thus, Demosthenes, the

1 See *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 51.

electrical head in the most electrical city, — all his speeches, 'tis said, have one inspiration, which is self-reliance. And the like doctrine is the genius and guiding star of Chatham's eloquence.[1]

And, indeed, if one reduce the doctrine of Zeno and the Stoic sect, who were the pre-Christians, the religions of the Greek and Roman states; you will find not many thoughts, but a few thoughts; one thought, perhaps, — self-reliance. Christianity insisted on the obverse of the medal, on love, but not on any variety or wealth of thoughts.

And the justification of this is in the nature of thought. . . . Thought is the most elastic of things, and a whole nation has subsisted on one book, as the Jews on their Pentateuch, the Mussulmen on their Koran, the Hindoos on the Vedas, Europe for a thousand years on Aristotle, Spain on Cervantes and the Chronicles of the Cid, Bohemia on a single history, and Snorro Sturleson is alone the Norse History.

A nation will subsist for centuries on one

1 Compare "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 99) and "Celebration of Intellect" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 120).

thought,—and then every individual will be oppressed by the rush of ideas. And always a *plenum*, with one grain or sixty atmospheres.

August 11.

At Amherst the learned professors in the parlor were pleased that the plurality of worlds was disproved, as that restored its lost dignity to the race of men, and made the old Christian immortality valid again, and probable. I said, this was a poor mechanical elevation, and all true elevation must consist in a new and finer possession, by dint of finer organization, in the same things in which buffalo and fox had already a brutish, and Indian and Paddy a semi-brute possession.

Bubb Dodington's book is the bare story of courtier servility,—all atmosphere or music of honour quite left out. 'T is butcher's meat,—nothing more.

'T is the result of aristocracy, that its distinctions are now shared by the whole middle class. The road which grandeur levelled for its coach, toil can travel in its cart. Latin and Greek and Algebra are now cheap. 'T is the London *Times*

that now keeps the poets, and the chemist; and not John of Gaunt, or Lord Dorset, any longer.

Mr. Bellew [1] told me that Thackeray told him that he had employed Mr. Hanna to write up for him lectures on the wits of Queen Anne, which Thackeray had undertaken to read in America. Hanna has since produced for himself "Lectures on the Satirists," but no Thackeray has been found to give them fame.

August 27.

Sydney Smith found, as he grew older, men were better and foolisher than he had believed.

The melioration in pears, or in sheep and horses, is the only hint we have that suggests the creation of man. Everything has a family likeness to him. All natural history from the first fossil points at him. The resemblances approach very near in the satyr, to the negro, or lowest man, and food, climate, and concurrence of happy stars, a guided fortune, will have at last piloted the poor quadrumanous over the awful bar that separates the fixed beast from the versatile man. In no other direction have we

[1] A New York artist and illustrator, of English birth.

any hint of the *modus* in which the infant man could be preserved. The fixity or unpassableness or inconvertibility of races, as we see them, is a feeble argument, since all the historical period is but a point to the duration in which Nature was wrought. Any the least and solitariest fact in our natural history has the worth of a power in the opportunity of geologic periods. All our apples came from the little crab.

Illusions horse-chestnuts! In this gale of warring elements, it was necessary to bind souls to human life, as mariners in a tempest lash themselves to the mast and bulwarks of a ship; so Nature employed certain illusions as her ties and straps. A rattle, a red coral, a doll, an apple, a horse-chestnut for a child keeps him going, climbing, and tumbling about, and educates his muscle, blood, and bones; skates, a river, a boat, a horse, a gun, the boy; (*esprit-du-corps*) party-spirit, and maids draw the youth; money and power and his children, the man. Slowly and rarely and condescendingly the masking veil falls, and he is allowed to see that all is one stuff cooked and painted under a hundred counterfeit appearances. When the boys come into my yard for leave to gather the horse-chestnuts, I enter

into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly,—fearing that any moment they will find out they are fooled.

Intellect. One of the phrases which Greaves [1] I believe, uses, I think particularly descriptive of inspiration, "*the newness.*" Open the uncommanded doors whence the newness comes, and I truly live.

> Eyes that the beam celestial view
> Which evermore makes all things new.
>
> KEBLE.

England. Landor is a Plutarch again. And there is always a spiritual minority. Thus, in the age of bronze, appeared Wordsworth and Coleridge; and now, Wilkinson and Carlyle; and, earlier, Thomas Taylor.

Their skepticism is perfectly impious.

Certain conclusions of their science lasting, as Newton's refractions, fits of easy reflection and transmission, Leslie's latent heat, Dalton's atoms, Bradley's [aberration of light and nutation of the Earth's axis].

1 The English scholar and philanthropist, the admirer of Alcott. Lane and Wright, his disciples, brought the phrase to Concord.

The Universities are wearisome old fogies, and very stupid with their aorists and alcaics and digammas, but they do teach what they pretend to teach, and whether by private tutor, or by lecturer or by examiner, with prizes and scholarships, they learn to read better and to write better than we do.

[Although no word of trouble appears in the Journal, the year had been a hard one for Mr. Emerson in other respects than the toilsome lecturing afar for a livelihood. In May, a suit was brought against him by a neighbor who claimed that a considerable portion of the tract of woodland beyond Walden on the Lincoln side, which Mr. Emerson had bought a few years before from two other neighbors, belonged to him by an old deed which he had discovered. The case was tried and Mr. Emerson lost the part of the woods in question, much to his regret, but the pecuniary loss came to those who inadvertently sold him more land than they owned.

By the advice of a valued and loyal friend Mr. Emerson had made some investments in the Erie and Mad River and also in the Vermont and Canada, and Rutland railroads. In summer his letters show that the former began to appear

doubtful, and in September no dividends came for the latter, and for several years thereafter his income was much reduced. It is due to the honoured memory of his old friend Mr. Abel Adams to record that he insisted upon bearing the expenses of the college course of Mr. Emerson's son Edward a few years later in the hard times of the Civil War and also made a bequest to Mr. Emerson and his children.]

October 4.

Wide the gulf between genius and talent. The men we know deal with their thoughts as jewellers with jewels which they sell but must not wear; like carpenters with houses too fine for such as they to live in. The mystic is as good as his gold and jewels, good as his house that he builds, goes always in purple apparel, a glistering angel.

October 9.

Sent Chapter I of *English Traits* to Phillips, Sampson & Co.

At the Albion Hotel, we found that Mr. W.'s[1] mushrooms tasted "like the roof of a house."

[1] Mr. W., a *gourmand*, but enjoying the company of literary men, gave a dinner. These recluses were unused to mush-

Trebellius, one of the five writers of the Augustan history in the fourth century, says, "*Galli, quibus insitum est esse levis,*" and see the identity of traits between the French and the ancient Gauls, in article "Julius César," *Biographie Générale.*

Colleges should have a real examination or test, before granting diplomas, as by competition for valuable prizes; so having rivals or enemies to adjudicate the crown, and this will come to be suggested and enforced by the neighborhood of the racecourse at Cambridge, by the pugilistic prize-fights, by regattas, and cattle-shows. A fair mode is to propose problems chemical, mathematical, and botanical never yet solved, and rewards for the solution. The old custom of defending a thesis against all comers was a fair test, *when there were comers.*

Time was when we built castles in the air,—of the American College. Allston, Greenough, Nuttall, Audubon, Frémont, Irving, were to fill the chairs.

God forbid I should complain of being excluded by this or that man or circle from this

rooms. One, bolder than the others, tried them, and thus reported.

or that privilege. On the contrary, the most absolute submission on my part attends it. For do I not know that these parties are all eager to invite high merit to this privilege; and that on the instant when that merit is demonstrated by me, or by any, they will fly to greet it, and will open every door to it, and bear it on their arms with joy unfeigned?'

Skepticism? yes, but a saint is a skeptic once in twenty-four hours.

The House of Commons sits frequently fourteen, fifteen, and even sixteen hours; whilst "it has been observed, by an irreverent wit, that the Lords sit scarcely long enough to boil an egg" (*Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1854). Till at length the time arrives, when, in the words of Sir F. Baring, "any man who occu-

1 It is possible that in this paragraph Mr. Emerson had in mind his constant willingness and even wish to have opportunity to hold a chair of Literature in some New England College. In later years he said that this was so. But no opportunity offered, and after the Divinity School Address in 1838 the doors of Harvard were closed to him until 1867, when he was invited again to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration, and, four years later, to give a course of lectures on Philosophy at Harvard University.

pies the time of the House is a public enemy."

The Charitable Trusts bill proposed by Lord Brougham in 1816 has at length become a law in 1853, and Lord John Russell said that this was about the ordinary period for bringing any considerable measure to maturity.

English have more constitution than other people. . . . [Our John] Marshall was a good specimen [of that vigor]; so much blood he did not know what to do with it, drank vast quantities of brandy like water, spent quantities of strength on swimming, hunting, riding, walking, and ready for the most absurd frolics, with the gravity of the Eumenides.

Mr. Blanchard, the carpenter in Concord, reading in the newspaper the sale of building-lots on Lake Street, in Chicago, "Can't hardly believe that any lands can be worth so much money, so far off."

December.[1]

The radiation of manners. The boundless America gives opportunity as wide as the morning,

1 On the edge of a severe winter, Mr. Emerson set forth to lecture before Lyceums in the raw cities and towns of the then Far West.

and the effect is to change the peak of the mountain into a vast tableland, where millions can share the privilege of this handful of patricians.

LE CLAIRE HOUSE,
DAVENPORT, IOWA, *December* 31.

Rules of the house. "No gentlemen permitted to sit at the table without his coat." "No gambling permitted in the house."

I have crossed the Mississippi on foot three times.

Soft coal, which comes to Rock Island from about twelve miles, sells for sixteen cents a bushel; wood at six dollars per cord. They talk "quarter-sections." "I will take a quarter-section of that pie."

Leclaire being a halfbreed of the Sacs and Foxes (and of French-Canadian) had a right to a location of a square mile of land, and with a more than Indian sagacity of choosing his war-path, he chose his lot, one above the rapids, and the other below the rapids, at Rock Island. He chose his lot thirty years ago, and now the *railroad to the Pacific runs directly through his log house*, which is occupied by the company for wood and other purposes. His property has risen to the value of five or six hundred thou-

sand dollars. He is fifty-seven years old and weighs three hundred and eight pounds.

December 31.

In Rock Island I am advertised as "the Celebrated Metaphysician," in Davenport as "the Essayist and Poet."

AUTHORS OR BOOKS QUOTED OR REFERRED TO IN JOURNAL FOR 1855

Rig Veda Sanhita; Vishnu Purana; Confucius; Pentateuch; Aristotle; Varro *apud* Pliny the Elder; Sallust;

Martial; Trebellius; Plotinus; Porphyry; Iamblichus; Proclus;

Koran; Ali ben Abu Talib; Bede; King Alfred; Asser; Snorri Sturlason; Saadi; Robert de Thornton;

Sir Thomas Lyttelton; Cervantes; William Camden, *Britannia;* Sir Edward Coke; George Chapman;

Bishop Brian Walton; Sir William Dugdale, *The Baronage of England;* Sir Kenelm Digby; Thomas Fuller; Clarendon; Colonel Thomas Hutchinson, *Memoirs* by his wife; Evelyn; Sir Henry Vane; Giordano Bruno; Robert Boyle; Pepys, *Diary;* Hooke;

Newton; Flamsteed; Bishop Burnet; Leibnitz; Molyneux; Petty; Pierre Bayle; Halley; Lady Russell, *Letters;* Richard Bentley; Boerhave; Hearne, *Leland's Itinerary;* Pierrepont; Montesquieu; Dodington, *Diary;* James Bradley; Lord Chesterfield;

Franklin; Euler, *Lettèrs to a German Princess;* Hume, *History of England;* Kant; John Hunter; Galiani; Lagrange, *Mécanique analitique;* Burke; Beaumarchais; Washington; John Adams; Josiah Quincy; William Mitford, *History of Greece;* Gaspard Monge, *Géométrie descriptive;* Goethe; Schiller; Mirabeau; Talleyrand; John Marshall; Dumont, *Traités de législation;*

Fichte; Ritson, *Select Collection of English Songs;* Abernethy; Hegel; Lingard; Sydney Smith; Lord Lyndhurst; Ricardo; Schelling; Southey, *Chronicle of the Cid;* O'Connell;

Niebuhr, *Letters, Roman History;* Hallam; Blainville; Sir David Brewster, *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Newton;* Webster; Guizot, *Love in Marriage;* Daniel Treadwell; Grote, *History of Greece;* Babinet, *Études et Lectures;* Quetelet;

Choate; Alcott; Robert Stephenson; Stukeley, *On Stonehenge;* George Sand, *Consuelo;*

Schomburgk; Cobden; Richard Owen; Horatio Greenough; Bulwer-Lytton; Tennyson, *Maud;* Gladstone;

Thackeray; Chadwick; J. J. G. Wilkinson; Charles K. Newcomb; John Emile Lemoine; Charlotte Brontë, *Villette;* Layard; Thoreau; W. E. Channing.

END OF VOLUME VIII

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